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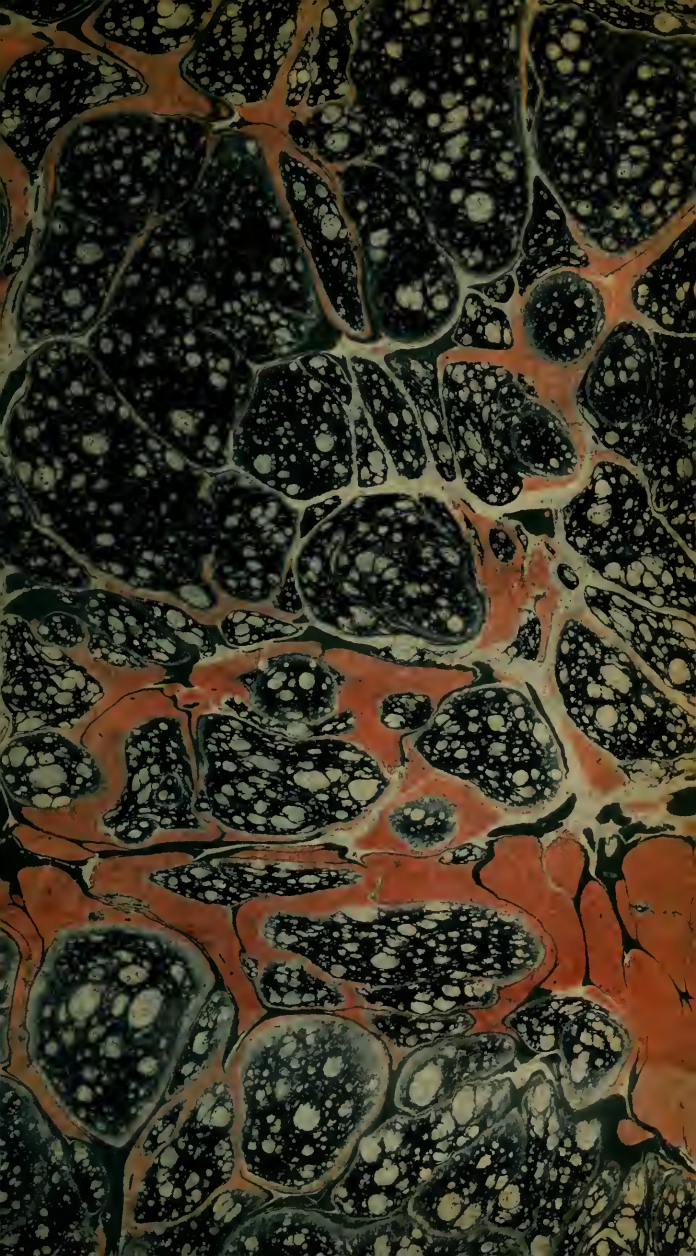

Wm M. Darlington

AKENSIDE's WORKS,

forming part of

Cookes Pocket Edition

of the Original & Complete Works of

SELECT BRITISH POETS,

or Entertaining Poetical Library,

containing the Poetic Productions of the most

Esteemed Bards

Drawn by R. Corbould & Engravd by C. Warren.

Published under the direction of C. Cooke. Feb.y 28. 1786.

Vide P. of Imagination, P. 2. L. 48.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MARK AKENSIDE.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps
Have led us to these awful solitudes
Of Nature and of Science; Nurse rever'd
Of gen'rous counsels and heroic deeds!
O let some portion of thy matchless praise
Dwell in my breast, and teach me to adorn
This unattempted theme!---Let me
With blameless hand from thy unenvious fields
Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
My native clime---while to my compatriot youth
I point the great example of thy sons,
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

Pleasures of Imagination Enlarged.

Come, *Akenside!* come with thine Attic urn,
Fill'd from Ilissus by the Naiad's hand:
Thy harp was tun'd to Freedom---Strains like thine,
When Asia's lord bor'd the huge mountain's side,
And bridg'd the sea, to battle rous'd the tribes
Of ancient Greece ——— *Anonymous.*

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:
Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoster-Row;
And sold by all the Booksellers in
Great Britain and
Ireland.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MARK AKENSIDE.

CONTAINING HIS

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION,

ODES, | HYMNS,

MISCELLANIES, | INSCRIPTIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

With what enchantment Nature's goodly scene
Attracts the sense of mortals, how the mind
For its own eye doth objects nobler still
Prepare, how men by various lessons learn
To judge of Beauty's praise, what raptures fill
The breast with Fancy's native arts endow'd,
And what true culture guides it to renown,
My Verse unfolds. Ye Gods or godlike Pow'rs!
Ye Guardians of the sacred talk! attend
Propitious: hand in hand around your Bard
Move in majestic measures.---Be great in him,
And let your favour make him wise to speak
Of all your wond'rous empire, with a voice
So temper'd to his theme, that those who hear
May yield perpetual homage to yourselves.
O! attend, who'er thou art whom these delights can touch,
Whom Nature's aspect, Nature's simple garb,
Can thus command: O! listen to my Song,
And I will guide thee to her bashful walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her gracious features to thy view.

Pleasures of Imagination Enlarged.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

Engraved by Ridley from an Original Painting.

AKENSIDE.

Printed for Cooke, 17, Paternoster Row. June 21st 1795.

THE LIFE OF MARK AKENSIDE.

MARK AKENSIDE was born at Newcaſtle upon Tyne, on the 9th of November, 1721. His father, who belonged to that ſect of Proteſtant Diſſenters called Preſbyterians, put him to the grammar ſchool at Newcaſtle, where he received the rudiments of his education. He was afterwards removed to a private academy, where he made ſo conſiderable a progreſs in claſſical learning, that, at the age of eighteen, he was ſent to Edinburgh to purſue the ſtudy of theology, in order to qualify him for the office of a diſſenting miniſter, to which it was the particular deſire of his father and friends that he ſhould devote his life. He remained at Edinburgh three years, during which he wrote ſeveral poems, particularly, his "Ode on the Winter Solſtice," a production which obtained him great credit with his cotemporaries in that Univerſity.

In the progreſs of his ſtudies, he received aſſiſtance from a fund appropriated by the diſſenters, and much to their honour, to the encouragement of young perſons, who are precluded, by a narrow fortune, from the acquiſition of thoſe requiſites which are neceſſary to accompliſh the ſcholar and the divine, without the aid of ſuch liberal ſupport.

But a more expanded ſcene of action ſoon opened to his view, and induced him to aim at more exalted purſuits; ſo that he quitted the path marked out by his friends, and relinquiſhing * divinity, entered upon

 the

* Dr. Johnſon, who is as rigid in his cenſure of the principles as of the writings of thoſe literary characters who have fallen under his cognizance, has the following remark on our Author's quitting the profeſſion of the divine for that of the phyſician. "Whether (ſays he) when he

the ſtudy of phyſic, having previouſly refunded that contribution which, being received for a different purpoſe, he could not conſcientiouſly retain. This act redounds highly to his honour, as an indiſputable proof of genuine integrity.

Our Author felt the impulſe of his Muſe at a very early period of life; and his mind ſeems to have been well ſtored with images and ſentiments. The "Pleaſures of Imagination" appeared in 1744, when he had only attained to his twenty-third year. Dr. Johnſon calls it his greateſt work, as indeed it is univerſally* allowed.

In 1741 Akenſide left his native country, and went to Leyden in Holland, to purſue the ſtudy of phyſic; and, after three years diligent application, was admitted to a doctor's degree, having conformed to the cuſtom of the Dutch Univerſities, in previouſly publiſhing a theſis or diſſertation on a particular branch of medical ſcience.

The ſubject which he choſe was, "The Origin and Growth of the Human Fœtus," in which he is ſaid to have deviated, with great judgment, from the opinion then eſtabliſhed, and to have delivered that which has been ſince received and confirmed. About this time he publiſhed his "Pleaſures of Imagination," a work

he reſolved not to be a diſſenting miniſter, he ceaſed to be a diſſenter, I know not. He certainly retained an unneceſſary and outrageous zeal for what he called and thought liberty; a zeal which ſometimes diſguiſes from the world, and not rarely from the mind which it poſſeſſes, an envious deſire of plundering wealth, or degrading greatneſs, and of which the immediate tendency is innovation and anarchy, an impetuous eagerneſs to ſubvert and confound, with very little care for what ſhall be eſtabliſhed."

* Johnſon obſerves, as a token of it's merit, that he had heard Dodſley, by whom it was publiſhed, relate, that when the copy was offered him, the price demanded for it, which was an hundred pounds, being ſuch as he was not inclined to give precipitately, he carried the work to Pope, who, having looked into it, adviſed him not to make a niggardly offer, for this was no *every day writer*."

work which was received with a degree of approbation juſtly due to it's intrinſic merit.

In 1745, ſoon after his return from Leyden, he publiſhed his firſt collection of Odes; alſo a very animated Epiſtle to Mr. Pulteney, whom he ſtigmatizes, under the name of *Curio*, as the betrayer of his country, alluding to that great ſtateſman's defection from the public cauſe, which he had ſo ſtrenuouſly defended, in oppoſition to the meaſures of the adminiſtration * of that day.

Being now determined to live by his profeſſion, he fixed upon Northampton for his place of reſidence; but as the reputation of an eminent practitioner was eſtabliſhed in that part of the country, in ſo high a degree as to challenge competition, Akenſide declined the conteſt, after a ſhort trial, and removed to Hampſtead, where he reſided more than two years, and then fixed himſelf in London, as the moſt eligible ſpot for the diſplay and reward of ſuperior merit.

In London he was known and eſteemed as a poet, but had not acquired any degree of celebrity as a phyſician; ſo that, had it not been for the generous aſſiſtance of Mr. Dyſon, who, with an ardour of friendſhip that has few examples, allowed him three hundred pounds a year to ſupport his character, he would perhaps have been reduced to the greateſt exigencies, and expoſed to that contempt which is the general

* The conduct of Pulteney, in this inſtance of tergiverſation, has been ſeverely ſtigmatized by ſeveral authors, as perſons high in office are conſidered as fair ſubjects for the praiſe or cenſure of writers. The following beautiful ſtanza, from an Elegy written on the ſame ſubject, we conceive may be introduced with great propriety on the preſent occaſion.

"Had the white angel of the ſtrictly juſt,
"At one bright moment, Pulteney, interpos'd,
"And kindly ſnatch'd thee to thy native duſt,
"How bright a ſcene of glory had'ſt thou cloſ'd!

general concomitant of indigent merit. Through the aid of ſo liberal a friend, he advanced gradually in medical fame, but never attained to any great extent of practice or eminence of popularity *.

Akenſide ſeems to have purſued with vigour every probable means of enhancing his reputation in his profeſſion; nor were his efforts exerted without ſucceſs; for, in proceſs of time, he became a Fellow of the Royal Society; he obtained a degree at the Univerſity of Cambridge, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Phyſicians in London. He wrote little Poetry, but publiſhed, from time to time, Medical Eſſays and Obſervations. He became Phyſician to St. Thomas's Hoſpital: he read the Gulſtonian Lectures on Anatomy; and, upon the ſettlement of the Queen's houſehold, was appointed one of the Phyſicians to her Majeſty. To theſe circumſtances Johnſon adds, with his uſual aſperity, that he began to give for the Cronian Lecture an Hiſtory of the revival of Learning, from which he ſoon deſiſted; and, in converſation, he very eagerly forced himſelf into notice by an ambitious oſtentation of elegance and literature.

His Diſcourſe on the Dyſentery, publiſhed in 1764, was conſidered as a very conſpicuous ſpecimen of elegant Latin, and tended to enhance his character as a ſcholar as well as a phyſician, ſo that he might have riſen to a greater degree of eminence, had not his ſtudies ended with his life, by a putrid fever, on the 23d of June, 1770, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

The

* Dr. Johnſon very pertinently remarks, upon this occaſion, that "a Phyſician in a great city ſeems to be the mere play-thing of Fortune; his degree of reputation is, for the moſt part, totally caſual: they that employ him know not his excellence; thoſe that reject him, know not his deficience. By any acute obſerver, who had looked on the tranſactions of the medical world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the Fortune of Phyſicians."

The following poetical works of our Author were publiſhed at the periods undermentioned.

In 1741, The Pleaſures of Imagination.
——— An Epiſtle to Curio.
— 1745, Firſt Collection of Odes, Ten in Number.
— 1748, Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon.
— 1758, Ode to the Country Gentlemen of England.
— 1766, Ode to Thomas Edwards, Eſq.

Few of his remaining Poems were publiſhed ſeparately.

His principal medical performance was, 1. His Diſſertatio de Dyſenteria, publiſhed in the year 1764, which has been commended as an elegant ſpecimen of Latinity: it was twice tranſlated into Engliſh. He alſo wrote, 2. Obſervations on the Origin and Uſe of the Lymphatic Veſſels in Animals. 3. An Account of a Blow on the Heart, and its Effects. 4. Oratio Anniverſaria, ex Inſtituto Harveii, in Theatro Collegii Regalis Medicorum Londinenſis habita, Anno 1759. 5. Obſervations on Cancers. 6. Of the Uſe of Ipecacuanha in Aſthmas. 7. A Method of treating White Swellings of the Joints. Beſides theſe, he read at the College ſome Practical Obſervations made at St. Thomas's Hoſpital on the putrid Eryſipelas, which he intended for the ſecond volume of the Medical Tranſactions. This paper he carried home with a deſign to correct it, but it was not returned at the time of his death. Moſt of the above pieces were publiſhed in the Philoſophical and Medical Tranſactions.

Dr. Akenſide was much devoted to the ſtudy of ancient literature, and was a great admirer of Plato, Cicero, and the greateſt Philoſophers of antiquity. His knowledge and taſte in this reſpect are conſpicuous in his Poems, and in the Notes and Illuſtrations which he has annexed to them. That he had a ſincere reverence for

for the great and fundamental principles of religion, is apparent from numberleſs paſſages in his writings. His veneration for the Supreme Being, his exalted ſentiments of the wiſdom and benevolence of the Divine Providence, and his zeal for the cauſe of virtue, are conſpicuous in all his Poems His regard to the Chriſtian Revelation, and his ſolicitude to have it preſerved in it's native purity, are diſplayed in the Ode to the Biſhop of Wincheſter. His attachment to the cauſe of civil and religious liberty is a diſtinguiſhed feature in the character of his poetical writings, he embraces every occaſion of diſplaying his ardour concerning this ſubject; and two of his Odes, thoſe to the Earl of Huntingdon and the Biſhop of Wincheſter, are directly adapted to it.

In the writings of Akenſide we may trace the effuſions of a mind devoted to the intereſts of humanity, and ardently deſirous of promoting the cauſe of public and private virtue. His impreſſive page marks at once originality of genius and ſublimity of ſentiment. He appeals to the heart, diſdaining to miſguide the feelings by the lure of harmony, or amuſe the fancy at the expence of the underſtanding. We read the man throughout his numerous and varied ſubjects; from a general view of which it will appear, that he was fully impreſſed with the truth of his own remark; that, "the writer who held the pen without duly conſidering the welfare of ſociety, ſhould be conſidered an alien, heedleſs of its intereſts, and every way unworthy of its bleſſings."

With a mind poſſeſſed of ſuch liberal ſentiments, it is the leſs to be wondered at, that, at an early period of his life, Akenſide planned and wrote his *Pleaſures of Imagination*; which, ſo long as genius owns an admirer, will ever be valued for chaſteneſs of deſign, ſublimity of thought, and all that pleaſing witchery which marks the ſpontaneous effuſion of genuine poetry.

The

The " Epiſtle to Curio" is cenſured by Johnſon as acrimonious; and another writer obſerves, that the Author, diſſatisfied with the performance, altered it exceedingly. But, in the eſtimation of many literary judges, the Epiſtle to Curio is infinitely ſuperior to the Ode previouſly addreſſed to the ſame character. Nor is it by any means a proof that the Author was diſpleaſed with his firſt production, becauſe he has again taken up its ſubject; treating it differently, indeed, ſo far as relates to language and meaſure; but ſtill retaining its original ſubſtance and ſentiment. What can ſpeak more forcibly to the heart and underſtanding than the following lines?

------Can Art, alas! or Genius guide the head,
Where truth and freedom from the heart are fled?
Can leſſer wheels repeat their native ſtroke,
When the prime function of the ſoul is broke?

Mr. Cooper, in his Letters concerning Taſte, mentions Akenſide in the following manner: " For my part, I am of opinion that there is now living a Poet of as genuine a genius as this kingdom ever produced, Shakeſpeare alone excepted. By poetical genius, I do not mean the mere talent of making verſes, but that glorious enthuſiaſm of ſoul, that fine phrenzy in which the poet's *eye rolling glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven*, as Shakeſpeare feelingly deſcribes it. This alone is poetry; aught elſe is a mechanical art of putting ſyllables harmoniouſly together. The Poet I allude to is Dr. Akenſide, the Author of the " Pleaſures of Imagination," the moſt beautiful didactic Poem that ever adorned the Engliſh language."

" We cannot (ſay the writers of the Biographia Britannica) but regard it as a noble and beautiful Poem, exhibiting many bright diſplays of genius and fancy, and holding out ſublime views of Nature, Providence, and Morality." Various

Various have been the opinions of this Poem, but the *Advertiſement* and the *Deſign*, which ſucceed theſe Memoirs, contain all the information that is neceſſary concerning that invaluable production; and we have only to expreſs our deep regret, that Mr. Akenſide was taken from the world before he had concluded a work which will ever render his name and memory dear to the friends of genius and of virtue.

"To the Pleaſures of Imagination (ſay the laſt-mentioned writers) ſucceed two Books of Odes; the firſt containing eighteen, the ſecond fifteen, Odes. It was Dr. Akenſide's intention, if he had lived, to have made each book conſiſt of Twenty Odes. Thoſe which had been formerly publiſhed, are greatly altered and improved. The Doctor's Odes are not equal to the beautiful productions of Mr. Gray; but ſtill there is in them a noble vein of poetry, united with manly ſenſe, and applied to excellent purpoſes. If the Doctor, in ſome inſtances, is defective in the pathetic, however his Hymn to Cheerfulneſs, and his Odes on leaving Holland, on Lyric Poetry, to the Earl of Huntingdon, and on Recovering from a Fit of Sickneſs, juſtly entitle him to a place among the principal lyric writers of this country."

Having thus made our own obſervations, and introduced thoſe of others, on the poetical productions of Akenſide, we ſhall ſubjoin the Critique of Dr. Johnſon, extracted from his life of the Author; premiſing, though we cannot concur with that great man in the aſperity of his cenſure, and the poignancy of his alluſions, that the originality of his ideas, and the nerve of his ſtyle, will be acceptable to thoſe Readers who have a taſte for what may be truly called the Nonpareil of Writing.

Johnſon comments on the poetical genius and productions of our Author in the following manner:

" Akenside is to be considered as a didactic and lyric Poet. His great work is the *Pleasures of Imagination*; a performance which, published, as it was, at the age of twenty-three, raised expectations that were not amply satisfied. It has undoubtedly a just claim to very particular notice, as an example of great felicity of genius, and an uncommon amplitude of acquisitions of a young mind stored with images, and much exercised in combining and comparing them.

" With the philosophical or religious tenets of the Author I have nothing to do; my business is with his poetry. The subject is well chosen, as it includes all images that can strike or please; and thus comprises every species of poetical delight. The only difficulty is in the choice of examples and illustrations, and it is not easy, in such exuberance of matter, to find the middle point between penury and satiety. The parts seem artificially disposed, with sufficient coherence, so as that they cannot change their places without an injury to the general design.

" His images are displayed with such luxuriance of expression, that they are hidden, like Butler's Morn, by a " Veil of Light;" they are forms fantastically lost under superfluity of dress. The words are multiplied till the sense is hardly perceived; attention deserts the mind, and settles in the ear. The reader wanders through the gay diffusion, sometimes amazed, sometimes delighted; but, after many turnings in the flowery labyrinth, comes out as he went in. He remarked little, and laid hold on nothing.

" To his versification, justice requires that praise should not be denied. In the general fabrication of his lines, he is, perhaps, superior to any other writer in blank verse; his flow is smooth, and his pauses are musical; but the concatenation of his verses is commonly too long continued, and the full close does not

recur with ſufficient frequency. The ſenſe is carried on through a long intertexture of complicated cauſes; and as nothing is diſtinguiſhed, nothing is remembered.

" The exemption which blank verſe affords from the neceſſity of cloſing the ſenſe with the couplet, betrays luxuriant and active minds into ſuch ſelf indulgence, that they pile image upon image, and ornament upon ornament, and are not eaſily perſuaded to cloſe the ſenſe at all. Blank verſe will, therefore, I fear, be too often found in deſcription exuberant, in argument loquacious, and in narration tireſome.

" The diction of Akenſide is certainly poetical, as it is not proſaic; and elegant, as it is not vulgar. He is to be commended as having fewer artifices of diſguſt than moſt of his brethren of the blank ſong. He rarely either recalls old phraſes, or twiſts his metre into harſh inverſions. The ſenſe, however, of his words is ſtrained. When " he views the Ganges from Alpine heights," this is from mountains like the Alps. And the pedant ſurely intrudes, (but when was blank verſe without pedantry?) when he tells how " Planets *abſolve* the ſtated round of Time."

" It is generally known to the readers of poetry, that he intended to reviſe and augment this work, but died before he had compleated his deſign. The reformed work, as he left it, and the additions which he had made, are very properly retained in the preſent collection. He ſeems to have ſomewhat contracted his diffuſion; but I know not whether he has gained in cloſeneſs what he has loſt in ſplendour. In the additional book, the " Tale of Solon" is too long.

" One great defect of his Poem is very properly cenſured by Mr. Walker; unleſs it may be ſaid in his defence, that he has omitted what was not properly in his

his plan. " His picture of man is grand and beauti-
" ful, but unfinished. The immortality of the soul,
" which is the natural consequence of the appetites
" and powers he is invested with, is scarcely once
" hinted throughout the Poem. This deficiency is
" amply supplied by the masterly pencil of Dr. Young,
" who, like a good philosopher, has invincibly proved
" the immortality of man, from the grandeur of his
" conceptions, and the meanness and misery of his
" state; for this reason, a few passages are selected
" from the " Night Thoughts," which, with those
" from Akenside, seem to form a complete view of
" the power, situation, and end of man." ' Exer-
cises for Improvement in Elocution,' p. 66.

" His other Poems are now to be considered; but a short consideration will dispatch them. It is not easy to guess why he addicted himself so diligently to lyric poetry, having neither the ease and airiness of the lighted, nor the vehemence and elevation of the grander ode. When he lays his ill-fated hand upon his harp, his former powers seem to desert him; he has no longer his luxuriance of expression, nor variety of images. His thoughts are cold, and his words inelegant. Yet such was his love of lyrics, that, having written, with great vigour and poignancy, his ' Epistle to Curio,' he transformed it afterwards into an Ode disgraceful only to its Author.

" Of his Odes nothing favourable can be said; the sentiments commonly want force, nature, or novelty; the diction is sometimes harsh and uncouth, the stanzas ill constructed and unpleasant, and the rhymes dissonant, or unskilfully disposed; too distant from each other, or arranged with too little regard to established truth, and therefore perplexing to the ear, which, in a short composition, has not time to grow familiar with an innovation."

Such are the animadverſions of Dr. Johnſon on the poetical productions of Akenſide, in which, notwithſtanding he diſclaims, as a critic, any interference with the philoſophical or religious tenets of the Author on whoſe works he comments, they are ſuch evident traits of prejudice and partiality, as cannot elude the obſervation of any reader of diſcernment.

Akenſide ſeems to have poſſeſſed a mind independent, diſpoſed to free enquiry and liberal inveſtigation, impatient of the fetters of ſuperſtition, and deſirous of avoiding thoſe mazes of caſuiſtical theology, which have ever bewildered the imagination, and engaged great and good men in endleſs controverſies, without ſettling the main points in diſpute. This diſpoſition, highly laudable in the opinion of moſt men of comprehenſive minds, has ſubjected him to the acrimonious cenſure of Dr. Johnſon, who, though a profound ſcholar, and conſummate critic, was a violent bigot to his religious and political principles; and whoever ſurveys his Biography with attention and impartiality, muſt diſcover an invincible prejudice, and palpable dereliction of candour, reſpecting characters who did not coincide with him in opinion concerning thoſe points, in which every man has an undoubted claim to think for himſelf. So that the acrimony of theſe remarks may be imputed to the motives we have frequently aſſigned, as too generally influencing the mind and pen of that great writer.

As a proof of the poetic genius of our Author, we have ſelected ſome paſſages from his much eſteemed Poem, "The Pleaſures of Imagination."

In pointing out the natural connection of beauty with truth and good, what can exceed the following lines, for poetry and ſentiment?

----------Yon flowery bank,
Cloath'd in the ſoft magnificence of ſpring,

Will

Will not the flocks approve it? will they ask
The reedy fen for pasture? That clear rill,
Which trickleth murmuring from the mossy rock,
Yields it less wholesome beverage to the worn
And thirsty traveller, than the standing pool
With muddy weeds o'ergrown? Yon ragged vine,
Whose lean and sullen clusters mourn the rage
Of Eurus, will the wine-press or the bowl
Report of her, as of the swelling grape,
Which glitters through the tendrils like a gem
When first it meets the sun? Or what are all
The various charms to life and sense adjoin'd?
Are they not pledges of a state intire,
Where native order reigns, with every part
In health, and ev'ry function well perform'd?
Thus then at first was beauty sent from heaven,
The lovely ministress of truth and good
In this dark world. For truth and good are one;
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O sons of earth! would ye dissolve the tie?
O! wherefore with a rash and greedy aim
Seek ye to rove through every flattering scene
Which beauty seems to deck, nor once inquire
Where is the suffrage of eternal truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
To save your search from folly? Wanting these,
Lo, beauty withers in your void embrace;
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows.——

Again; where his refined subject leads him to the praise of truth; on which, he contends, virtue alone depends; how honourable is this beautiful effusion to his heart and understanding!

Whence also but from truth, the light of minds,
Is human fortune gladden'd with the rays
Of virtue? with the moral colors thrown
On every walk of this our social scene,
Adorning for the eye of gods and men
The passions, action, habitudes of life,
And rendering earth like heaven, a sacred place
Where love and praise may take delight to dwell?

The following question arrests the heart of sensibility. Its subject demands attention, while its attractive images ensure it.

----------Ask the faithful youth
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps, silent and unseen,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?

Oh!

Oh! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er ſeduce his boſom to forego
Thoſe ſacred hours, when, ſtealing from the noiſe
Of care and envy, ſweet remembrance ſoothes
With virtue's kindeſt looks his aking breaſt,
And turns his tears to rapture.———

His deſcription of a ſhip-wreck is pictureſque and affecting; it is a call upon pity, and cannot fail to awaken its ſentiments.

———————Aſk the croud
Which flies impatient from the village walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The ſavage winds have hurl'd upon the coaſt
Some helpleſs bark; while holy pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their diſtorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother cloſer to her breaſt
Catcheth her child, and, pointing where the waves
Foam through the ſhatter'd veſſel, ſhrieks aloud
As one poor wretch, who ſpreads his piteous arms
For ſuccour, ſwallow'd by the roaring ſurge;
As now another, daſh'd againſt the rock,
Drops lifeleſs down.———————

But, indeed, vain would prove the attempt to point out the peculiar merits of a compoſition, where genius makes no pauſe. Holding the volume which contains ſo rare a gem, we now leave the reader to the contemplation of beauties, which convey their own encomiums!

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS volume contains a complete Collection of the Poems of the late Dr. Akenside, either reprinted from the original editions, or faithfully published from copies which had been prepared by himself for publication.

That the principal poem should appear in so disadvantageous a state may require some explanation. The first publication of it was at a very early part of the Author's life: that it wanted revision and correction he was sufficiently sensible; but so quick was the demand for several successive republications, that in any of the intervals to have completed the whole of his corrections was utterly impossible; and yet to have gone on from time to time in making farther improvements in every new edition, would, he thought, have had the appearance at least of abusing the favour of the public: he chose therefore to continue for some time reprinting it without alteration, and to forbear publishing any corrections or improvements until he should be able at once to give them to the public complete: and with this view he went on for several years to review and correct his poem at leisure, till at length he found the task grow so much upon his hands, that, despairing of ever being able to execute it sufficiently to his own satisfaction, he abandoned the purpose of correcting, and resolved to write the poem over anew, upon a somewhat different and enlarged plan: and in the execution of this design he had made a considerable progress. What reason there may be to regret that he did not live to execute the whole of it, will best appear from the perusal of the plan itself, as stated in the General Argument, and of the parts which he had executed, and which are here published: for the person * to whom he intrusted the disposal of his papers, would have thought himself wanting as well to the service

* The Right Hon. Jeremiah Dyson, by whom this Advertisement was written.

vice of the public as to the fame of his friend, if he had not produced as much of the work as appeared to have been prepared for publication. In this light he conſidered the entire firſt and ſecond books, of which a few copies had been printed for the uſe only of the Author and certain friends; alſo a very conſiderable part of the third book, which had been tranſcribed in order to its being printed in the ſame manner; and to theſe is added the introduction to a ſubſequent book, which in the manuſcript is called the fourth, and which appears to have been compoſed at the time when the Author intended to compriſe the whole in four books; but which, as he afterwards determined to diſtribute the poem into more books, might perhaps more properly be called the laſt book. And this is all that is executed of the new work, which, although it appeared to the editor too valuable, even in its imperfect ſtate, to be withholden from the public, yet (he conceives) takes in by much too ſmall a part of the original poem to ſupply its place, and to ſuperſede the republication of it; for which reaſon both the Poems are inſerted in this Collection.

Of Odes the Author had deſigned to make up two books, conſiſting of twenty odes each, including the ſeveral odes which he had before publiſhed at different times.

The Hymn to the Naiads is reprinted from the ſixth volume of Dodſley's Miſcellanies, with a few corrections, and the addition of ſome Notes. To the Inſcriptions taken from the ſame volume, three new Inſcriptions are added; the laſt of which is the only inſtance wherein a liberty has been taken of inſerting any thing in this Collection which did not appear to have been intended by the Author for publication, * among whoſe papers no copy of this was found, but it is printed from a copy which he had many years ſince given to the editor.

* In the preſent edition a few pieces are added which are known to be genuine, and which certainly are no diſcredit to their Author.

THE DESIGN.

THERE are certain powers in human nature which ſeem to hold a middle place between the organs of bodily ſenſe and the faculties of moral perception: they have been called by a very general name, "The Powers of Imagination." Like the external ſenſes they relate to matter and motion, and at the ſame time give the mind ideas analogous to thoſe of moral approbation and diſlike. As they are the inlets of ſome of the moſt exquiſite Pleaſures with which we are acquainted, it has naturally happened that men of warm and ſenſible tempers have ſought means to recal the delightful perceptions which they afford, independent of the objects which originally produced them. This gave riſe to the imitative or deſigning arts; ſome of which, as painting and ſculpture, directly copy the external appearances which were admired in nature; others, as muſic and poetry, bring them back to remembrance by ſigns univerſally eſtabliſhed and underſtood.

But theſe arts, as they grew more correct and deliberate, were of courſe led to extend their imitation beyond the peculiar objects of the imaginative powers, eſpecially poetry, which, making uſe of language as the inſtrument by which it imitates, is conſequently become an unlimited repreſentative of every ſpecies and mode of being; yet, as their intention was only to expreſs the objects of Imagination, and as they ſtill abound chiefly in ideas of that claſs, they of courſe retain their original character, and all the different Pleaſures which they excite are termed in general Pleaſures of Imagination.

The Deſign of the following Poem is to give a view of theſe in the largeſt acceptation of the term, ſo that whatever our Imagination feels from the agreeable appearances of nature, and all the various entertainment we meet with either in poetry, painting, muſic, or any of the elegant arts, might be

be deducible from one or other of thoſe principles in the conſtitution of the human mind which are here eſtabliſhed and explained.

In executing this general plan, it was neceſſary firſt of all to diſtinguiſh the Imagination from our other faculties, and in the next place to characteriſe thoſe original forms or properties of being about which it is converſant, and which are by nature adapted to it, as light is to the eyes, or truth to the underſtanding. Theſe properties Mr. Addiſon had reduced to the three general claſſes of Greatneſs, Novelty, and Beauty; and into theſe we may analyze every object, however complex, which, properly ſpeaking, is delightful to the Imagination. But ſuch an object may alſo include many other ſources of Pleaſure; and its beauty, or novelty, or grandeur, will make a ſtronger impreſſion by reaſon of this concurrence. Beſides which, the imitative arts, eſpecially poetry, owe much of their effect to a ſimilar exhibition of properties quite foreign to the Imagination, inſomuch that in every line of the moſt applauded poems, we meet with either ideas drawn from the external ſenſes, or truths diſcovered to the underſtanding, or illuſtrations of contrivance and final cauſes, or, above all the reſt, with circumſtances proper to awaken and engage the paſſions: it was therefore neceſſary to enumerate and exemplify theſe different ſpecies of Pleaſure, eſpecially that from which the paſſions, which, as it is ſupreme in the nobleſt work of human genius, ſo being in ſome particulars not a little ſurpriſing, gave an opportunity to enliven the didactic turn of the poem, by introducing an allegory to account for the appearance.

After theſe parts of the ſubject which hold chiefly of admiration, or naturally warm and intereſt the mind, a Pleaſure of a very different nature, that which ariſes from Ridicule, came next

to

to be conſidered. As this is the foundation of the comic manner in all the arts, and has been but very imperfectly treated by moral writers, it was thought proper to give it a particular illuſtration, and to diſtinguiſh the general ſources from which the ridicule of characters is derived. Here too a change of ſtyle became neceſſary, ſuch a one as might yet be conſiſtent, if poſſible, with the general taſte of compoſition in the ſerious parts of the ſubject; nor is it an eaſy taſk to give any tolerable force to images of this kind, without running either into the gigantic expreſſions of the mock heroic, or the familiar and poetical raillery of profeſſed ſatire, neither of which would have been proper here.

The materials of all imitation being thus laid open, nothing now remained but to illuſtrate ſome particular Pleaſures, which ariſe either from the relations of different objects one to another, or from the nature of imitation itſelf. Of the firſt kind is that various and complicated reſemblance exiſting between ſeveral parts of the material and immaterial worlds, which is the foundation of metaphor and wit. As it ſeems in a great meaſure to depend on the early aſſociation of our ideas, and as this habit of aſſociating is the ſource of many pleaſures and pains in life, and on that account bears a great ſhare in the influence of poetry and the other arts, it is therefore mentioned here, and its effects deſcribed: then follows a general account of the production of theſe elegant arts, and of the ſecondary Pleaſure, as it is called, ariſing from the reſemblance of their imitations to the original appearances of nature: after which the work concludes with ſome reflections on the general conduct of the powers of Imagination, and on their natural and moral uſefulneſs in life.

Concerning the manner or turn of compoſition which prevails in this piece, little can be ſaid with

propriety by the Author. He had two models; that ancient and ſimple one of the firſt Grecian poets, as it is refined by Virgil in the Georgics, and the familiar epiſtolary way of Horace. This latter has ſeveral advantages: it admits of a greater variety of ſtyle; it more readily engages the generality of readers, as partaking more of the air of converſation, and eſpecially with the aſſiſtance of rhyme, leads to a cloſer and more conciſe expreſſion. Add to this the example of the moſt perfect of modern poets, who has ſo happily applied this manner to the nobleſt parts of philoſophy, that the public taſte is in a great meaſure formed to it alone. Yet, after all, the ſubject before us, tending almoſt conſtantly to admiration and enthuſiaſm, ſeemed rather to demand a more open, pathetic, and figured ſtyle. This too appeared more natural, as the Author's aim was not ſo much to give formal precepts, or enter into the way of direct argumentation, as by exhibiting the moſt engaging proſpects of nature to enlarge and harmonize the Imagination, and by that means inſenſibly diſpoſe the minds of men to a ſimilar taſte and habit of thinking in religion, morals, and civil life. It is on this account that he is ſo careful to point out the benevolent intention of the Author of Nature in every principle of the human conſtitution here inſiſted on, and alſo to unite the moral excellencies of life in the ſame point of view with the mere external objects of good taſte; thus recommending them in common to our natural propenſity for admiring what is beautiful and lovely. The ſame views have alſo led him to introduce ſome ſentiments which may perhaps be looked upon as not quite direct to the ſubject; but ſince they bear an obvious relation to it, the authority of Virgil, the faultleſs model of didactic poetry, will beſt ſupport him in this particular: for the ſentiments themſelves he makes no apology.

THE
PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

'Ασεβὴς μέν ἐστιν ἀνθρώπῳ τὰς παρὰ τῆ θεῆ χάριτας ἀτιμάζειν. Epict. *apud*, Arrian. II. 23.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

THE ſubject propoſed: difficulty of treating it poetically. The ideas of the Divine Mind the origin of every quality pleaſing to the Imagination. The natural variety of conſtitution in the minds of men, with its final cauſe. The idea of a fine Imagination, and the ſtate of the mind in the enjoyment of thoſe Pleaſures which it affords. All the primary Pleaſures of the Imagination reſult from the perception of greatneſs, or wonderfulneſs, or beauty, in objects. The Pleaſure from greatneſs, with its final cauſe: Pleaſure from novelty or wonderfulneſs, with its final cauſe: Pleaſure from beauty, with its final cauſe. The connection of beauty with truth and good, applied to the conduct of life. Invitation to the ſtudy of moral philoſophy. The different degrees of beauty in different ſpecies of objects; colour, ſhape, natural concretes, vegetables, animals; the mind. The ſublime, the fair, the wonderful, of the mind. The connection of the Imagination and the moral faculty. Concluſion.

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of Nature touches the conſenting hearts
Of mortal men, and what the pleaſing ſtores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's or the painter's toil,
My Verſe unfolds. Attend, ye gentle Pow'rs
Of Muſical delight! and while I ſing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my ſtrain.
Thou, ſmiling queen of ev'ry tuneful breaſt,
Indulgent Fancy! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy roſy fingers cull
Freſh flow'rs and dews to ſprinkle on the turf
Where Shakeſpeare lies, be preſent; and with thee
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wafting ten thouſand colours thro' the air,
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
She blends and ſhifts at will thro' countleſs forms,
Her wild creation. Goddeſs of the Lyre,
Which rules the accents of the moving ſphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! deſcend
And join this feſtive train? for with thee comes

The guide, the guardian of their lovely ſports,
Majeſtic Truth! and where Truth deigns to come
Her ſiſter Liberty will not be far.
Be preſent all ye Genii! who conduct
The wand'ring footſteps of the youthful bard
New to your ſprings and ſhades, who touch his ear
With finer ſounds, who heighten to his eye
The bloom of Nature, and before him turn
The gayeſt, happieſt, attitude of things.
Oft' have the laws of each poetic ſtrain
The critic verſe employ'd; yet ſtill unſung
Lay this prime ſubject, tho' importing moſt
A Poet's name: for fruitleſs is th' attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil
Obſcure, to conquer the ſevere aſcent
Of high Parnaſſus. Nature's kindling breath
Muſt fire the choſen genius; Nature's hand
Muſt ſtring his nerves, and imp his eagle wings,
Impatient of the painful ſteep, to ſoar
High as the ſummit, there to breathe at large
Ethereal air with bards and ſages old.
Immortal ſons of praiſe! Theſe flatt'ring ſcenes
To this neglected labour court my ſong;
Yet not unconſcious what a doubtful taſk
To paint the fineſt features of the mind,
And to moſt ſubtle and myſterious things
Give colour, ſtrength, and motion. But the love
Of Nature and the Muſes bids explore,
Thro' ſecret paths, erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untaſted ſprings, to drink inſpiring draughts,
And ſhade my temples with unfading flow'rs,
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound receſs,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.
From Heav'n my ſtrains begin; from Heav'n deſcends
The flame of genius to the human breaſt,
And love, and beauty, and poetic joy,
And inſpiration. Ere the radiant ſun
Sprang from the eaſt, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon ſuſpended her ſerener lamp,

Ere mountains, woods, or ſtreams, adorn'd the globe,
Or Wiſdom taught the ſons of men her lore,
Then liv'd th' Almighty One; then, deep-retir'd
In his unfathom'd eſſence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal, of created things;
The radiant ſun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and ſtreams, the rolling globe,
And Wiſdom's mien celeſtial. From the firſt
Of days on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration, till, in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd his vital ſmile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth and wild reſounding waves,
Hence light and ſhade alternate, warmth and cold,
And clear autumnal ſkies and vernal ſhow'rs,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to ev'ry mortal eye
Is this great ſcene unveil'd; for ſince the claims
Of ſocial life to different labours urge
The active pow'rs of man, with wiſe intent
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a diff'rent bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To ſome ſhe taught the fabric of the ſphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the ſtars,
The golden zones of heav'n: to ſome ſhe gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and ſpace, and Fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulſe: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue ſwells the tender veins
Of herbs and flow'rs, or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, diſtilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But ſome to higher hopes
Were deſtin'd; ſome within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame:
To theſe the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The tranſcript of himſelf. On ev'ry part

They trace the bright impreſſions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple ſtores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form,
Blooming with roſy ſmiles, they ſee pourtray'd
That uncreated beauty which delights
The mind ſupreme: they alſo feel her charms
Enamour'd; they partake th' eternal joy.
For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quiv'ring touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulſive ſtring
Conſenting, ſounded thro' the warbling air
Unbidden ſtrains; e'en ſo did Nature's hand
To certain ſpecies of external things
Attune the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulſe of congenial pow'rs,
Or of ſweet ſound, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills' thro' Imagination's tender frame
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive
They catch the ſpreading rays, till now the ſoul
At length diſcloſes ev'ry tuneful ſpring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Reſponſive. Then the inexpreſſive ſtrain
Diffuſes its enchantment; Fancy dreams
Of ſacred fountains, and Elyſian groves,
And vales of bliſs: the intellectual pow'r
Bends from his awful throne a wond'ring ear,
And ſmiles: the paſſions, gently ſooth'd away,
Sink to divine repoſe, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy ſerene
As airs that fan the ſummer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art whom theſe delights can touch,
Whoſe candid boſom the refining love
Of Nature warms; O! liſten to my Song,
And I will guide thee to her fav'rite walks,
And teach thy ſolitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliеſt features to thy view.
Know then, whate'er of Nature's pregnant ſtores,
Whate'er of mimic Art's reflected forms,
With love and admiration thus inflame

the intellectual powers
and smiles
Alexander Wd. Pleasures of Imagination, Page 28. line 127.
Designed by Thurston. Engraved by Smith, for Cooke. March 1789.

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The pow'rs of fancy, her delighted ſons.
To three illuſtrious orders have referr'd,
Three ſiſter Graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue, confeſſes; the Sublime,
The Wonderful, the Fair. I ſee them dawn!
I ſee the radiant viſions where they riſe,
More lovely than when Lucifer diſplays
His beaming forehead thro' the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the Spring.
Say, why was man ſo eminently rais'd
Amid the vaſt creation? why ordain'd
Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame,
But that th' Omnipotent might ſend him forth,
In ſight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
As on a boundleſs theatre, to run
The great career of juſtice, to exalt
His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds,
To chaſe each partial purpoſe from his breaſt,
And thro' the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And thro' the toſſing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his courſe unfalt'ring, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue up the ſteep aſcent
Of Nature calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding ſmile of Heav'n? alſe wherefore burns

℣. 151. *Say, why was man*, &c.] In apologizing for the frequent negligencies of the ſublimeſt authors of Greece, "Thoſe godlike geniuſes," ſays Longinus, "were well aſſured that Nature had not intended man for a low ſpirited or ignoble being; but bringing us into life, and the midſt of this wide univerſe, as before a multitude aſſembled at ſome heroic ſolemnity, that we might be ſpectators of all her magnificence, and candidates high inemulation for the prize of glory: ſhe has therefore implanted in our ſouls an inextinguiſhable love of every thing great and exalted, of every thing which appears divine beyond our comprehenſion: whence it comes to paſs, that even the whole world is not an object ſufficient for the depth and rapidity of human imagination, which often ſallies forth beyond the limits of all that ſurrounds us. Let any man caſt his eye through the whole circle of our exiſtence, and conſider how eſpecially it abounds in excellent and grand objects, he will ſoon acknowlede for what enjoyments and purſuits we were deſtined. Thus by the very propenſity of Nature we are led to admire not little ſprings or ſhallow rivulets, however clear and delicious, but the Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and, much more than all, the ocean," &c. *Dionyſ. Longin. de Sublim.* ſect. xxiv.

In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope
That breathes from day to day ſublimer things,
And mocks poſſeſſion? wherefore darts the mind
With ſuch reſiſtleſs ardour to embrace
Majeſtic forms, impatient to be free;
Spurning the groſs controul of wilful might,
Proud of the ſtrong contention of her toils,
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heav'n's broad fire his unconſtrained view
Than to the glimm'ring of a waxen flame?
Who that from Alpine heights his lab'ring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to ſurvey
Nilus or Ganges, rolling his bright wave
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with ſhade,
And continents of ſand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a ſcanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born ſoul
Diſdains to reſt her heav'n-aſpiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth,
And this diurnal ſcene, ſhe ſprings aloft
Thro' fields of air, purſues the flying ſtorm,
Rides on the volly'd lightning thro' the heav'n's,
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blaſt,
Sweeps the long track of day. Then high ſhe ſoars
The blue profound, and hov'ring round the Sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant ſtream
Of light, beholds his unrelenting ſway
Bend the reluctant planets to abſolve
The fated rounds of time: thence far effus'd
She darts her ſwiftneſs up the long career
Of devious comets, thro' its burning ſigns
Exulting meaſures the perennial wheel
Of Nature; and looks back on all the ſtars,
Whoſe blended light as with a milky zone
Inveſts the orient. Now amaz'd ſhe views
The empyreal waſte, where happy ſpirits hold

ỳ. 202. *The empyreal waſte*, &c.] " Ne ſe puet il point qu'ill y a un " grand eſpace au dela de la region des etoiles? Que ſe ſoit le ciel em- " pyree, ou non, toujours cet eſpace immenſe qui environne toute cette " region

Beyond this concave heav'n their calm abode,
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
E'en on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates th' eternal depth below,
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges, soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fatal goal: for, from the birth
Of mortal man, the Sovran Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Pow'r's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flow'ry lap,
The soul should find enjoyment; but, from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Thro' all th' ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till ev'ry bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.
  Call now to mind what high capacious pow'rs
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals may th' eternal growth
Of Nature to perfection half divine
Expand th' blooming soul: what pity then
Should Sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom, choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty Wisdom; Nature's happy cares
Th' obedient heart far otherwise incline;
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active pow'r

" region, pourra etre rempli de bonheur et de gloire. Il pourra etre " concu comme l'ocean, ou se rendent les fleuves de toutes les crea- " tures bienheureuses, quand elles seront venues a leur perfection " dans le systeme des etoiles." *Leibnitæ dans la Theodicee*, part. i. sect. 19.

Ver. 204.---*whose unfading light*, &c.] It was a notion of the great Mr. Huygens, that there may be fixed stars at such a distance from our solar system, as that their light should not have had time to reach us even from the creation of the world to this day.

To briſker meaſures; witneſs the neglect
Of all familiar proſpects, tho' beheld
With tranſport once, the fond attentive gaze
Of young Aſtoniſhment, the ſober zeal
Of Age commenting on prodigious things.
For ſuch the bounteous providence of Heav'n,
In ev'ry breaſt implanting this deſire
Of objects new and ſtrange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to purſue
Thoſe ſacred ſtores that wait the ripening ſoul

ỳ. 234.------*the neglect --Of all familiar proſpects*, &c.] It is here ſaid, that in conſequence of the love of novelty, objects which at firſt were highly delightful to the mind, loſe that effect by repeated attention to them; but the inſtance of habit is oppoſed to this obſervation, for there objects at firſt diſtaſteful are in time rendered entirely agreeable by repeated attention.

The difficulty in this caſe will be removed, if we conſider that, when objects at firſt agreeable loſe that influence by frequently recurring, the mind is wholly paſſive, and the perception involuntary; but habit, on the other hand, generally ſuppoſes choice and activity, accompanying it; ſo that the pleaſure ariſes here not from the object, but from the mind's conſcious determination of its own activity, and conſequently increaſes in proportion to the frequency of that determination.

It will ſtill be urged, perhaps, that a familiarity with diſagreeable objects renders them at length acceptable, even when there is no room for the mind to reſolve or act at all: in this caſe the appearance muſt be accounted for one of theſe ways:

The pleaſure from habit may be merely negative. The object at firſt gave uneaſineſs; this uneaſineſs gradually wears off as the object grows familiar; and the mind finding it at laſt entirely removed, reckons its ſituation really pleaſurable, compared with what it had experienced before.

The diſlike conceived of the object at firſt might be owing to prejudice or want of attention; conſequently the mind being neceſſitated to review it often, may at length perceive its own miſtake, and be reconciled to what it had looked on with averſion; in which caſe a ſort of inſtinctive juſtice naturally leads it to make amends for the injury, by running toward the other extreme of fondneſs and attachment.

Or, laſtly, though the object itſelf ſhould always continue diſagreeable, yet circumſtances of pleaſure or good fortune may occur along with it: thus an aſſociation may ariſe in the mind, and the object never be remembered without thoſe pleaſing circumſtances attending it, by which means the diſagreeable impreſſion which it at firſt occaſioned will in time be quite obliterated.

ỳ. 240. ------*this deſire---Of objects new and ſtrange*, &c.] Theſe two ideas are often confounded, though it is evident the mere novelty of an object makes it agreeable, even where the mind is not affected with the leaſt degree of wonder; whereas wonder indeed always implies novelty, being never excited by common or well-known appearances. But the pleaſure in both caſes is explicable from the ſame final cauſe, the acquiſition of knowledge and enlargement of our views of Nature; on this account it is natural to treat of them together.

In Truth's exhauſtleſs boſom. What need words
To paint its pow'r? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms
In foreign climes to rove; the penſive ſage,
Heedleſs of ſleep or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the ſickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted ſtep,
The mazes of ſome wild and wondrous tale
From morn to eve, unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dreſs that ſtole
The wiſhes of the youth when ev'ry maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night
The village matron round the blazing hearth
Suſpends the infant audience with her tales,
Breathing aſtoniſhment! of witching rhymes
And evil ſpirits; of the deathbed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet ſouls,
Ris'n from the grave to eaſe the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of ſhapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murd'rer's bed:
At ev'ry ſolemn pauſe the crowd recoil,
Gazing each other ſpeechleſs, and congeal'd
With ſhiv'ring ſighs, till, eager for th' event,
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.
But lo! diſclos'd in all her ſmiling pomp,
Where Beauty onward moving claims the verſe
Her charms inſpire: the freely flowing verſe
In thy immortal praiſe, O form divine!
Smooths her melliſluent ſtream. Thee, Beauty! thee
The regal dome, and thy enliv'ning ray
The moſſy roofs adore: thou, better ſun!
For ever beameſt on th' enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brighteſt progeny of Heav'n!
How ſhall I trace thy features? where ſelect
The roſeate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haſte then, my Song! thro' Nature's wide expanſe,

Haſte then, and gather all her comelieſt wealth,
Whate'er bright ſpoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing Autumn to th' Atlantic iſles,
And range with him th' Heſperian field, and ſee
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove
The branches ſhoot with gold; where'er his ſtep
Marks the glad ſoil the tender cluſters grow
With purple ripeneſs, and inveſt each hill
As with the bluſhes of an ev'ning-ſky?
Or wilt thou rather ſtoop thy vagrant plume
Where, gliding thro' his daughter's honour'd ſhades,
The ſmooth Peneus from his glaſſy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleaſant ſcene?
Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of ſylvan pow'rs,
Of Nymphs and Fauns, where in the Golden Age
They play'd in ſecret on the ſhady brink
With ancient Pan, while round their choral ſteps
Young Hours and genial gales with conſtant hand
Shower'd bloſſoms, odours, ſhower'd ambroſial dews,
And Spring's Elyſian bloom. Her flow'ry ſtore
To thee nor Tempe ſhall refuſe, nor watch
Of winged Hydra guard Heſperian fruits
From thy free ſpoil. O! bear then unreprov'd
Thy ſmiling treaſures to the green receſs
Where young Dione ſtays: with ſweeteſt airs
Entice her forth to lend her angel form
For Beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
Thy graceful footſteps; hither, gentle Maid!
Incline thy poliſh'd forehead: let thy eyes
Effuſe the mildneſs of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aſide
Thy radiant locks, diſcloſing, as it bends
With airy ſoftneſs from the marble neck,
The cheek fair-blooming; and the roſy lip,
Where winning Smiles and Pleaſures, ſweet as Love,
With ſanctity and wiſdom temp'ring, blend
Their ſoft allurement: then the pleaſing force
Of Nature, and her kind parental care,

Worthier I'd ſing; then all th' enamour'd youth,
With each admiring virgin, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, while I point on high
Where Beauty's living image, like the Morn
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the bluſhing May,
Moves onward; or as Venus, when ſhe ſtood
Effulgent on the pearly car, and ſmil'd,
Freſh from the deep, and conſcious of her form,
To ſee the Tritons tune their vocal ſhells,
And each cerulean ſiſter of the flood
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves
To ſeek th' Idalian bow'r. Ye ſmiling band
Of Youths and Virgins! who thro' all the maze
Of young deſire with rival ſteps purſue
This charm of beauty, if the pleaſing toil
Can yield a moment's reſpite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and truſt my words.
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of Superſtition, dreſs'd in Wiſdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
To bid the jealous Thund'rer fire the heav'ns,
Or ſhapes infernal rend the groaning earth,
To fright you from your joys: my chearful ſong
With better omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your gen'rous ardour in the chaſe,
And warm like you. Then tell me, for ye know,
Does Beauty ever deign to dwell where health
And active uſe are ſtrangers? is her charm
Confeſt in aught whoſe moſt peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitleſs? or did Nature mean
This pleaſing call the herald of a lie,
To hide the ſhame of diſcord and diſeaſe,
And catch with fair hypocriſy the heart
Of idle Faith? O no! with better cares
Th' indulgent mother, conſcious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illuſtrious image, in each kind
Still more illuſtrious where the object holds
Its native pow'rs moſt perfect, ſhe by this
Illumes the headſtrong impulſe of Deſire,

And sanctifies his choice. The gen'rous glebe
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear track
Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
And ev'ry charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincere,
Th' integrity and order of their frame
When all is well within, and ev'ry end
Accomplished. Thus was Beauty sent from Heav'n
The lovely ministress of Truth and Good
In this dark world; for Truth and Good are one,
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,

V. 374.----*Truth and Good are one,---And Beauty dwells in them* &c.] "Do you imagine," says Socrates to Aristippus, "that what is good "is not beautiful? have you not observed that these appearances always "coincide? Virtue, for instance, in the same respect as to which we "call it good, is ever acknowledged to be beautiful also. In the cha- "racters of men we always join the two denominations together.* "The beauty of human bodies corresponds in like manner with that "economy of parts which constitutes them good; and in every circum- "stance of life the same object is constantly accounted both beautiful "and good, inasmuch as it answers the purposes for which it was de- "signed." *Xenoph. Memorab. Socrat.* lib. iii. cap. 8.

This excellent observation has been illustrated and extended by the noble restorer of ancient philosophy. See *The Characteristics*, vol. ii. p. 339. and 422, and vol. iii. p. 181. And another ingenious author has particularly shewn that it holds in the general laws of Nature, in the works of art, and the conduct of the sciences. *Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue*, Treat. i. sect. 8. As to the connection between beauty and truth, there are two opinions concerning it. Some philosophers assert an independent and invariable law in Nature, in consequence of which "all rational beings must alike perceive beauty "in some certain proportions, and deformity in the contrary." And this necessity being supposed the same with that which commands the assent or dissent of the understanding, it follows of course, that beauty is founded on the universal and unchangeable law of truth.

But others there are who believe beauty to be merely a relative and arbitrary thing; that indeed it was a benevolent provision in Nature to annex so delightful a sensation to those objects which are best and most perfect in themselves, that so we might be engaged to the choice of them at once, and without staying to infer their usefulness from their structure and effects; but that it is not impossible, in a physical sense, that two beings, of equal capacities for truth, should perceive one of them beauty, and the other deformity, in the same proportions. And upon this supposition, by that truth which is always connected with beauty, nothing more can be meant than the conformity of any object to those proportions upon which, after careful examination, the beauty of that species is found

* This the Athenians did in a peculiar manner, by the words καλοκαγαθός, καλοκαγαθία.

With like participation: wherefore then,
O Sons of Earth! would ye diſſolve the tie?
O! wherefore with a raſh impetuous aim
Seek ye thoſe flow'ry joys with which the hand
Of laviſh Fancy paints each flatt'ring ſcene
Where Beauty ſeems to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the ſanction of eternal Truth,
Or where the ſeal of undeceitful good,
To ſave your ſearch from folly! Wanting theſe,
Lo! Beauty withers in your void embrace;
And with the glitt'ring of an idiot's toy
Did Fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
Of youthful hope, that ſhines upon your hearts,
Be chill'd or clouded at this awful taſk,
To learn the lore of undeceitful good
And truth eternal. Tho' the pois'nous charms
Of baleful ſuperſtition guide the feet
Of ſervile numbers thro' a dreary way
To their abode, thro' deſerts, thorns, and mire,
And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn,
To muſe at laſt amid the ghoſtly gloom
Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloiſter'd cells,
To walk with ſpectres thro' the midnight ſhade,
And to the ſcreaming owl's accurſed ſong
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart,
Yet be not ye diſmay'd; a gentler ſtar
Your lovely ſearch illumines. From the grove
Where Wiſdom talk'd with her Athenian ſons,
Could my ambitious hand intwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then ſhould my pow'rful Verſe at once diſpel
Thoſe monkiſh horrors; then in light divine

found to depend. Polycletus, for inſtance, a famous ancient ſculptor, from an accurate menſuration of the ſeveral parts of the moſt perfect human bodies, deduced a canon or ſyſtem of proportions which was the rule of all ſucceeding artiſts. Suppoſe a ſtatue modelled according to this, a man of mere natural taſte, upon looking at it, without entering into its proportions, confeſſes and admires its beauty; whereas a profeſſor of the art applies his meaſure to the head, the neck, or the hand, and, without attending to its beauty, pronounces the workmanſhip to be juſt and true.

Diſcloſe th' Elyſian proſpect, where the ſteps
Of thoſe whom nature charms thro' blooming walks,
Thro' fragrant mountains and poetic ſtreams,
Amid the train of ſages, heroes, bards,
Led by their winged Genius and the choir
Of laurell'd Science and harmonious Art,
Proceed exulting to th' eternal ſhrine
Where Truth conſpic'ous with her ſiſter twins,
The undivided partners of her ſway,
With Good and Beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious Pleaſure's languid ſtrain,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot Rage,
O let us not a moment pauſe to join
That godlike band! and if the gracious pow'r
Who firſt awaken'd my untutor'd ſong
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful ſpirit, then thro' all our paths
Ne'er ſhall the ſound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting; whether on the roſy mead,
When ſummer ſmiles, to warn the melting heart
Of luxury's allurement, whether firm
Againſt the torrent and the ſtubborn hill
To urge bold Virtue's unremitted nerve,
And wake the ſtrong divinity of ſoul
That conquers Chance and Fate, or whether ſtruck
For ſounds of triumph to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty ſummit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praiſe,
To trace her hallow'd light thro' future worlds,
And bleſs Heav'ns image in the heart of man.
  Thus with a faithful aim have we preſum'd
Advent'rous to delineate Nature's form,
Whether in vaſt majeſtic pomp array'd,
Or dreſt for pleaſing wonder, or ſerene
In Beauty's roſy ſmile. It now remains
Thro' various Being's fair proportion'd ſcale
To trace the riſing luſtre of her charms
From their firſt twilight, ſhining forth at length
To full meridian ſplendor. Of degree
The leaſt and lowlieſt in th' effuſive warmth

Of colours mingling with a random blaze
Doth Beauty dwell; then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd ſhape,
Where Truth's eternal meaſures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or ſphere: the third aſcent
Unites this vary'd ſymmetry of parts
With colour's bland allurement, as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted ſhells indent their ſpeckled wreath.
Then more attractive riſe the blooming forms
Thro' which the breath of Nature has infus'd
Her genial pow'r to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moiſture from the bounteous earth
In fruit and ſeed prolific: thus the flow'rs
Their purple honours with the Spring reſume,
And ſuch the ſtately tree which autumn bends
With bluſhing treaſures. But more lovely ſtill
Is Nature's charm, where to the full conſent
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing ſenſe are giv'n,
And active motion ſpeaks the temper'd ſoul:
So moves the bird of Juno, ſo the ſteed
With rival ardour beats the duſty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth Beauty dwell
There moſt conſpic'ous, e'en in outward ſhape,
Where dawns the high expreſſion of a mind,
By ſteps conducting our enraptur'd ſearch
To that eternal Origin, whoſe pow'r
Thro' all th' unbounded ſymmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent ſun,
This endleſs mixture of her charms diffus'd.
Mind, mind alone, (bear witneſs Earth and Heav'n!)
The living fountain in itſelf contains
Of beauteous and ſublime: here hand in hand
Sit paramount the Graces; here enthron'd
Celeſtial Venus with divineſt airs
Invites the ſoul to never fading joy.
Look then abroad thro' Nature, to the range

Of planets, ſuns, and adamantine ſpheres,
Wheeling unſhaken thro' the void immenſe,
And ſpeak, O Man! does this capacious ſcene
With half that kindling majeſty dilate
Thy ſtrong conception, as when Brutus roſe
Refulgent from the ſtroke of Cæſar's fate
Amid the crowd of patriots, and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and ſhook his crimſon ſteel,
And bad the father of his country Hail!
For lo the tyrant proſtrate on the duſt!
And Rome again is free! Is aught ſo fair
In all the dewy landſcapes of the Spring,
In the bright eye of Heſper or the Morn,
In Nature's faireſt forms, is aught ſo fair
As virtuous friendſhip? as the candid bluſh
Of him who ſtrives with Fortune to be juſt?
The graceful tear that ſtreams for others' woes?
Or the mild majeſty of private life,
Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate, where Honour's lib'ral hands effuſe
Unenvy'd treaſures, and the ſnowy wings
Of Innocence and Love protect the ſcene?
Once more ſearch undiſmay'd the dark profound
Where Nature works in ſecret, view the beds
Of mineral treaſure, and th' eternal vault
That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms
Of atoms moving with inceſſant change
Their elemental round; behold the ſeeds
Of being, and the energy of life
Kindling the maſs with ever active flame,
Then to the ſecrets of the working Mind
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet ideal band, and bid them go;
Break thro' time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour

℣. 492. *As when Brutus roſe*, &c.] Cicero himſelf deſcribes this fact---"Cæſare interfecto---ſtatim, cruentum alte extollens M. Brutus "pugionem, Ciceronem nominatim exclamavit, atque ei recuperatam "libertatem eſt gratulatus." *Cic. Philipp.* ii. 12.

That ſaw the heav'ns created; then declare
If aught were found in thoſe external ſcenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute unconſcious matter wears,
Greatneſs of bulk, or ſymmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, ſoon feeble grows
The ſuperficial impulſe; dull their charms,
And ſatiate ſoon, and pall the languid eye.
Not ſo the moral ſpecies, nor the powers
Of genius and deſign: th' ambitious mind
There ſees herſelf; by theſe congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenſer act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
Her features in the mirror: for of all
The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative Wiſdom gave to lift his eye
To Truth's eternal meaſures, thence to frame
The ſacred laws of action and of will,
Diſcerning juſtice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whoſe dictates bind
Aſſenting reaſon, the benignant Sire,
To deck the honour'd paths of juſt and good,
Has added bright Imagination's rays,
Where Virtue, riſing from the awful depth
Of Truth's myſterious boſom, doth forſake
Th' unadorn'd condition of her birth,
And, dreſs'd by Fancy in ten thouſand hues,
Aſſumes a various feature, to attract
With charms reſponſive to each gazer's eye
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk
Th' ingenious youth, whom ſolitude inſpires
With pureſt wiſhes, from the penſive ſhade
Beholds her moving like a virgin Muſe,
That wakes her lyre to ſome indulgent theme

℣. 548. *Where Virtue riſing from the awful depth---Of Truth's myſterious boſom*, &c.] According to the opinion of thoſe who aſſert moral obligation to be founded on an immutable and univerſal law, and that which is uſually called the moral ſenſe, to be determined by the peculiar temper of the imagination, and the earlieſt aſſociations of ideas.

Of harmony and wonder, while among
The herd of ſervile minds her ſtrenuous form
Indignant flaſhes on the patriot's eye,
And thro' the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honour; or, in act ſerene,
Yet watchful, raiſes the majeſtic ſword
Of public pow'r, from dark Ambition's reach,
To guard the ſacred volume of the laws.
Genius of ancient Greece! whoſe faithful ſteps
Well pleas'd I follow thro' the ſacred paths
Of Nature and of Science; Nurſe divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair deſires!
O let the breath of thy extended praiſe
Inſpire my kindling boſom to the height
Of this untempted theme! Nor be my thoughts
Preſumptuous counted, if, amid the calm
That ſoothes this vernal ev'ning into ſmiles,
I ſteal impatient from the ſordid haunts
Of Strife and low Ambition, to attend
Thy ſacred preſence in the ſylvan ſhade,
By their malignant footſteps ne'er profan'd.
Deſcend propitious to my favour'd eye!
Such in thy mien, thy warm exalted air,
As when the Perſian tyrant, foil'd, and ſtung
With ſhame and deſperation, gnaſh'd his teeth
To ſee thee rend the pageants of his throne,
And at the lightning of thy lifted ſpear
Crouch'd like a ſlave. Bring all thy martial ſpoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal ſongs,
Thy ſmiling band of arts, thy godlike ſires
Of civil wiſdom, thy heroic youth,
Warm from the ſchools of glory. Guide my way
Thro' fair Lyceum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale
Where oft', enchanted with Socratic ſounds,
Iliſſus pure devolv'd his tuneful ſtream

℣. 591. *Lyceum.*] The ſchool of Ariſtotle.
℣. 592. *Academus.*] The ſchool of Plato.
℣. 594. *Iliſſus.*] One of the rivers on which Athens was ſituated. Plato, in ſome of his fineſt Dialogues, lays the ſcene of the converſation with Socrates on its banks.

In gentler murmurs. From the blooming ſtore
Of theſe auſpicious fields may I unblam'd
Tranſplant ſome living bloſſoms to adorn
My native clime; while far above the flight
Of fancy's plume aſpiring, I unlock
The ſprings of ancient wiſdom; while I join
Thy name, thrice honour'd! with th' immortal praiſe
Of Nature; while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy ſons,
And tune to Attic themes the Britiſh lyre?

END OF BOOK FIRST.

THE

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

THE separation of the works of Imagination from philoſophy the cauſe of their abuſe among the Moderns. Proſpect of their reunion under the influence of public liberty. Enumeration of accidental Pleaſures, which increaſe the effect of object delightful to the Imagination. The Pleaſures of ſenſe. Particular circumſtances of the mind. Diſcovery of truth. Perception of contrivance and deſign. Emotion of the paſſions. All the natural paſſions partake of a pleaſing ſenſation; with the final cauſe of this conſtitution, illuſtrated by an Allegorical Viſion, and exemplified in ſorrow, pity, terror, and indignation.

WHEN ſhall the laurel and the vocal ſtring
Reſume their honours? when ſhall we behold
The tuneful tongue, the Promethean hand,
Aſpire to ancient praiſe? Alas! how faint,
How ſlow, the dawn of beauty and of truth
Breaks the reluctant ſhades of Gothic night
Which yet involve the nations! Long they groan'd
Beneath the furies of rapacious Force,
Oft' as the gloomy North with Iron ſwarms
Tempeſt'ous pouring from her frozen caves
Blaſted the Italian ſhore, and ſwept the works
Of Liberty and Wiſdom down the gulf
Of all-devouring Night. As long, immur'd
In noontide darkneſs by the glimm'ring lamp,
Each Muſe and each fair Science pin'd away
The ſordid hours, while foul Barbarian hands
Their myſteries profan'd, unſtrung the lyre,
And chain'd the ſoaring pinion down to earth.
At laſt the Muſes roſe and ſpurn'd their bonds,
And wildly warbling ſcatter'd as they flew

℣. 19. *At laſt the Muſes roſe*, &c.] About the age of Hugh Capet, founder of the third race of French kings, the poets of Provence were in high reputation, a ſort of ſtrolling bards or rhapſodiſts, who went about the courts of princes and noblemen, entertaining them at feſtivals with muſic and poetry. They attempted both the epic ode, and ſatire, and abounded in a wild and fantaſtic vein of fable, partly allegorical, and partly founded on traditionary legends of the Saracen wars. Theſe were the rudiments of Italian poetry. But their taſte and compoſition muſt have been extremely barbarous, as we may judge by thoſe who followed the turn of their fable in much politer times, ſuch as Boiardo, Bernardo, Taſſo, Arioſto, &c.

Their blooming wreaths from fair Valclusa's bow'rs
To Arno's myrtle border, and the shore
Of soft Parthenope. But still the rage
Of dire Ambition and gigantic Pow'r
From public aims, and from the busy walk
Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train
Of penetrating Science to the cells
Where studious Ease consumes the silent hour
In shadowy searches and unfruitful care.
Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts
Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy
To priestly domination, and the lust
Of lawless courts, their amiable toil
For three inglorious ages have resign'd,
In vain reluctant, and Torquato's tongue
Was tun'd for slavish Pæans at the throne
Of tinsel pomp, and Raphael's magic hand

℣. 21. *Valclusa.*] The famous retreat of Francisco Petrarcha, the father of Italian poetry, and his mistress Laura, a lady of Avignon.

℣. 22. *Arno.*] The river which runs by Florence, the birth-place of Dante and Boccacio.

℣. 23. *Parthenope.*] Or Naples, the birth-place of Sannazaro. The great Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento, in the kingdom of Naples.

Ibid.-----*the rage---of dire Ambition*, &c.] This relates to the cruel wars among the republics of Italy, and abominable politics of its little princes, about the fifteenth century. These at last, in conjunction with the Papal power, entirely extinguished the spirit of liberty in that country, and established that abuse of the fine arts which has been since propagated over all Europe.

℣. 30. *Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts*, &c.] Nor were they only losers by the separation; for philosophy itself, to use the words of a noble philosopher, "being thus severed by the sprightly arts and "sciences, must consequently grow dronish, insipid, pedantic, useless, "and directly opposite to the real knowledge and practice of the world." Insomuch that "a gentleman," says another excellent writer, "cannot "easily bring himself to like so austere and ungainly a form; so greatly "is it changed from what was once the delight of the finest gentlemen "of Antiquity, and their recreation after the hurry of public affairs." From this condition it cannot be recovered but by uniting it once more with the works of Imagination; and we have had the pleasure of observing a very great progress made towards their union in England within these few years. It is hardly possible to conceive them at a greater distance from each other than at the Revolution, when Locke stood at the head of one party and Dryden of the other. But the general spirit of liberty, which has ever since been growing, naturally invited our men of wit and genius to improve that influence which the arts of persuasion gave them with the people, by applying them to subjects of importance to society. Thus poetry and eloquence became considerable, and philosophy is now of course obliged to borrow of their embellishments in order even to gain audience with the public.

Effus'd its fair creation to enchant
The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
To blind belief, while on their proſtrate necks
The ſable tyrant plants his heel ſecure.
But now, behold! the radiant era dawns
When Freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length
For endleſs years on Albion's happy ſhore,
In full proportion once more ſhall extend
To all the kindred pow'rs of ſocial bliſs
A common manſion, a parental roof:
There ſhall the Virtues, there ſhall Wiſdom's train,
Their long-loſt friends rejoining, as of old,
Embrace the ſmiling family of Arts,
The Muſes and the Graces. Then no more
Shall Vice, diſtracting their delicious gifts
To aims abhorr'd, with high diſtaſte and ſcorn
Turn from their charms the philoſophic eye,
The patriot boſom; then no more the paths
Of public care or intellectual toil
Alone by footſteps haughty and ſevere
In gloomy ſtate be trod: th' harmonious Muſe
And her perſuaſive ſiſters then ſhall plant
Their ſhelt'ring laurels o'er the bleak aſcent,
And ſcatter flow'rs along the rugged way.
Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
To pierce divine philoſophy's retreats,
And teach the Muſe her lore, already ſtrove
Their long divided honours to unite,
While temp'ring this deep argument we ſang
Of Truth and Beauty. Now the ſame glad taſk
Impends; now urging our ambitious toil,
We haſten to recount the various ſprings
Of adventitious Pleaſure, which adjoin
Their greatful influence to the prime effect
Of objects grand or beauteous, and enlarge
The complicated joy. The ſweets of ſenſe
Do they not oft' with kind acceſſion flow
To raiſe harmonious Fancy's native charm?
So while we taſte the fragrance of the roſe
Glows not her bluſh the fairer? while we view

Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill
Gush thro' the trickling herbage, to the thirst
Of summer yielding the delicious draught
Of cool refreshment, o'er the mossy brink
Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves
With sweeter music murmur as they flow?
Nor this alone. The various lot of life
Oft' from external circumstance assumes
A moment's dispositon to rejoice
In those delights which at a diff'rent hour
Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of Spring
When rural songs and odours wake the Morn
To ev'ry eye; but how much more to his
Round whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair
When first with fresh-born vigour he inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed sun
Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life
Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain!
Or shall I mention where celestial Truth
Her awful light discloses, to bestow
A more majestic pomp on Beauty's frame?
For man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
More welcome touch his understanding's eye
Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
Than all of taste his tongue. Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues
To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
The hand of Science pointed out the path
In which the sun-beams, gleaming from the west,
Fall on the wat'ry cloud whose darksome veil
Involves the orient; and that trickling show'r
Piercing thro' ev'ry crystalline convex
Of clust'ring dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,
Recoil at length where concave all behind
Th' internal surface of each glossy orb
Repels their forward passage into air,
That thence direct they seek the radiant goal
From which their course began, and, as they strike
In diff'rent lines the gazer's obvious eye,

Aſſume a diff'rent luſtre thro' the brede
Of colours changing from the ſplendid roſe
To the pale violet's dejected hue.
Or ſhall we touch that kind acceſs of joy
That ſprings to each fair object while we trace
Thro' all its fabric Wiſdom's artful aim
Diſpoſing ev'ry part, and gaining ſtill
By means proportion'd her benignant end?
Speak ye the pure delight whoſe favour'd ſteps
The lamp of Science thro' the jealous maze
Of Nature guides when haply you reveal
Her ſecret honours, whether in the ſky,
The beauteous laws of light, the central pow'rs
That wheel the penſile planets round the year,
Whether in wonders of the rolling deep,
Or the rich fruits of all-ſuſtaining earth,
Or fine-adjuſted ſprings of life and ſenſe,
Ye ſcan the counſels of their Author's hand.
What, when to raiſe the meditated ſcene
The flame of paſſion, thro' the ſtruggling ſoul
Deep-kindled, ſhows acroſs that ſudden blaze
The object of its rapture, vaſt of ſize,
With fiercer colours and a night of ſhade?
What? like a ſtorm from their capacious bed
The ſounding ſeas o'erwhelming, when the might
Of theſe eruptions, working from the depth
Of man's ſtrong apprehenſion, ſhakes his frame
E'en to the baſe, from ev'ry naked ſenſe
Of pain or pleaſure diſſipating all
Opinion's feeble cov'rings, and the veil
Spun from the cobweb faſhion of the times
To hide the feeling heart? then Nature ſpeaks
Her genuine language, and the words of men,
Big with the very motion of their ſouls,
Declare with what accumulated force
Th' impetuous nerve of paſſion urges on
The native weight and energy of things.
Yet more her honours: where nor beauty claims,
Nor ſhews of good the thirſty ſenſe allure,

From paſſion's pow'r alone our nature holds
Eſſential Pleaſure. Paſſion's fierce illapſe
Rouſes the mind's whole fabric, with ſupplies
Of daily impulſe keeps th' elaſtic pow'rs
Intenſely poiz'd, and poliſhes anew,
By that colliſion, all the fine machine;
Elſe ruſt would riſe, and foulneſs, by degrees
Incumb'ring, choke at laſt what Heav'n deſign'd
For ceaſeleſs motion and a round of toil.
—But ſay, does ev'ry paſſion thus to man
Adminiſter delight? That name indeed
Becomes the roſy breath of Love, becomes
The radiant ſmiles of Joy, th' applauding hand
Of Admiration; but the bitter ſhow'r
That Sorrow ſheds upon her brother's grave,
But the dumb palſy of nocturnal Fear,
Or thoſe conſuming fires that gnaw the heart
Of panting Indignation, find we there
To move delight?—Then liſten while my tongue
Th' unalter'd will of Heav'n with faithful awe
Reveals what old Harmodius wont to teach
My early age; Harmodius! who had weigh'd
Within his learned mind whate'er the ſchools
Of Wiſdom, or thy lonely-whiſp'ring voice,
O faithful Nature! dictate of the laws
Which govern and ſupport this mighty frame
Of univerſal being: oft' the hours
From morn to eve have ſtol'n unmark'd away,

℣. 157. *From paſſion's pow'r alone*, &c.] This very myſterious kind of Pleaſure, which is often found in the exerciſe of paſſions generally counted painful, has been taken notice of by ſeveral authors. Lucretius reſolves it into ſelf-love:

"Suave mari magno," &c. lib. ii. 1.

As if a man was never pleaſed in being moved at the diſtreſs of a tragedy, without a cool reflection, that though theſe fictitious perſonages were ſo unhappy, yet he himſelf was perfectly at eaſe and in ſafety. The ingenious author of the *Reflections Critiques ſur la Poëſie et ſur la Peinture*, accounts for it by the general delight which the mind takes in its own activity, and the abhorrence it feels of an indolent and inattentive ſtate: and this joined with the moral approbation of its own temper, which attends theſe emotions when natural and juſt, is certainly the true foundation of the pleaſure, which, as it is the origin and baſis of tragedy and epic, deſerved a very particular conſideration in this poem.

While mute attention hung upon his lips,
As thus the ſage his awful tale began:
" 'Twas in the windings of ancient wood,
" When ſpotleſs youth with ſolitude reſigns
" To ſweet philoſophy the ſtudious day,
" What time pale Autumn ſhades the ſilent eve,
" Muſing I rov'd. Of good and evil much,
" And much of mortal man, my thought revolv'd;
" When ſtarting full on Fancy's guſhing eye,
" The mournful image of Parthenia's fate
" That hour, O long belov'd and long deplor'd!
" When blooming youth nor gentleſt Wiſdom's arts,
" Nor Hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,
" Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears,
" Avail'd to ſnatch thee from the cruel grave;
" Thy agonizing looks, thy laſt farewell,
" Struck to the inmoſt feeling of my ſoul
" As with the hand of Death! At once the ſhade
" More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds
" With hoarſer murm'ring ſhook the branches. Dark
" As midnight ſtorms the ſcene of human things
" Appear'd before me; deſerts, burning ſands,
" Where the parch'd adder dies; the frozen ſouth,
" And deſolation blaſting all the weſt
" With rapine and with murder; tyrant Pow'r
" Here ſits enthron'd with blood; the baleful charms
" Of Superſtition there infect the ſkies,
" And turn the ſun to horror. Gracious Heav'n!
" What is the life of man? or cannot theſe,
" Not theſe portents, thy awful will ſuffice?
" That, propagated thus beyond their ſcope,
" They riſe to act their cruelties anew
" In my afflicted boſom, thus decreed
" The univerſal ſenſitive of pain,
" The wretched heir of evils not its own!
" Thus I impatient; when at once effus'd
" A flaſhing torrent of celeſtial day
" Burſt thro' the ſhadowy void. With ſlow deſcent
" A purple cloud came floating thro' the ſky,
" And, pois'd at length within the circling trees,

" Hung obvious to my view, till op'ning wide
" Its lucid orb, a more than human form
" Emerging lean'd majeſtic o'er my head,
" And inſtant thunder ſhook the conſcious grove;
" Then melted into air the liquid cloud,
" And all the ſhining viſion ſtood reveal'd.
" A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,
" And o'er his ſhoulder mantling to his knee
" Flow'd the tranſparent robe, around his waiſt
" Collected with a radiant zone of gold
" Ethereal; there in myſtic ſigns engrav'd
" I read his office high and ſacred name,
" Genius of Humankind. Appall'd I gaz'd
" The godlike preſence, for athwart his brow
" Diſpleaſure, temper'd with a mild concern,
" Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words
" Like diſtant thunders broke the murm'ring air."
" Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth!
" And impotent thy tongue. Is thy ſhort ſpan
" Capacious of this univerſal frame?
" Thy wiſdom all-ſufficient? Thou, alas!
" Doſt thou aſpire to judge between the Lord
" Of Nature and his works? To lift thy voice
" Againſt the ſovran order he decreed,
" All good and lovely? to blaſpheme the bands
" Of tenderneſs innate and ſocial love,
" Holieſt of things! by which the general orb
" Of being, as by adamantine links,
" Was drawn to perfect union, and ſuſtain'd
" From everlaſting? Haſt thou felt the pangs
" Of ſoft'ning ſorrow, of indignant zeal,
" So grievous to the ſoul, as thence to wiſh
" The ties of Nature broken from thy frame,
" That ſo thy ſelfiſh unrelenting heart
" Might ceaſe to mourn its lot no longer then
" The wretched heir of evils not its own?
" O fair benevolence of gen'rous minds!
" O man by Nature form'd for all mankind!"
" He ſpoke; abaſh'd and ſilent I remain'd,
" As conſcious of my tongue's offence, and aw'd

" Before his preſence, though my ſecret ſoul
" Diſdain'd the imputation. On the ground
" I fix'd my eyes, till from his airy couch
" He ſtoop'd ſublime, and touching with his hand
" My dazzling forehead, "Raiſe thy ſight," he cry'd,
" And let thy ſenſe convince thy erring tongue."
" I look'd, and lo! the former ſcene was chang'd;
" For verdant alleys, and ſurrounding trees,
" A ſolitary proſpect, wide and wild,
" Ruſh'd on my ſenſes. 'Twas an horrid pile
" Of hills with many a ſhaggy foreſt mix'd,
" With many a ſable cliff and glitt'ring ſtream.
" Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge [ſprings
" The brown woods wav'd, while ever-trickling
" Waſh'd from the naked roots of oak and pine
" The crumbling ſoil; and ſtill at ev'ry fall
" Down the ſteep windings of the channell'd rock
" Remurm'ring ruſh'd the congregated floods
" With hoarſer inundation, till at laſt
" They reach'd a graſſy plain, which from the ſkirts
" Of that high deſert ſpread her verdant lap,
" And drank the guſhing moiſture, where confin'd
" In one ſmooth current o'er the lilied vale
" Clearer than glaſs it flow'd. Autumnal ſpoils,
" Luxuriant ſpreading to the rays of morn,
" Bluſh'd o'er the cliffs, whoſe half-encircling mound
" As in a ſylvan theatre enclos'd
" That flow'ry level. On the river's brink
" I ſpy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
" Its floating umbrage 'mid the ſilver ſhade
" Of oſiers. Now the weſtern ſun reveal'd
" Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
" And pour'd acroſs the ſhadow of the hills,
" On rocks and floods, a yellow ſtream of light
" That cheer'd the ſolemn ſcene. My liſt'ning pow'rs
" Were aw'd, and ev'ry thought in ſilence hung
" And wond'ring expectation: then the voice
" Of that celeſtial pow'r the myſtic ſhow
" Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd:"

on the ground,
I bid my eyes, till from his airy couch
He stoop'd sublime, and touching with his hand
Thy dazzling forehead, take thy flight. The eyelid
And let thy knife convince thy cozening tongue
Vide Banished Pleasures of Imagination
Book II. Page 52. Line 266.
Painted by T. Kirk Ornamented by E.W. Satchwell Engraved by C. Warren. For C. Cooke Aug.t 1800.

" Inhabitant of earth, to whom is giv'n
" The gracious ways of Providence to learn, 305
" Receive my ſayings with a ſtedfaſt ear.—
" Know then the Sovran Spirit of the world,
" Tho' ſelf-collected from eternal time,
" Within his own deep eſſence he beheld

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ỳ. 304. *Inhabitant of earth*, &c.] The account of the economy of Providence here introduced as the moſt proper to calm and ſatisfy the mind when under the compunction of private evils, ſeems to have come originally from the Pythagorean ſchool; but of all the ancient philoſophers Plato has moſt largely inſiſted upon it, has eſtabliſhed it with all the ſtrength of his capacious underſtanding, and ennobled it with all the magnificence of his divine imagination. He has one paſſage ſo full and clear on this head, that I am perſuaded the reader will be pleaſed to ſee it here, though ſomewhat long. Addreſſing himſelf to ſuch as are not ſatisfied concerning Divine Providence; " The being who preſides over the whole," ſays he, " has diſpoſed and complicated all things for the happineſs and " virtue of the whole, every part of which, according to the extent of " its influence, does and ſuffers what is fit and proper. One of theſe parts " is your's, O unhappy man! which though in itſelf moſt inconſiderable " and minute, yet, being connected with the univerſe, ever ſeeks to co- " operate with that ſupreme order. You in the mean-time are ignorant " of the very end for which all particular natures are brought into exiſ- " tence, that the all-comprehending nature of the whole may be perfect " and happy; exiſting, as it does, not for you ſake, but the cauſe and " reaſon of your exiſtence, which, as in the ſymmetry of every artifi- " cial work, muſt of neceſſity concur with the general deſign of the ar- " tiſt, and be ſubſervient to the whole, of which it is a part. Your " complaint therefore is ignorant and groundleſs, ſince, according to the " various energy of creation and the common laws of Nature, there is a " conſtant proviſion of that which is beſt at the ſame time for you and " for the whole.----For the governing Intelligence clearly beholding all " the actions of animated and ſelf-moving creatures, and that mixture " of good and evil which diverſifies them, conſidered firſt of all by what " diſpoſition of things, and by what ſituation of each individual in the " general ſyſtem, vice might be depreſſed and ſubdued, and virtue made " ſecure of victory and happineſs, with the greateſt facility, and in the " higheſt degree poſſible: in this manner he ordered through the entire " circle of being the internal conſtitution of every mind, where ſhould " be its ſtation in the univerſal fabric, and through what variety of cir- " cumſtances it ſhould proceed in the whole tenour of its exiſtence." He goes on in this ſublime manner to aſſert a future ſtate of retribution, " as well for thoſe who by the exerciſe of good diſpoſitions being har- " monized and aſſimilated into the divine virtue, are conſequently re- " moved to a place of unblemiſhed ſanctity and happineſs, as of thoſe " who by the moſt flagitious arts have riſen from contemptible begin- " nings to the greateſt affluence and power, and whom you therefore " look upon as unanſwerable inſtances of negligence in the gods, be- " cauſe you are ignorant of the purpoſes to which they are ſubſervient, " and in what manner they contribute to that ſupreme intention of good " to the whole." *Plato de Leg.* x. 16.

This theory has been delivered of late, eſpecially abroad, in a manner which ſubverts the freedom of human actions; whereas Plato appears very careful to preſerve it, and has been in that reſpect imitated by the beſt of his followers.

" The bounds of true felicity complete,
" Yet, by immenſe benignity inclin'd
" To ſpread around him that primeval joy
" Which fill'd himſelf, he rais'd his plaſtic arm,
" And founded thro' the hollow depth of ſpace
" The ſtrong creative mandate; ſtraight aroſe
" Theſe heavenly orbs, the glad abodes of life,
" Effuſive kindled by his breath divine
" Thro' endleſs forms of being: each inhal'd
" From him its portion of the vital flame
" In meaſure ſuch, that from the wide complex
" Of co exiſtent orders one might riſe,
" One order, all-involving and entire.
" He too beholding in the ſacred light
" Of his eſſential reaſon all the ſhapes
" Of ſwift contingence, all ſucceſſive ties
" Of action propagated thro' the ſum
" Of poſſible exiſtence, he at once
" Down the long ſeries of eventful time
" So fix'd the dates of being, ſo diſpos'd
" To ev'ry living ſoul of ev'ry kind
" The field of motion and the hour of reſt,
" That all conſpir'd to his ſupreme deſign,
" To univerſal good; with full accord
" Anſw'ring the mighty model he had choſen,
" The beſt and faireſt of unnumber'd worlds,
" That lay from everlaſting in the ſtore
" Of his divine conceptions. Nor content
" By one exertion of creative pow'r
" His goodneſs to reveal, thro' ev'ry age,

℣. 321.-----*one might riſe---One order*, &c.] See *The Meditations of Antoninus*, and *The Characteriſtics*, *paſſim*.

℣. 335. *The beſt and faireſt*, &c.] This opinion is ſo old that Timæus Locrus calls the Supreme Being δημιεργὸς τῶ βελτίονος, "The Artificer of that which is beſt;" and repreſents him as reſolving in the beginning to produce the moſt excellent work, and as copying the world moſt exactly from his own intelligible and eſſential idea; "ſo that it yet "remains as it was at firſt, perfect in beauty, and will never ſtand in "need of any correction or improvement." There can be no room for a caution here to underſtand the expreſſions, not of any particular circumſtances of human life ſeparately conſidered, but of the ſum or univerſal ſyſtem of life and being. See alſo *The Viſion* at the end of *The Theodice of Leibnitz*.

" Thro' ev'ry moment up the track of time,
" His parent hand with ever-new increaſe
" Of happineſs and virtue has adorn'd
" The vaſt harmonious frame: his parent hand,
" From the mute ſhellfiſh gaſping on the ſhore,
" To men, to angels, to celeſtial minds,
" For ever leads the generations on
" To higher ſcenes of being, while, ſupply'd
" From day to day with his enliv'ning breath,
" Inferior orders in ſucceſſion riſe
" To fill the void below. As flame aſcends,
" As bodies to their proper centre move,
" As the pois'd ocean to th' attracting moon
" Obedient ſwells, and ev'ry headlong ſtream
" Devolves its winding waters to the main,
" So all things which have life aſpire to God,
" The ſun of being, boundleſs, unimpair'd,
" Centre of ſouls! Nor does the faithful voice
" Of Nature ceaſe to prompt their eager ſteps
" Aright, nor is the care of Heav'n withheld
" From granting to the taſk proportion'd aid,
" That in their ſtation all may perſevere
" To climb th' aſcent of being, and approach
" For ever nearer to the life divine.
" That rocky pile thou ſeeſt, that verdant lawn,
" Freſh water'd from the mountains. Let the ſcene
" Paint in thy fancy the primeval ſeat
" Of man, and where the Will Supreme ordain'd
" His manſion; that pavilion, fair diffus'd
" Along the ſhady brink, in this receſs,
" To wear th' appointed ſeaſon of his youth,
" Till riper hours ſhould open to his toil
" The high communion of ſuperior minds,
" Of conſecrated heroes and of gods.
" Nor did the Sire omnipotent forget
" His tender bloom to cheriſh, nor withheld
" Celeſtial footſteps from his green abode:

℣. 350. *As flame aſcends*, &c.] This opinion, though not held by Plato, nor any of the Ancients, is yet a very natural conſequence of his principles: but the diſquiſition is too complex and extenſive to be entered upon here.

" Oft' from the radiant honours of his throne
" He ſent whom moſt he lov'd, the Sovran Fair,
" The effluence of his glory, whom he plac'd
" Before his eyes for ever to behold,
" The Goddeſs from whoſe inſpiration flows
" The toil of patriots, the delight of friends,
" Without whoſe work divine, in heav'n or earth,
" Nought lovely, nought propitious, comes to paſs,
" Nor hope, nor praiſe, nor honour. Her the Sire
" Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,
" The folded pow'rs to open, to direct
" The growth luxuriant of his young deſires,
" And from the laws of this majeſtic world
" To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph
" Her daily care attended, by her ſide
" With conſtant ſteps her gay companion ſtay'd,
" The fair Euphroſyne! the gentle queen
" Of ſmiles, and graceful gladneſs, and delights
" That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men
" And pow'rs immortal. See the ſhining Pair!
" Behold where from his dwelling now diſclos'd
" They quit their youthful charge and ſeek the ſkies."
" I look'd, and on the flow'ry turf there ſtood
" Between two radiant forms a ſmiling youth,
" Whoſe tender cheeks diſplay'd the vernal flow'r
" Of beauty, ſweeteſt innocence illum'd
" His baſhful eyes, and on his poliſh'd brow
" Sat young Simplicity. With fond regard
" He view'd th' aſſociates as their ſteps they mov'd;
" The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd,
" With mild regret invoking her return:
" Bright as the ſtar of ev'ning ſhe appear'd
" Amid the duſky ſcene: eternal youth
" O'er all her form its glowing honours breath'd,
" And ſmiles eternal from her candid eyes
" Flow'd like the dewy luſtre of the morn
" Effuſive trembling on the placid waves;
" The ſpring of heav'n had ſhed its bluſhing ſpoils
" To bind her ſable treſſes; full diffus'd
" Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze;

" And in her hand ſhe wav'd a living branch,
" Rich with immortal fruits of pow'r to calm
" The wrathful heart, and from the brightning eyes
" To chaſe the cloud of ſadneſs. More ſublime
" The heav'nly partner mov'd: the prime of age
" Compos'd her ſteps: the preſence of a god,
" High on the circle of her brow enthron'd,
" From each majeſtic motion darted awe,
" Devoted awe! till cheriſh'd by her looks,
" Benevolent and meek, confiding love
" To filial rapture ſoften'd all the ſoul.
" Free in her graceful hand ſhe pois'd the ſword
" Of chaſte dominion: an heroic crown
" Diſplay'd the old ſimplicity of pomp
" Around her honour'd head: a matron's robe,
" White as the ſunſhine ſtreams thro' vernal clouds,
" Her ſtately form inveſted. Hand in hand
" Th' immortal pair forſook th' enamell'd green,
" Aſcending ſlowly: rays of limpid light
" Gleam'd round their path; celeſtial ſounds were heard,
" And thro' the fragrant air ethereal dews
" Diſtill'd around them, till at once the clouds,
" Diſparting wide in midway ſky, withdrew
" Their airy veil, and left a bright expanſe
" Of empyrean flame, where, ſpent and drown'd,
" Afflicted viſion plung'd in vain to ſcan
" What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes
" Endur'd not. Bending down to earth, I ſtood
" With dumb attention. Soon a female voice,
" As wat'ry murmurs ſweet or warbling ſhades,
" With ſacred invocation thus began:"

" Father of gods and mortals! whoſe right arm
" With reins eternal guides the moving heav'ns,
" Bend thy propitious ear: behold well pleas'd
" I ſeek to finiſh thy divine decree.
" With frequent ſteps I viſit yonder ſeat
" Of man, thy offspring, from the tender ſeeds
" Of juſtice and of wiſdom to evolve
" The latent honours of his gen'rous frame,
" Till thy conducting hand ſhall raiſe his lot

" From earth's dim ſcene to theſe ethereal walks,
" The temple of thy glory. But not me,
" Not my directing voice, he oft' requires,
" Or hears delighted: this enchanting maid,
" Th' aſſociate thou haſt giv'n me, her alone
" He loves, O Father! abſent her he craves;
" And but for her glad preſence ever join'd
" Rejoices not in mine; that all my hopes
" This thy benignant purpoſe to fulfil
" I deem uncertain, and my daily cares
" Unfruitful all in vain, unleſs by thee
" Still farther aided in the work divine."
" She ceas'd; a voice more awful thus reply'd:"
" O thou! in whom for ever I delight,
" Fairer than all th' inhabitants of heav'n,
" Beſt image of thy Author! far from thee
" Be diſappointment, or diſtaſte, or blame,
" Who ſoon or late ſhalt ev'ry work fulfil,
" And no reſiſtance find. If man refuſe
" To hearken to thy dictates, or, allur'd
" By meaner joys to any other pow'r,
" Transfer the honours due to thee alone,
" That joy which he purſues he ne'er ſhall taſte,
" That pow'r in whom delighteth ne'er behold.
" Go then once more, and happy be thy toil;
" Go then, but let not this thy ſmiling friend
" Partake thy footſteps. In her ſtead, behold
" With thee the ſon of Nemeſis I ſend,
" The fiend abhorr'd! whoſe vengeance takes account
" Of ſacred Order's violated laws.
" See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
" Fierce to exhauſt the tempeſt of his wrath
" On yon' devoted head. But thou, my Child!
" Controul is cruel phrenſy, and protect
" Thy tender charge, that, when deſpair ſhall graſp
" His agonizing boſom, he may learn,
" Then he may learn, to love the gracious hand
" Alone ſufficient in the hour of ill
" To ſave his feeble ſpirit; then confeſs
" Thy genuine honours, O excelling Fair!

" When all the plagues that wait the deadly will
" Of this avenging demon, all the ſtorms
" Of night infernal, ſerve but to diſplay
" Th' energy of thy ſuperior charms,
" With mildeſt awe triumphant o'er his rage,
" And ſhining clearer in the horrid gloom."
" Here ceas'd that awful voice, and ſoon I felt
" The cloudy curtain of refreſhing eve
" Was clos'd once more, from that immortal fire
" Shelt'ring my eyelids. Looking up, I view'd
" A vaſt gigantic ſpectre ſtriding on,
" Thro' murm'ring thunders and a waſte of clouds,
" With dreadful action. Black as night his brow
" Relentleſs frowns involv'd: his ſavage limbs
" With ſharp impatience violent he writh'd
" As thro' convulſive anguiſh; and his hand,
" Arm'd with a ſcorpion laſh, full oft' he rais'd
" In madneſs to his boſom; while his eyes
" Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud he ſhook
" The void with horror. Silent by his ſide
" The virgin came; no diſcompoſure ſtirr'd
" Her features; from the glooms which hung around
" No ſtain of darkneſs mingled with the beam
" Of her divine effulgence. Now they ſtoop
" Upon the river bank, and now to hail
" His wonted gueſts with eager ſteps advanc'd
" The unſuſpecting inmate of the ſhade.
" As when a famiſh'd wolf, that all night long
" Has rang'd the Alpine ſnows, by chance at morn
" Sees, from a cliff incumbent o'er the ſmoke
" Of ſome lone village, a neglected kid
" That ſtrays along the wild for herb or ſpring,
" Down from the winding ridge he ſweeps amain,
" And thinks he tears him; ſo with tenfold rage
" The monſter ſprung remorſeleſs on his prey.
" Amaz'd the ſtripling ſtood; with panting breaſt
" Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail
" Of helpleſs conſternation, ſtruck at once
" And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld
" His terror, and with looks of tend'reſt care

" Advanc'd to save him. Soon the tyrant felt
" Her awful pow'r: his keen tempest'ous arm
" Hung nerveless, nor descended where his rage
" Had aim'd the deadly blow, then dumb retir'd
" With sullen rancour. Lo! the sovran maid
" Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy
" Till life rekindles in his rosy cheek,
" Then grasps his hands, and cheers him with her tongue.
" O wake thee, rouse thy spirit! shall the spite
" Of yon' tormentor thus appal thy heart,
" While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand
" To rescue and to heal? O let thy soul
" Remember what the will of Heav'n ordains
" Is ever good for all, and if for all,
" Then good for thee. Nor only by the warmth
" And soothing sunshine of delightful things
" Do minds grow up and flourish. Oft' misled
" By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views
" Of reason wander thro' a fatal road,
" Far from their native aim, as if to lie
" Inglorious in the fragrant shade, and wait
" The soft access of ever-circling joys,
" Were all the end of being. Ask thyself,
" This pleasing error, did it never lull
" Thy wishes? has thy constant heart refus'd
" The silken fetters of delicious ease?
" Or when divine Euphrosyne appear'd
" Within this dwelling, did not thy desires
" Hang far below the measure of thy fate
" Which I reveal'd before thee? and thy eyes,
" Impatient of my counsels, turn away
" To drink the soft effusion of her smiles?
" Know then for this the Everlasting Sire
" Deprives thee of her presence, and instead,
" O wise and still benevolent! ordains
" This horrid visage hither to pursue
" My steps, that so thy nature may discern
" Its real good, and what alone can save
" Thy feeble spirit in this hour of ill
" From folly and despair. O yet belov'd!

" Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm
" Thy ſcatter'd pow'rs, nor fatal deem the rage
" Of this tormentor, nor his proud aſſault,
" While I am here to vindicate thy toil,
" Above the gen'rous queſtion of thy arm.
" Brave by thy ſcars, and in thy weakneſs ſtrong,
" This hour he triumphs; but confront his might,
" And dare him to the combat, then, with eaſe
" Diſarm'd and quell'd, his fierceneſs he reſigns
" To bondage and to ſcorn; while thus inur'd,
" By watchful danger, by unceaſing toil,
" Th' immortal mind ſuperior to his fate,
" Amid the outrage of external things,
" Firm as the ſolid baſe of this great world,
" Reſts on his own foundations. Blow ye Winds!
" Ye Waves! ye Thunders! roll your tempeſt on;
" Shake ye old Pillars of the marble ſky!
" Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
" Be looſen'd from their ſeats; yet ſtill ſerene
" Th' unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck,
" And, ever ſtronger as the ſtorms advance,
" Firm thro' the cloſing ruin holds his way,
" Where Nature calls him, to the deſtin'd goal."
" So ſpake the goddeſs, while thro' all her frame
" Celeſtial raptures flow'd, in ev'ry word,
" In ev'ry motion, kindling warmth divine
" To ſeize who liſten'd. Vehement and ſwift
" As lightning fires th' aromatic ſhade
" In Ethiopian fields, the ſtripling felt
" Her inſpiration catch his fervid ſoul,
" And ſtarting from his langour thus exclaim'd:"
" Then let the trial come! and witneſs thou
" If terror be upon me, if I ſhrink
" To meet the ſtorm, or faulter in my ſtrength
" When hardeſt it beſets me. Do not think
" That I am fearful and infirm of ſoul,
" As late thy eyes beheld, for thou haſt chang'd
" My nature; thy commanding voice has wak'd
" My languid pow'rs to bear me boldly on
" Where'er the will divine my path ordains

" Thro' toil or peril; only do not thou
" Forſake me: O! be thou for ever near,
" That I may liſten to thy ſacred voice,
" And guide by thy decrees my conſtant feet.
" But ſay, for ever are my eyes bereft?
" Say, ſhall the fair Euphroſyne not once
" Appear again to charm me? Thou in heav'n,
" O thou Eternal Arbiter of things!
" Be thy great bidding done; for who am I
" To queſtion thy appointment? Let the frowns
" Of this avenger ev'ry morn o'ercaſt
" The cheerful dawn, and ev'ry ev'ning damp
" With double night my dwelling: I will learn
" To hail them both, and unrepining bear
" His hateful preſence; but permit my tongue
" One glad requeſt, and if my deeds may find
" Thy awful eye propitious, O reſtore
" The roſy-featur'd maid again to cheer
" This lonely ſeat, and bleſs me with her ſmiles!"
" He ſpoke; when inſtant thro' the ſable glooms
" With which that furious preſence had involv'd
" The ambient air, a flood of radiance came
" Swift as the lightning flaſh; the melting clouds
" Flew diverſe, and amid the blue ſerene
" Euphroſyne appear'd. With ſprightly ſtep
" The nymph alighted on th' irrig'ous lawn,
" And to her wond'ring audience thus began:"
" Lo! I am here to anſwer to your vows,
" And be the meeting fortunate! I come
" With joyful tidings; we ſhall part no more.
" Hark how the gentle Echo from her cell
" Talks thro' the cliffs, and murm'ring o'er the ſtream,
" Repeats the accents, We ſhall part no more!
" O my delightful Friends! well pleas'd on high
" The Father has beheld you, while the might
" Of that ſtern foe with bitter trial prov'd
" Your equal doings; then for ever ſpake
" The high decree, that thou, celeſtial Maid!
" Howe'er that grilly phantom on thy ſteps
" May ſometimes dare intrude, yet never more

" Shalt thou deſcending to th' abode of man
" Alone endure the rancour of his arm,
" Or leave thy lov'd Euphroſyne behind."
" She ended, and the whole romantic ſcene
" Immediate vaniſh'd; rocks, and woods, and rills,
" The mantling tent, and each myſterious form,
" Flew like the pictures of a morning dream
" When ſunſhine fills the bed. A while I ſtood
" Perplex'd and giddy, till the radiant pow'r
" Who bad the viſionary landſcape riſe,
" As up to him I turn'd with gentleſt looks,
" Preventing my enquiry, thus began:"
" There let thy ſoul acknowledge its complaint
" How blind, how impious! there behold the ways
" Of Heav'n's eternal deſtiny to man
" For ever juſt, benevolent and wiſe;
" That Virtue's awful ſteps, howe'er purſu'd
" By vexing Fortune and intruſive Pain,
" Should never be divided from her chaſte,
" Her fair, attendant, Pleaſure. Need I urge
" Thy tardy thought thro' all the various round
" Of this exiſtence, that thy ſoft'ning ſoul
" At length may learn what energy the hand
" Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide
" Of paſſion ſwelling with diſtreſs and pain,
" To mitigate the ſharp with gracious drops
" Of cordial pleaſure? Aſk the faithful youth
" Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
" So often fills his arms, ſo often draws
" His lonely footſteps at the ſilent hour
" To pay the mournful tribute of his tears:
" O! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
" Should ne'er ſeduce his boſom to forego
" That ſacred hour, when, ſtealing from the noiſe
" Of care and envy, ſweet remembrance ſoothes
" With Virtue's kindeſt looks his aking breaſt,
" And turns his tears to rapture.—Aſk the crowd
" Which flies impatient from the village walk
" To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below
" The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coaſt

" Some helpleſs bark, while ſacred Pity melts
" The gen'ral eye, or Terror's icy hand
" Smites their diſtorted limbs and horrent hair,
" While ev'ry mother cloſer to her breaſt
" Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
" Foam thro' the ſhatter'd veſſel, ſhrieks aloud,
" As one poor wretch, that ſpreads his piteous arms
" For ſuccour, ſwallow'd by the roaring ſurge,
" As now another, daſh'd againſt the rock,
" Drops lifeleſs down! O! deemeſt thou indeed
" No kind endearment here by Nature giv'n
" To mutual terror and Compaſſion's tears?
" No ſweetly melting ſoftneſs, which attracts,
" O'er all that edge of pain, the ſocial pow'rs
" To this their proper action and their end?
" Aſk thy own heart, when at the midnight hour
" Slow thro' that ſtudious gloom thy pauſing eye,
" Led by the glimm'ring taper, moves around
" The ſacred volumes of the dead, the ſongs
" Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
" For Grecian heroes, where the preſent pow'r
" Of heav'n and earth ſurveys th' immortal page,
" E'en as a father bleſſing while he reads
" The praiſes of his ſon, if then thy ſoul,
" Spurning the yoke of theſe inglorious days,
" Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame?
" Say, when the proſpect blackens on thy views,
" When, rooted from the baſe, heroic ſtates
" Mourn in the duſt, and tremble at the frown
" Of curſt Ambition; when the pious band
" Of youths who fought for freedom, and their fires,
" Lie ſide by ſide in gore; when ruffian Pride
" Uſurps the throne of Juſtice, turns the pomp
" Of public pow'r, the majeſty of rule,
" The ſword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
" To ſlaviſh empty pageants, to adorn
" A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
" Of ſuch as bow the knee; when honour'd urns
" Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful buſt
" And ſtory'd arch, to glut the coward rage

" Of regal envy, ſtrew the public way
" With hallow'd ruins; when the Muſes' haunt,
" The marble Porch, where Wiſdom, wont to talk
" With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
" Save the hoarſe jargon of contentious monks,
" Or female Superſtition's midnight pray'r;
" When ruthleſs Rapine from the hand of Time
" Tears the deſtroying ſithe, with ſurer blow
" To ſweep the works of glory from their baſe,
" Till Deſolation o'er the graſs-grown ſtreet
" Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,
" Where ſenates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
" Hiſſes the gliding ſnake thro' hoary weeds
" That claſp the mould'ring column: thus defac'd,
" Thus widely mournful when the proſpect thrills
" Thy beating boſom, when the patriot's tear
" Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
" In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
" To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
" Or daſh Octavius from the trophy'd car,
" Say, does thy ſecret ſoul repine to taſte
" The big diſtreſs? or wouldſt thou then exchange
" Thoſe heart-ennobling ſorrows for the lot
" Of him who ſits amid the gaudy herd
" Of mute Barbarians bending to his nod,
" And bears aloft his gold-inveſted front,
" And ſays within himſelf, " I am a king;
" And wherefore ſhould the clam'rous voice of Woe
" Intrude upon mine ear?"—The baleful dregs
" Of theſe late ages, this inglorious draught
" Of ſervitude and folly, have not yet,
" Bleſt be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!
" Defil'd to ſuch a depth of ſordid ſhame
" The native honours of the human ſoul,
" Nor ſo effac'd the image of its Sire."

ỳ. 755. *Philip.*] The Macedonian.

THE

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

PLEASURE in obſerving the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or abſurd. The origin of vice, from falſe repreſentations of the fancy, producing falſe opinions concerning good and evil. Inquiry into ridicule. The general ſources of ridicule in the minds and characters of men enumerated. Final cauſe of the ſenſe of ridicule. The reſemblance of certain aſpects of inanimate things to the ſenſations and properties of the mind. The operations of the mind in the production of the works of imagination deſcribed. The ſecondary Pleaſure from imitation. The benevolent order of the world illuſtrated in the arbitrary connection of theſe Pleaſures with the objects which excite them. The nature and conduct of taſte. Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages reſulting from a ſenſible and well formed Imagination.

WHAT wonder therefore, ſince th' endearing ties
Of paſſion link the univerſal kind
Of man ſo cloſe, what wonder if to ſearch
This common nature thro' the various change
Of ſex, and age, and fortune, and the frame
Of each peculiar, draw the buſy mind
With unreſiſted charms? The ſpacious weſt,
And all the teeming regions of the ſouth,
Hold not a quarry to the curious flight
Of knowledge half ſo tempting or ſo fair
As man to man; nor only where the ſmiles
Of love invite, nor only where th' applauſe
Of cordial honour turns th' attentive eye
On Virtue's graceful deeds; for ſince the courſe
Of things eternal acts in diff'rent ways
On human apprehenſions, as the hand
Of Nature temper'd to a diff'rent frame
Peculiar minds, ſo haply where the pow'rs
Of fancy neither leſſen nor enlarge

y'. 18.-------*where the pow'rs---Of fancy*, &c.] The influence of the Imagination on the conduct of life is one of the moſt important points in moral philoſophy. It were eaſy, by an induction of facts, to prove that the Imagination directs almoſt all the paſſions, and mixes with almoſt every circumſtance of action or pleaſure. Let any man, even of the coldeſt head and ſobereſt induſtry, analyze the idea of what he calls his Intereſt, he will find that it conſiſts chiefly of certain degrees of decency, beauty, and order, variouſly combined into one ſyſtem, the idol which he ſeeks to enjoy by labour, hazard, and ſelf-denial. It is

on

The images of things, but paint in all
Their genuine hues the features which they wore
In Nature, there opinion will be true
And action right; for Action treads the path
In which Opinion says, he follows good,
Or flies from evil; and Opinion gives
Report of good or evil as the scene
Was drawn by Fancy, lovely or deform'd:
Thus her report can never there be true
Where Fancy cheats the intellectual eye
With glaring colours and distorted lines.
Is there a man who, at the sound of death,

on this account of the last consequence to regulate these images by the standard of Nature and the general good, otherwise the Imagination, by heightening some objects beyond their real excellence and beauty, or by representing others in a more odious or terrible shape than they deserve, may of course engage us in pursuits utterly inconsistent with the moral order of things.

If it be objected, that this account of things supposes the passions to be merely accidental, whereas there appears in some a natural and hereditary disposition to certain passions, prior to all circumstances of education or fortune, it may be answered, that though no man is born ambitious or a miser, yet he may inherit from his parents a peculiar temper or complexion of mind, which shall render his Imagination more liable to be struck with some particular objects, consequently dispose him to form opinions of good and ill, and entertain passions of a particular turn. Some men, for instance, by the original frame of their minds, are more delighted with the vast and magnificent, others, on the contrary, with the elegant and gentle, aspects of Nature: and it is very remarkable, that the disposition of the moral powers is always similar to this of the Imagination; that those who are most inclined to admire prodigious and sublime objects in the physical world, are also most inclined to applaud examples of fortitude and heroic virtue in the moral; while those who are charmed rather with the delicacy and sweetness of colours, and forms, and sounds, never fail, in like manner, to yield the preference to the softer scenes of virtue and the sympathies of a domestic life. And this is sufficient to account for the objection.

Among the ancient philosophers, though we have several hints concerning this influence of the Imagination upon morals among the remains of the Socratic school, yet the Stoics were the first who paid it a due attention. Zeno, their founder, thought it impossible to preserve any tolerable regularity in life, without frequently inspecting those pictures or appearances of things which the Imagination offers to the mind. *Diog. Lært.* l. vii. The Meditations of M. Aurelius, and the Discourses of Epictetus, are full of the same sentiment, insomuch that the latter makes the Χρῆσις οἵα, ὀρθὴ φαντασιῶν, or, "right management of the "fancies," the only thing for which we are accountable to Providence, and without which a man is no other than stupid or frantic. *Arrian.* l. i. c. 12. and l. ii. c. 22. See also *The Characteristics*, vol. I. from p. 313 to 321, where this stoical doctrine is embellished with all the elegance and graces of Plato.

Sees ghaſtly ſhapes of terror conjur'd up
And black before him, nought but deathbed groans
And fearful pray'rs, and plunging from the brink
Of light and being down the gloomy air
An unknown depth? Alas! in ſuch a mind,
If no bright forms of excellence attend
The image of his country, nor the pomp
Of ſacred ſenates, nor the guardian voice
Of Juſtice on her throne, nor aught that wakes
The conſcious boſom with a patriot's flame,
Will not Opinion tell him, that to die,
Or ſtand the hazard, is a greater ill
Than to betray his country? and in act
Will he not chuſe to be a wretch and live?
Here vice begins then. From th' enchanting cup
Which Fancy holds to all th' unwary, thirſt
Of youth oft' ſwallows a Circean draught,
That ſheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
Of Reaſon, till no longer he diſcerns,
And only guides to err; then revel forth
A furious band, that ſpurn him from the throne,
And all is uproar. Thus Ambition graſps
The empire of the ſoul; thus pale Revenge
Unſheaths her murd'rous dagger; and the hands
Of Luſt and Rapine with unholy arts
Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
That keeps them from their prey: thus all the plagues
The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling ſcene
The Tragic Muſe diſcloſes, under ſhapes
Of honour, ſafety, pleaſure, eaſe, or pomp,
Stole firſt into the mind. Yet not by all
Thoſe lying forms which Fancy in the brain
Engenders are the kindling paſſions driv'n
To guilty deeds, nor Reaſon bound in chains,
That Vice alone may lord it: oft' adorn'd
With ſolemn pageants, Folly mounts the throne,
And plays her idiot antics like a queen.
A thouſand garbs ſhe wears, a thouſand ways
She wheels her giddy empire.—Lo! thus far
With bold adventure to the Mantuan lyre

I ſing of Nature's charms, and touch well pleas'd
A ſtricter note: now haply muſt my ſong
Unbend her ſerious meaſure, and reveal
In lighter ſtrains how Folly's aukward arts
Excite impetuous Laughter's gay rebuke,
The ſportive province of the Comic Muſe.
See in what crowds the uncouth forms advance!
Each would outſtrip the other, each prevent
Our careful ſearch, and offer to your gaze
Unaſk'd his motley features. Wait a while,
My curious Friends! and let us firſt arrange
In proper order your promiſc'ous throng.
Behold the foremoſt band, of ſlender thought
And eaſy faith, whom flatt'ring Fancy ſoothes
With lying ſpectres, in themſelves to view
Illuſtrious forms of excellence and good,
That ſcorn the manſion. With exulting hearts
They ſpread their ſpurious treaſures to the ſun,
And bid the world admire! but chief the glance
Of wiſhful Envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
And lifts with ſelf-applauſe each lordly brow.
In number boundleſs as the blooms of ſpring
Behold their glaring idols, empty ſhades
By Fancy gilded o'er, and then ſet up
For adoration: ſome in Learning's garb,
With formal band, and ſable-cinctur'd gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes; ſome, elate
With martial ſplendour, ſteely pikes and ſwords
Of coſtly frame, and gay Phœnician robes,

ℽ. 75.---*how Folly's awkward arts*, &c.] Notwithſtanding the general influence of ridicule on private and civil life, as well as on learning and the ſciences, it has been almoſt conſtantly neglected or miſrepreſented, by divines eſpecially. The manner of treating theſe ſubjects in the ſcience of human nature ſhould be preciſely the ſame as in natural philoſophy, from particular facts to inveſtigate the ſtated order in which they appear, and then apply the general law thus diſcovered to the explication of other appearances, and the improvement of uſeful arts.

ℽ. 84. *Behold the foremoſt band*, &c.] The firſt and moſt general ſource of ridicule in the characters of men is vanity, or ſelf-applauſe for ſome deſirable quality or poſſeſſion which evidently does not belong to thoſe who aſſume it.

Inwrought with flow'ry gold, assume the port
Of stately Valour; list'ning by his side
There stands a female form; to her with looks
Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,
He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms,
And sulph'rous mines, and ambush! then at once
Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,
And asks some wond'ring question of her fears!
Others of graver mien behold, adorn'd
With holy ensigns, how sublime they move,
And bending oft' their sanctimonious eyes,
Take homage of the simple-minded throng;
Ambassadors of Heav'n! nor much unlike
Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist
That mantles ev'ry feature, hides a brood
Of politic conceits, of whispers, nods,
And hints deep omen'd with unwieldy schemes,
And dark portents of state! Ten thousand more
Prodigious habits and tumult'ous tongues
Pour dauntless in, and swell the boastful band.

Then comes the second order, all who seek
The debt of praise, where watchful Unbelief
Darts thro' the thin pretence her squinting eye
On some retir'd appearance which belies
The boasted virtue, or annuls th' applause
That Justice else would pay. Here side by side
I see two leaders of the solemn train
Approaching; one a female old and grey,
With eyes demure and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
Pale as the cheeks of Death; yet still she stuns
The sick'ning audience with a nauseous tale:
How many youths her myrtle-chains have worn,
How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd!
Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart!
Such is her terror at the risks of love
And man's seducing tongue! the other seems

ỳ. 121. *Then comes the second order*, &c.] Ridicule from the same vanity, where though the possession be real, yet no merit can arise from it, because of some particular circumstances which, though obvious to the spectator, are yet overlooked by the ridiculous character.

A bearded ſage, ungentle in his mien,
And ſordid all his habit; peeviſh Want
Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
He ſtalks, reſounding in magnific praiſe
The vanity of riches, and the contempt
Of pomp and pow'r. Be prudent in your zeal,
Ye grave aſſociates! let the ſilent grace
Of her who bluſhes at the fond regard
Her charms inſpire more eloquent unfold
The praiſe of ſpotleſs honour: let the man
Whoſe eye regards not his illuſtrious pomp
And ample ſtore but as indulgent ſtreams
To cheer the barren ſoil, and ſpread the fruits
Of joy, let him by juſter meaſures fix
The price of riches and the end of pow'r.
Another tribe ſucceeds; deluded long
By Fancy's dazzling optics, theſe behold
The images of peculiar things
With brighter hues reſplendent, and pourtray'd
With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
Their genuine objects: hence the fever'd heart
Pants with delirious hope for tinſel charms;
Hence oft' obtruſive on the eye of Scorn
Untimely Zeal her witleſs pride betrays,
And ſerious Manhood from the tow'ring aim
Of Wiſdom ſtoops to emulate the boaſt
Of childiſh Toil. Behold yon' myſtic form,
Bedeck'd with feathers, inſects, weeds, and ſhells!
Not with intenſer view the Samian ſage
Bent his fixt eye on heav'n's intenſer fires,
When firſt the order of that radiant ſcene
Swell'd his exulting thought, than his ſurveys
A muckworm's entrails or a ſpider's fang.
Next him a youth, with flow'rs and myrtles crown'd,
Attends that virgin form, and bluſhing kneels,
With fondeſt geſture and a ſuppliant's tongue,
To win her coy regard. Adieu for him

℣. 152. *Another tribe ſucceeds*, &c.] Ridicule from a notion of excellence in particular objects diſproportioned to their intrinſic value, and inconſiſtent with the order of Nature.

The dull engagements of the buſtling world!
Adieu the ſick impertinence of praiſe,
And hope and action! for with her alone
By ſtreams and ſhades to ſteal theſe ſighing hours
Is all he aſks, and all that Fate can give!
Thee too, facetious Momion! wand'ring here,
Thee, dreaded Cenſor! oft' have I beheld
Bewilder'd unawares: alas! too long
Fluſh'd with thy comic triumphs and the ſpoils
Of ſly Deriſion! till on ev'ry ſide
Hurling thy random bolts, offended Truth
Aſſign'd thee here thy ſtation with the ſlaves
Of Folly. Thy once formidable name
Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
In ſcoffs and mock'ry bandy'd from the lips
Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,
So oft' the patient victims of thy ſcorn.

But now, ye Gay! to whom indulgent Fate
Of all the Muſes' empire hath aſſign'd
The fields of folly, hither each advance
Your ſickles: here the teeming ſoil affords
Its richeſt growth. A fav'rite brood appears,
In whom the demon with a mother's joy
Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
At full repaid. Ye moſt illuſtr'ous Band!
Who, ſcorning Reaſon's tame pedantic rules,
And Order's vulgar bondage, never meant
For ſouls ſublime as yours, with gen'rous zeal
Pay Vice the rev'rence Virtue long uſurp'd,
And yield Deformity the fond applauſe
Which Beauty wont to claim, forgive my ſong,
That for the bluſhing diffidence of youth
It ſhuns th' unequal province of your praiſe.

Thus far triumphant in the pleaſing guile
Of bland Imagination, Folly's train

℣. 191. *But now, ye Gay!* &c.] Ridicule from a notion of excellence, when the object is abſolutely odious or contemptible. This is the higheſt degree of the ridiculous, as in the affectation of diſeaſes or vices.

℣. 207. *Thus far triumphant*, &c.] Ridicule from falſe ſhame or groundleſs fear.

Have dar'd our ſearch; but now a daſtard kind
Advance reluctant, and with falt'ring feet
Shrink from the gazer's eye: enfeebled hearts!
Whom Fancy chills with viſionary fears,
Or bends to ſervile tameneſs with conceits
Of ſhame, of evil, or of baſe defect,
Fantaſtic and deluſive. Here the ſlave,
Who droops abaſh'd when ſullen Pomp ſurveys
His humbler habit; here the trembling wretch,
Unnerv'd and ſtruck with Terror's icy bolts,
Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in ſhameful tears,
At ev'ry dream of danger; here, ſubdu'd
By frontleſs Laughter, and the hardy ſcorn
Of old unfeeling Vice, the abject ſoul,
Who, bluſhing, half reſigns the candid praiſe
Of temperance and honour, half diſowns
A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride,
And hears with fickly ſmiles the venal mouth
With fouleſt licence mock the patriot's name.
Laſt of the motley bands, on whom the pow'r
Of gay Deriſion bends her hoſtile aim,
Is that where ſhameful Ignorance preſides.
Beneath her ſordid banners, lo! they march
Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands
Attempt, Confuſion ſtraight appears behind,
And troubles all the work. Thro' many a maze
Perplex'd they ſtruggle, changing ev'ry path,
O'erturning ev'ry purpoſe, then at laſt
Sit down diſmay'd, and leave th' entangled ſcene
For Scorn to ſport with. Such then is th' abode
Of Folly in the mind, and ſuch the ſhapes
In which ſhe governs her obſequious train.
Thro' ev'ry ſcene of ridicule in things
To lead the tenour of my devious lay,
Thro' ev'ry ſwift occaſion which the hand
Of Laughter points at when the mirthful ſting
Diſtends her ſallying nerves and chokes her tongue,
What were it but to count each cryſtal drop

ỳ. 228. *Laſt of the*, &c.] Ridicule from the ignorance of ſuch things as our circumſtances require us to know.

Which Morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
Of May diſtil? Suffice it to have ſaid,

Ver. 248. ---*Suffice it to have ſaid*, &c.] By comparing theſe general ſources of ridicule with each other, and examining the ridiculous in other objects, we may obtain a general definition of it equally applicable to every ſpecies. The moſt important circumſtance of this definition is laid down in the lines referred to, but others more minute we ſhall ſubjoin here. Ariſtotle's account of the matter ſeems both imperfect and falſe; τὸ γὰρ γελοῖον, ſays he, ἐστὶν ἁμάρτημά τι καὶ αἶσχος, ἀνώδυνον καὶ ὃ φθαρτικόν: "The ridiculous is ſome certain "fault or turpitude without pain, and not deſtructive to its ſubject." *Poet.* c. 5. For allowing it to be true, as it is not, that the ridiculous is never accompanied with pain, yet we might produce many inſtances of ſuch a fault or turpitude which cannot with any tolerable propriety be called ridiculous, ſo that the definition does not diſtinguiſh the thing deſigned. Nay, farther, even when we perceive the turpitude tending to the deſtruction of its ſubject, we may ſtill be ſenſible of a ridiculous appearance till the ruin become imminent, and the keener ſenſations of pity or terror banish the ludicrous apprehenſion from our minds; for the ſenſation of ridicule is not a bare perception of the agreement or diſagreement of ideas, but a paſſion or emotion of the mind conſequential to that perception; ſo that the mind may perceive the agreement or diſagreement, and yet not feel the ridiculous, becauſe it is engroſſed by a more violent emotion. Thus it happens that ſome men think thoſe objects ridiculous to which others cannot endure to apply the name, becauſe in them they excite a much intenſer and more important feeling: and this difference, among other cauſes, has brought a good deal of confuſion into this queſtion.

"That which makes objects ridiculous, is ſome ground of admira-
"tion or eſteem connected with other more general circumſtances,
"comparatively worthleſs or deformed; or it is ſome circumſtance of
"turpitude or deformity connected with what is in general excellent
"or beautiful; the inconſiſtent properties exiſting either in the objects
"themſelves, or in the apprehenſion of the perſon to whom they relate,
"belonging always to the ſame order or claſs of being, implying
"ſentiment or deſign, and exciting no acute or vehement emotion of
"the heart."

To prove the ſeveral parts of this definition: "The appearance of
"excellence or beauty connected with a general condition comparа-
"tively ſordid or deformed" is ridiculous: for inſtance, pompous pretenſions of wiſdom, joined with ignorance or folly, in the Socrates of Ariſtophanes; and the oſtentations of military glory, with cowardice and ſtupidity, in the Thraſo of Terence.

"The appearance of deformity or turpitude in conjunction with what
"is in general excellent or venerable" is alſo ridiculous; for inſtance, the perſonal weakneſſes of a magiſtrate appearing in the ſolemn and public functions of his ſtation.

"The incongruous properties may either exiſt in the objects them-
"ſelves, or in the apprehenſion of the perſon to whom they relate."
In the laſt mentioned inſtance, they both exiſt in the objects; in the inſtances from Ariſtophanes and Terence, one of them is objective and real, the other only founded in the apprehenſion of the ridiculous character.

"The inconſiſtent properties muſt belong to the ſame order or claſs
"of being." A coxcomb in fine cloathes bedaubed by accident in foul weather is a ridiculous object; becauſe his general apprehenſion

of

Where'er the pow'r of Ridicule displays
Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongr'ous form,
Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on the quick observer; whether Pomp,
Or Praise, or Beauty, mix their partial claim
Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul Deformity, are wont to dwell,
Or whether these with violation loth'd
Invade resplendent Pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of Beauty or the boast of Praise.
Ask we for what fair end th' Almighty Sire
In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt,

of excellence and esteem is referred to the splendour and expence of his dress. A man of sense and merit in the same circumstance is not counted ridiculous, because the general ground of excellence and esteem in him is, both in fact and in his own apprehension, of a very different species.

"Every ridiculous object implies sentiment or design." A column placed by an architect without a capital or base is laughed at; the same column in a ruin causes a very different sensation.

And, lastly, "the occurrence must excite no acute or vehement "emotion of the heart," such as terror, pity, or indignation; for in that case, as was observed above, the mind is not at leisure to contemplate the ridiculous.

Whether any appearance not ridiculous be involved in this description, and whether it comprehend every species and form of the ridiculous, must be determined by repeated applications of it to particular instances.

Ver. 259. *Ask we for what fair end*, &c.] Since it is beyond all contradiction evident, that we have a natural sense or feeling of the ridiculous, and since so good a reason may be assigned to justify the Supreme Being for bestowing it, one cannot without astonishment reflect on the conduct of those men who imagine it is for the service of true religion to vilify and blacken it without distinction, and endeavour to persuade us that it is never applied but in a bad cause. Ridicule is not concerned with mere speculative truth or falsehood. It is not in abstract propositions or theorems, but in actions and passions, good and evil, beauty and deformity, that we find materials for it; and all these terms are relative, implying approbation or blame. To ask them whether ridicule be a test of truth, is, in other words, to ask whether that which is ridiculous can be morally true, can be just and becoming; or whether that which is just and becoming can be ridiculous; a question that does not deserve a serious answer; for it is most evident that, as in a metaphysical proposition offered to the understanding for its assent, the faculty of reason examines the terms of the proposition, and finding one idea which was supposed equal to another to be in fact unequal, of consequence rejects the proposition as a falsehood; so in objects offered to the mind for its esteem or applause, the faculty of ridicule, finding an incongruity in the claim, urges the mind to reject it with laughter and contempt. When therefore we observe such a claim obtruded upon mankind, and the inconsistent circumstances carefully concealed from the

These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
Educing pleasure? Wherefore but to aid
The tardy steps of Reason, and at once
By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
The giddy aims of Folly? Tho' the light
Of truth, slow dawning on th' inquiring mind,
At length unfolds thro' many a subtle tie
How these uncouth disorders end at last
In public evil, yet benignant Heav'n,
Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
To thousands, conscious what a scanty pause
From labours and from care, the wider lot
Of humble life affords for studious thought
To scan the maze of Nature, therefore stamp'd
The glaring scenes with characters of scorn,
As broad, as obvious, to the passing clown
As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

Such are the various aspects of the mind.—
Some heav'nly genius, whose unclouded thoughts

the eye of the public, it is our business, if the matter be of importance to society, to drag out those latent circumstances, and, by setting them in full view, to convince the world how ridiculous the claim is: and thus a double advantage is gained; for we both detect the moral falsehood sooner than in the way of speculative inquiry, and impress the minds of men with a stronger sense of the vanity and error of its authors. And this, and no more, is meant by the application of ridicule.

But it is said the practice is dangerous, and may be inconsistent with the regard we owe to objects of real dignity and excellence. I answer, the practice fairly managed can never be dangerous: men may be dishonest in obtruding circumstances foreign to the object, and we may be inadvertent in allowing those circumstances to impose upon us; but the sense of ridicule always judges right. The Socrates of Aristophanes is as truly ridiculous a character as ever was drawn: True; but it is not the character of Socrates, the divine moralist, and father of ancient wisdom. What then? did the ridicule of the poet hinder the philosopher from detecting and disclaiming those foreign circumstances which he had falsely introduced into his character, and thus rendered the satirist doubly ridiculous in his turn? No; but it nevertheless had an ill influence on the minds of the people. And so has the reasoning of Spinoza made many Atheists: he has founded it indeed on suppositions utterly false; but allow him these, and his conclusions are unavoidably true. And if we must reject the use of ridicule, because, by the imposition of false circumstances, things may be made to seem ridiculous which are not so in themselves, why we ought not in the same manner to reject the use of reason, because, by proceeding on false principles, conclusions will appear true which are impossible in nature, let the vehement and obstinate declaimers against ridicule determine.

Attain that ſecret harmony which blends
Th' ethereal ſpirit with its mould of clay,
O! teach me to reveal the grateful charm
That ſearchleſs Nature o'er the ſenſe of man
Diffuſes to behold in lifeleſs things
The inexpreſſive ſemblance of himſelf,
Of thought and paſſion. Mark the ſable woods
That ſhade ſublime yon' mountain's nodding brow;
With what religious awe the ſolemn ſcene
Commands your ſteps! as if the rev'rend form
Of Minos or of Numa ſhould forſake
Th' Elyſian ſeats, and down th' embow'ring glade
Move to your pauſing eye! behold th' expanſe
Of yon' gay landſcape, where the ſilver clouds
Flit o'er the heav'ns before the ſprightly breeze;
Now their grey cincture ſkirts the doubtful ſun,
Now ſtreams of ſplendour thro' their op'ning veil
Effulgent ſweep from off the gilded lawn,
Th' aërial ſhadows on the curling brook,
And on the ſhady margin's quiv'ring leaves,
With quickeſt luſtre glancing: while you view
The proſpect, ſay, within your cheerful breaſt
Plays not the lively ſenſe of winning Mirth
With clouds and ſunſhine checker'd, while the round
Of ſocial converſe to th' inſpiring tongue
Of ſome gay nymph amid her ſubject train
Moves all obſequious? Whence is this effect,
This kindred pow'r of ſuch diſcordant things?
Or flows their ſemblance from that myſtic tone
To which the new-born mind's harmonious pow'rs
At firſt were ſtrung? or rather from the links
Which artful Cuſtom twines around her frame?
For when the diff'rent images of things
By Chance combin'd have ſtruck th' attentive ſoul
With deeper impulſe, or connected long
Have drawn her frequent eye, howe'er diſtinct
Th' external ſcenes, yet oft' the ideas gain
From that conjunction an eternal tie

℣. 285. *The inexpreſſive ſemblance*, &c.] This ſimilitude is the foundation of almoſt all the ornaments of poetic diction.

And ſympathy unbroken. Let the mind
Recall one partner of the various league,
Immediate, lo! the firm confed'rates riſe,
And each his former ſtation ſtraight reſumes;
One movement governs the conſenting throng,
And all at once with roſy pleaſure ſhine,
Or all are ſadden'd with the glooms of care.
'Twas thus, if ancient Fame the truth unfold,
Two faithful needles from th' informing touch
Of the ſame parent-ſtone together drew
Its myſtic virtue, and at firſt conſpir'd
With fatal impulſe quiv'ring to the pole;
Then, tho' disjoin'd by kingdoms, tho' the main
Roll'd its broad ſurge betwixt, and diff'rent ſtars
Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preſerv'd
The former friendſhip, and remember'd ſtill
Th' alliance of their birth: whate'er the line
Which one poſſeſs'd, nor pauſe nor quiet knew
The ſure aſſociate, ere with trembling ſpeed
He found its path, and fix'd unerring there.
Such is the ſecret union when we feel
A ſong, a flow'r, a name, at once reſtore
Thoſe long connected ſcenes where firſt they mov'd
Th' attention, backward thro' her mazy walks
Guiding the wanton fancy to her ſcope,
To temples, courts, or fields, with all the band
Of painted forms, of paſſions and deſigns
Attendant, whence, if pleaſing in itſelf,
The proſpect from that ſweet acceſſion gains
Redoubled influence o'er the liſt'ning mind.
By theſe myſterious ties the buſy pow'r
Of Mem'ry her ideal train preſerves
Entire, or, when they would elude her watch,
Reclaims their fleeting footſteps from the waſte
Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all

ỳ. 326. *Two faithful needles*, &c.] See the elegant poem recited by Cardinal Bembo, in the character of Lucretius. *Strada. Proluſ.* vi. *Academ.* 2. c. v.

ỳ. 348. *By theſe myſterious ties*, &c.] The act of remembering ſeems almoſt wholly to depend on the aſſociation of ideas.

The various forms of being to preſent
Before the curious aim of mimic Art
Their largeſt choice, like Spring's unfolded blooms,
Exhaling ſweetneſs, that the ſkilful bee
May taſte at will, from their ſelected ſpoils
To work her dulcet food: for not th' expanſe
Of living lakes in Summer's noontide calm
Reflects the bord'ring ſhade and ſunbright heav'ns
With fairer ſemblance, not the ſculptur'd gold
More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
Than he whoſe birth the ſiſter pow'rs of Art
Propitious view'd, and from his genial ſtar
Shed influence to the ſeeds of fancy kind,
Than his attemper'd boſom muſt preſerve
The ſeal of Nature: there alone unchang'd
Her form remains; the balmy walks of May
There breathe perennial ſweets, the trembling chord
Reſounds for ever in th' abſtracted ear
Melodious; and the virgin's radiant eye,
Superior to diſeaſe, to grief and time,
Shines with unbating luſtre. Thus at length,
Endow'd with all that Nature can beſtow,
The child of Fancy oft' in ſilence bends
O'er theſe mixt treaſures of his pregnant breaſt
With conſcious pride; from them he oft' reſolves
To frame he knows not what excelling things,
And win he knows not what ſublime reward
Of praiſe and wonder. By degrees the Mind
Feels her young nerves dilate, the plaſtic pow'rs
Labour for action, blind emotions heave
His boſom, and, with loveliеſt frenzy caught,
From earth to heav'n he rolls his daring eye,
From heav'n to earth. Anon ten thouſand ſhapes,
Like ſpectres trooping to the wizard's call,
Flit ſwift before him; from the womb of earth,
From ocean's bed, they come: th' eternal heav'ns
Diſcloſe their ſplendours, and the dark abyſs
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
He marks the riſing phantoms, now compares
Their diff'rent forms, now blends them, now divides,

Enlarges and extenuates by turns;
Oppoſes, ranges in fantaſtic bands,
And infinitely varies: hither now,
Now thither, fluctuates his inconſtant aim,
With endleſs choice perplex'd. At length his plan
Begins to open, lucid order dawns;
And as from Chaos old the jarring ſeeds
Of Nature at the voice divine repair'd
Each to its place, till roſy earth unveil'd
Her fragrant boſom, and the joyful ſun
Sprung up the blue ſerene, by ſwift degrees
Thus diſentangled his entire deſign
Emerges. Colours mingle, features join,
And lines converge; the fainter parts retire,
The fairer eminent in light advance,
And ev'ry image on its neighbour ſmiles.
A while he ſtands, and with a father's joy
Contemplates; then with Promethean art
Into its proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception, which imbody'd thus
And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears
An object aſcertain'd; while thus inform'd,
The various organs of his mimic ſkill,
The conſonance of ſounds, the featur'd rock,
The ſhadowy picture and impaſſion'd verſe,
Beyond their proper pow'rs attract the ſoul
By that expreſſive ſemblance, while in ſight
Of Nature's great original we ſcan
The lively child of Art; while line by line,
And feature after feature, we refer
To that ſublime exemplar whence it ſtole
Thoſe animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
Betwixt them wav'ring hangs, applauding love
Doubts where to chuſe, and mortal man aſpires
To tempt creative praiſe. As when a cloud
Of gath'ring hail, with limpid cruſts of ice

☞. 411. *Into its proper vehicle*, &c.] This relates to the different ſorts of corporeal mediums by which the ideas of the artiſts are rendered palpable to the ſenſes, as by ſounds in muſic, by lines and ſhadows in painting, by diction in poetry, &c.

Enclos'd, and obvious to the beaming ſun,
Collects his large effulgence, ſtraight the heav'ns
With equal flames preſent on either hand
The radiant viſage, Perſia ſtands at gaze
Appall'd, and on the brink of Ganges doubts
The ſnowy-veſted ſeer, in Mithra's name,
To which the fragrance of the ſouth ſhall burn,
To which his warbled oriſons aſcend.

Such various bliſs the well-tun'd heart enjoys
Favour'd of Heav'n, while plung'd in ſordid cares
Th' unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine,
And harſh Auſterity, from whoſe rebuke
Young Love and ſmiling Wonder ſhrink away,
Abaſh'd and chill of heart, with ſager frowns
Condemns the fair enchantment. On my ſtrain
Perhaps e'en now ſome cold faſtidious judge
Caſts a diſdainful eye, and calls my toil,
And calls the love and beauty which I ſing,
The dream of Folly. 'Thou, grave Cenſor! ſay,
Is beauty then a dream, becauſe the glooms
Of dulneſs hang too heavy on thy ſenſe
To let her ſhine upon thee? So the man
Whoſe eye ne'er open'd on the light of heav'n,
Might ſmile with ſcorn while raptur'd Viſion tells
Of the gay colour'd radiance flaſhing bright
O'er all creation. From the wiſe be far
Such groſs unhallow'd pride! Nor needs my ſong
Deſcend ſo low, but rather now unfold,
If human thought could reach or words unfold,
By what myſterious fabric of the mind
The deep-felt joys and harmony of ſound
Reſult from airy motion, and from ſhape
The lovely phantoms of ſublime and fair.
By what fine ties hath God connected things,
When preſent in the mind, which in themſelves
Have no connection? Sure the riſing ſun
O'er the cerulean convex of the ſea
With equal brightneſs and with equal warmth
Might roll his fiery orb, nor yet the ſoul
Thus feel her frame expanded, and her pow'rs

Exulting in the ſplendour ſhe beholds,
Like a young conq'ror moving thro' the pomp
Of ſome triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
Soft-murm'ring ſtreams and gales of gentleſt breath
Melodious Philomela's wakeful ſtrain
Attemper, could not man's diſcerning ear
Thro' all its tones the ſympathy purſue,
Nor yet this breath divine of nameleſs joy
Steal thro' his veins, and fan th' awaken'd heart,
Mild as the breeze, yet rapt'rous as the ſong?
But were not Nature ſtill endow'd at large
With all which life requires, tho' unadorn'd
With ſuch enchantment; wherefore then her form
So exquiſitely fair? her breath perfum'd
With ſuch ethereal ſweetneſs? whence her voice
Inform'd at will to raiſe or to depreſs
Th' impaſſion'd ſoul? and whence the robes of light
Which thus inveſt her with more lovely pomp
Than Fancy can deſcribe? Whence, but from thee,
O Source Divine of everflowing love!
And thy unmeaſur'd goodneſs? Not content
With ev'ry food of life to nouriſh man,
By kind illuſions of the wond'ring ſenſe
Thou mak'ſt all Nature beauty to his eye,
Or muſic to his ear: well pleas'd he ſcans
The goodly proſpect, and with inward ſmiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain,
Beholds the azure canopy of heav'n,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal ſplendour; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
Nor heeds the pleaſing error of his thought,
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
Nor queſtions more the muſic's mingling ſounds,
Than ſpace or motion, or eternal time;
So ſweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed ſoul, to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the deſtin'd road of life
Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
Th' advent'rous hero, bound on hard exploits,

Beholds with glad ſurpriſe, by ſecret ſpells
Of ſome kind ſage, the patron of his toils,
A viſionary paradiſe diſclos'd
Amid the dubious wild; with ſtreams, and ſhades,
And airy ſongs, th' enchanted landſcape ſmiles,
Cheers his long labours, and renews his frame.
What then is taſte, but theſe internal pow'rs,
Active and ſtrong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulſe? a diſcerning ſenſe
Of decent and ſublime, with quick diſguſt
From things deform'd, or diſarrang'd, or groſs
In ſpecies? This nor gems, nor ſtores of gold,
Nor purple ſtate, nor culture, can beſtow,
But God alone, when firſt his active hand
Imprints the ſecret bias of the ſoul.
He, mighty Parent! wiſe and juſt in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heav'n,
Reveals the charms of Nature. Aſk the ſwain
Who journeys homeward from a ſummer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repoſe, he loiters to behold
The ſunſhine gleaming as thro' amber clouds
O'er all the weſtern ſky? full ſoon, I ween,
His rude expreſſion and untutor'd airs
Beyond the pow'r of language will unfold
The form of Beauty ſmiling at his heart,
How lovely, how commanding! But tho' Heav'n
In ev'ry breaſt hath ſown theſe early ſeeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enliv'ning ſuns and genial ſhow'rs,
And ſhelter from the blaſt, in vain we hope
The tender plant ſhould rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harveſt promis'd in its ſpring.
Nor yet will ev'ry ſoil with equal ſtores
Repay the tiller's labour, or attend
His will obſequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Diff'rent minds

Incline to diff'rent objects: one purſues
The vaſt alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another ſighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentleſt beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heav'n, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his loweſt bed,
Heaves his tempeſt'ous billows to the ſky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakeſpeare looks abroad
From ſome high cliff ſuperior, and enjoys
The elemental war; but Waller longs
All on the margin of ſome flow'ry ſtream
To ſpread his careleſs limbs amid the cool
Of plantane ſhades, and to the liſt'ning deer
The tale of ſlighted vows and love's diſdain
Reſound ſoft-warbling all the live-long day:
Conſenting Zephyr ſighs, the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint melodious, mute the groves,
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and ſo various are the taſtes of men!

Oh bleſt of Heav'n! whom not the languid ſongs
Of luxury, the Siren, not the bribes
Of ſordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy ſpoils
Of pageant Honour, can ſeduce to leave
Thoſe ever-blooming ſweets which from the ſtore
Of Nature fair Imagination culls
To charm th' enliven'd ſoul! What tho' not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envy'd life, tho' only few poſſeſs
Patrician treaſures or imperial ſtate;

ℌ. 547. ------ -----*one purſues*---*The vaſt alone*, &c.] See the note to ℌ. 18. of this book.

ℌ. 558. *Waller longs*, &c.]

" O! how I long my careleſs limbs to lay
" Under the plantane ſhade, and all the day
" With am'rous airs my fancy entertain," *&c.*
Waller. Battle of the Summer Iſlands, Canto I.

And again,

" While in the Park I ſing, the liſt'ning deer
" Attend my paſſion, and forget to fear," *&c.*
At Penſhurſt.

Yet Nature's care, to all her children juſt,
With richer treaſures, and an ampler ſtate,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to uſe them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his: whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the ſculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud poſſeſſor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breaſt enjoys. For him the Spring
Diſtils her dews, and from the ſilken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges ev'ry fertile branch
With blooming gold and bluſhes like the Morn.
Each paſſing Hour ſheds tribute from her wings,
And ſtill new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The ſetting ſun's effulgence, not a ſtrain
From all the tenants of the warbling ſhade
Aſcends, but whence his boſom can partake
Freſh pleaſure unreprov'd: nor thence partakes
Freſh pleaſure only, for th' attentive mind
By this harmonious action on her pow'rs
Becomes herſelf harmonious: wont ſo oft'
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of ſacred order, ſoon ſhe ſeeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert

ỳ. 593. ---------*Not a breeze*, &c.] That this account may not appear rather poetically extravagant than juſt in philoſophy, it may be proper to produce the ſentiment of one of the greateſt, wiſeſt, and beſt of men on this head; one ſo little to be ſuſpected of partiality in the caſe, that he reckons it among thoſe favours for which he was eſpecially thankful to the gods, that they had not ſuffered him to make any great proficiency in the arts of eloquence and poetry, leſt by that means he ſhould have been diverted from purſuits of more importance to his high ſtation. Speaking of the beauty of univerſal Nature, he obſerves, that "there "is a pleaſing and graceful aſpect in every object we perceive," when once we conſider its connection with that general order. He inſtances in many things which at firſt ſight would be thought rather deformities, and then adds, "that a man who enjoys a ſenſibility of temper, with a "juſt comprehenſion of the univerſal order, will diſcern many ami-"able things, not credible to every mind, but to thoſe alone who have "entered into an honourable familiarity with Nature and her works." *M. Ant.* iii. 2.

Within herſelf this elegance of love,
This fair inſpir'd delight: her temper'd pow'rs
Refine at length, and ev'ry paſſion wears
A chaſter, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler proſpects, if to gaze
On Nature's form, where, negligent of all
Theſe leſſer graces, ſhe aſſumes the port
Of that Eternal Majeſty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to theſe the mind
Exalts her daring eye, then mightier far
Will be the change and nobler. Would the forms
Of ſervile cuſtom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs?
Would ſordid policies, the barb'rous growth
Of Ignorance and Rapine, bow her down
To tame purſuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! ſhe appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the ſun's unweary'd courſe,
The elements and ſeaſons. All declare
For what th' Eternal Maker has ordain'd
The pow'rs of man: we feel within ourſelves
His energy divine: he tells the heart
He meant, he made, us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the gen'ral orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom Nature's works can charm with God himſelf
Hold converſe, grow familiar day by day
With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
And form to his the reliſh of their ſouls.

END OF BOOK THIRD.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

The General Argument.

THE Pleasures of the Imagination proceed either from natural objects, as from a flourishing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm sea by moonlight, or from works of art, such as a noble edifice, a musical tune, a statue, a picture, a poem. In treating of these Pleasures we must begin with the former class, they being original to the other; and nothing more being necessary in order to explain them than a view of our natural inclination toward greatness and beauty, and of those appearances in the world around us to which that inclination is adapted. This is the subject of the First Book of the following Poem.

But the Pleasures which we receive from the elegant arts, from music, sculpture, painting, and poetry, are much more various and complicated. In them (besides greatness and beauty, or forms proper to the Imagination) we find interwoven frequent representations of truth, of virtue and vice, of circumstances proper to move us with laughter, or to excite in us pity, fear, and the other passions. These moral and intellectual objects are described in the Second Book, to which the Third properly belongs as an episode, though too large to have been included in it.

With the above-mentioned causes of Pleasure, which are universal in the course of human life, and appertain to our higher faculties, many others do generally occur, more limited in their operation, or of an inferior origin; such are the novelty of objects, the association of ideas, affections of the bodily senses, influences of education, national habits, and the like. To illustrate these, and from the whole to determine the character of a perfect taste, is the argument of the Fourth Book.

Hitherto the Pleasures of the Imagination belong to the human species in general; but there are certain particular men whose Imagination is endowed with powers, and susceptible of pleasures, which the generality of mankind never participate: these are the men of genius, destined by Nature to excel in one or other of the arts already mentioned. It is proposed therefore in the last place, to delineate that genius which in some degree appears common to them all, yet with a more peculiar consideration of poetry, inasmuch as poetry is the most extensive of those arts, the most philosophical, and the most useful.

THE

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK I.

MDCCLVII.

The Argument.

The ſubject propoſed. Dedication. The ideas of the Supreme Being the exemplars of all things. The variety of conſtitution in the minds of men, with its final cauſe. The general character of a fine Imagination. All the immediate Pleaſures of the human Imagination proceed either from greatneſs or beauty in external objects. The Pleaſure from greatneſs, with its final cauſe. The natural connexion of beauty with truth * and good. The different orders of beauty in different objects. The infinite and all-comprehending form of beauty, which belongs to the Divine Mind. The partial and artificial forms of beauty, which belong to inferior intellectual beings. The origin and general conduct of beauty in man. The ſubordination of local beauties to the beauty of the univerſe. Concluſion.

WITH what enchantment Nature's goodly ſcene
Attracts the ſenſe of mortals; how the mind
For its own eye doth objects nobler ſtill
Prepare; how men by various leſſons learn
To judge of Beauty's praiſe; what raptures fill
The breaſt with Fancy's native arts endow'd,
And what true culture guides it to renown,
My verſe unfolds. Ye gods or godlike Pow'rs!
Ye Guardians of the ſacred taſk! attend
Propitious: hand in hand around your Bard
Move in majeſtic meaſures, leading on
His doubtful ſtep thro' many a ſolemn path,
Conſcious of ſecrets which to human ſight
Ye only can reveal. Be great in him,
And let your favour make him wiſe to ſpeak
Of all your wond'rous empire, with a voice
So temper'd to his theme, that thoſe who hear
May yield perpetual homage to yourſelves.
Thou chief, O daughter of eternal Love!
Whate'er thy name, or Muſe or Grace, ador'd
By Grecian prophets, to the ſons of Heav'n
Known, while with deep amazement thou doſt there

* Truth is here taken not in a logical but in a mixed and popular ſenſe, or for what has been called the truth of things, denoting as well their natural and regular condition, as a proper eſtimate of judgment concerning them.

The perfect counsels read, th' ideas old
Of thine Omniscient Father, known on earth
By the still horror and the blissful tear
With which thou seizest on the soul of man,
Thou chief, Poetic Spirit! from the banks
Of Avon, whence thy holy fingers cull
Fresh flow'rs and dews to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakespeare lies, be present; and with thee
Let Fiction come, on her aërial wings
Wafting ten thousand colours, which in sport,
By the light glances of her magic eye,
She blends and shifts at will thro' countless forms,
Her wild creation. Goddess of the Lyre,
Whose awful tones controul the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! descend
And join this happy train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their mystic rites,
Wise Order; and where Order deigns to come
Her sister Liberty will not be far.
Be present all ye Genii! who conduct
Of youthful bards the lonely wand'ring step
New to your springs and shades, who touch their ear
With finer sounds, and heighten to their eye
The pomp of nature, and before them place
The fairest, loftiest countenance of things.
Nor thou, My Dyson! to the lay refuse
Thy wonted partial audience. What, tho' first
In years unseason'd, haply, ere the sports
Of childhood yet were o'er, the advent'rous lay
With many splendid prospects, many charms,
Allur'd my heart, nor conscious whence they sprung,
Nor heedful of their end? yet serious Truth
Her empire o'er the calm sequester'd theme
Asserted soon, while Falsehood's evil brood,
Vice and deceitful Pleasure, she at once
Excluded, and my fancy's careless toil
Drew to the better cause. Maturer aid
Thy friendship added, in the paths of life,
The busy paths, my unaccustom'd feet
Preserving; nor to truth's recess divine

Thro' this wide argument's unbeaten ſpace
Withholding ſurer guidance, while by turns
We trac'd the ſages old, or while the queen
Of Sciences, (whom manners and the mind
Acknowledge,) to my true companion's voice
Not unattentive, o'er the wintry lamp
Inclin'd her ſceptre, favouring. Now the Fates
Have other taſks impos'd. To thee, my Friend!
The miniſtry of freedom, and the faith
Of popular decrees, in early youth,
Not vainly they committed. Me they ſent
To wait on pain, and ſilent arts to urge
Inglorious; not ignoble, if my cares
To ſuch as languiſh on a grievous bed
Eaſe and the ſweet forgetfulneſs of ill
Conciliate; nor delightleſs, if the Muſe,
Her ſhades to viſit and to taſte her ſprings,
If ſome diſtinguiſh'd hours the bounteous Muſe,
Impart, and grant (what ſhe, and ſhe alone,
Can grant to mortals) that my hand thoſe wreaths
Of fame and honeſt favour which the bleſs'd
Wear in Elyſium, and which never felt
The breath of Envy or malignant tongues,
That theſe my hand for thee and for myſelf
May gather. Mean-while, O my faithful Friend!
O early choſen, ever found the ſame,
And truſted and belov'd! once more the verſe
Long deſtin'd, always obvious to thine ear,
Attend indulgent: ſo in lateſt years,
When Time thy head with honours ſhall have cloth'd
Sacred to even Virtue, may thy mind,
Amid the calm review of ſeaſons paſt,
Fair offices of friendſhip, or kind peace,
Or public zeal, may then thy mind well pleas'd
Recall theſe happy ſtudies of our prime!

From Heav'n my ſtrains begin, from Heav'n de-
The flame of genius to the choſen breaſt, [ſcends
And beauty, with poetic wonder join'd
And inſpiration. Ere the riſing ſun
Shone o'er the deep, or 'mid the vault of night

The moon her silver lamp suspended, ere
The vales with springs were water'd, or with groves
Of oak or pine the ancient hills were crown'd,
Then the Great Spirit, whom his works adore,
Within his own deep essence view'd the forms,
The forms eternal, of created things,
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains and the streams, the ample stores
Of earth, of heav'n, of nature. From the first
On that full scene his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration, till, in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd his vital pow'r
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame;
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves;
Hence light and shade alternate, warmth and cold,
And bright autumnal skies and vernal show'rs,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to ev'ry mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd; for while the claims
Of social life to diff'rent labours urge
The active pow'rs of man, with wisest care
Hath Nature on the multitude of minds
Impress'd a various bias, and to each
Decreed its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heav'n: to some she gave
To search the story of eternal thought,
Of space and time, of Fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick movement: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue dwells in ev'ry vein
Of herbs or trees. But some to nobler hopes
Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame:
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
In fuller aspects and with fairer lights
This picture of the world. Thro' ev'ry part
They trace the lofty sketches of his hand;

In earth or air, the meadow's flow'ry ſtore,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's mien,
Dreſs'd in attractive ſmiles, they ſee pourtray'd
(As far as mortal eyes the portrait ſcan)
Thoſe lineaments of beauty which delight
The mind ſupreme: they alſo feel their force
Enamour'd; they partake th' eternal joy.
For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
Thro' fabled Egypt, at the genial touch
Of morning, from its inmoſt frame ſent forth
Spontaneous muſic, ſo doth Nature's hand
To certain attributes, which matter claims,
Adapt the finer organs of the mind;
So the glad impulſe of thoſe kindred pow'rs
(Of form, of colour's cheerful pomp, of ſound
Melodious, or of motion aptly ſped)
Detains th' enliven'd ſenſe, till ſoon the ſoul
Feels the deep concord, and aſſents thro' all
Her functions. Then the charm by Fate prepar'd
Diffuſeth its enchantment; Fancy dreams,
Rapt into high diſcourſe with prophets old;
And wand'ring thro' Elyſium, Fancy dreams
Of ſacred fountains, of o'erſhadowing groves,
Whoſe walks with godlike harmony reſound;
Fountains which Homer viſits, happy groves
Where Milton dwells. The intellectual pow'r
On the mind's throne ſuſpends his graver cares,
And ſmiles: the paſſions to divine repoſe
Perſuaded yield, and love and joy alone
Are waking; love and joy, ſuch as await
An angel's meditation. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art whom theſe delights can touch,
Whom Nature's aſpect, Nature's ſimple garb,
Can thus command: O! liſten to my Song,
And I will guide thee to her bliſsful walks,
And teach thy ſolitude her voice to hear,
And point her gracious features to thy view.
Know then whate'er of the world's ancient ſtore,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected ſcenes,
With love and admiration thus inſpire

Attentive Fancy, her delighted ſons
In two illuſtrious orders comprehend,
Self-taught. From him whoſe ruſtic toil the lark
Cheers warbling, to the bard whoſe daring thoughts
Range the full orb of being, ſtill the form
Which Fancy worſhips, or ſublime or fair,
Her votaries proclaim. I ſee them dawn!
I ſee the radiant viſions where they riſe,
More lovely than when Lucifer diſplays
His glitt'ring forehead thro' the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the Spring!
Say, why was man ſo eminently rais'd
Amid the vaſt creation, why empower'd
Thro' life and death to dart his watchful eye
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame,
But that th' Omnipotent might ſend him forth,
In ſight of angels and immortal minds,
As on an ample theatre, to join
In conteſt with his equals, who ſhall beſt
The taſk atchieve, the courſe of noble toils,
By wiſdom and by mercy pre-ordain'd?
Might ſend him forth the ſovran good to learn,
To chaſe each meaner purpoſe from his breaſt,
And thro' the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And thro' the pelting ſtorms of chance and pain,
To hold ſtraight on, with conſtant heart and eye
Still fix'd upon his everlaſting palm,
Th' approving ſmile of Heav'n? Elſe wherefore burns
In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope
That ſeeks from day to day ſublimer ends,
Happy tho' reſtleſs? why departs the ſoul
Wide from the track and journey of her times
To graſp the good ſhe knows not? in the field
Of things which may be, in the ſpacious field
Of ſcience, potent arts, or dreadful arms,
To raiſe up ſcenes in which her own deſires
Contented may repoſe, when things which are
Pall on her temper like a twice told tale;
Her temper, ſtill demanding to be free,
Spurning the rude controul of wilful might,

Proud of her dangers brav'd, her griefs endur'd,
Her ſtrength ſeverely prov'd? To theſe high aims,
Which reaſon and affection prompt in man,
Not adverſe nor unapt, hath Nature fram'd
His bold Imagination; for amid
The various forms which this full world preſents
Like rivals to his choice, what human breaſt
E'er doubts before the tranſient and minute
To prize the vaſt, the ſtable, the ſublime?
Who that from heights aërial ſends his eye
Around a wild horizon, and ſurveys
Indus or Ganges rolling his broad wave
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' ſpacious cities old,
And regions dark with woods, will turn away
To mark the path of ſome penurious rill
Which murm'reth at his feet? Where does the Soul
Conſent her ſoaring fancy to reſtrain,
Which bears her up as on an eagle's wings
Deſtin'd for higheſt heavens? or which of Fate's
Tremend'ous barriers ſhall confine her flight
To an humble quarry? The rich earth
Cannot detain her, nor the ambient air
With all its changes. For a while with joy
She hovers o'er the ſun, and views the ſmall
Attendant orbs beneath his ſacred beam
Emerging from the deep, like cluſter'd iſles,
Whoſe rocky ſhores to the glad ſailor's eye
Reflect the gleams of morning; for a while
With pride ſhe ſees his firm paternal ſway
Bend the reluctant planets to move each
Round its perpetual year; but ſoon ſhe quits
That proſpect; meditating loftier views,
She darts advent'rous up the long career
Of comets, thro' the conſtellations holds
Her courſe, and now looks back on all the ſtars,
Whoſe blended flames as with a milky ſtream
Part the blue region. Empyrean tracks,
Where happy ſouls beyond this concave heav'n
Abide, ſhe then explores, whence purer light
For countleſs ages travels thro' th' abyſs,

Nor hath in ſight of mortals yet arriv'd:
Upon the wide creation's utmoſt ſhore
At length ſhe ſtands, and the dread ſpace beyond
Contemplates, half recoiling; nathleſs down
The gloomy void, aſtoniſh'd, yet unquell'd,
She plungeth, down th' unfathomable gulf
Where God alone hath being; there her hopes
Reſt at the fated goal: for from the birth
Of humankind the Sovran Maker ſaid,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fleeting echoes of Renown,
Pow'rs purple robes, nor Pleaſure's flow'ry lap,
The ſoul ſhould find contentment, but from theſe
Turning diſdainful to an equal good,
Thro' Nature's op'ning walks enlarge her aim,
Till ev'ry bound at length ſhould diſappear,
And infinite perfection fill the ſcene.

But lo! where Beauty, dreſs'd in gentler pomp,
With comely ſteps advancing, claims the verſe
Her charms inſpire. O Beauty! ſource of praiſe,
Of honour, e'en to mute and lifeleſs things;
O thou that kindleſt in each human heart
Love and the wiſh of poets, when their tongue
Would teach to other boſoms what ſo charms
Their own! O child of Nature and the Soul,
In happieſt hour brought forth, the doubtful garb
Of words, of earthly language, all too mean,
Too lowly, I account, in which to clothe
Thy form divine! for thee the mind alone
Beholds, nor half thy brightneſs can reveal
Thro' thoſe dim organs whoſe corporeal touch
O'erſhadoweth thy pure eſſence. Yet, my Muſe!
If Fortune call thee to the taſk, wait thou
Thy favourable ſeaſons; then, while fear
And doubt are abſent, thro' wide Nature's bounds
Expatiate with glad ſtep, and chuſe at will
Whate'er bright ſpoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters or the liquid air,
To manifeſt unblemiſh'd Beauty's praiſe,
And o'er the breaſts of mortals to extend

Her gracious empire. Wilt thou to the isles
Atlantic, to the rich Hesperian clime,
Fly in the train of Autumn, and look on
And learn from him, while, as he roves around,
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove
The branches bloom with gold, where'er his foot
Imprints the soil the ripening clusters swell,
Turning aside their foliage, and come forth
In purple light, till ev'ry hillock glows
As with the blushes of an ev'ning sky?
Or wilt thou that Thessalian landscape trace
Where flow Peneus his clear glassy tide
Draws smooth along, between the winding cliffs
Of Ossa and the pathless woods unshorn
That wave o'er huge Olympus? Down the stream
Look how the mountains with their double range
Embrace the vale of Tempé, from each side
Ascending steep to heav'n a rocky mound,
Cover'd with ivy and the laurel boughs
That crown'd young Phœbus for the Python slain.
Fair Tempé! on whose primrose banks the morn
Awoke most fragrant, and the noon repos'd
In pomp of lights and shadows most sublime;
Whose lawns, whose glades, e'er human footsteps yet
Had trac'd an entrance, were the hallow'd haunt
Of sylvan pow'rs immortal, where they sat
Oft' in the Golden Age; the Nymphs and Fauns,
Beneath some arbour branching o'er the flood,
And leaning round, hung on th' instructive lips
Of hoary Pan, or o'er some open dale
Danc'd in light measures to his sev'nfold pipe,
While Zephyr's wanton hand along their path
Flung show'rs of painted blossoms, fertile dews,
And one perpetual spring. But if our task
More lofty rites demand, with all good vows
Then let us hasten to the rural haunt
Where young Meliss dwells; nor thou refuse
The voice which calls thee from thy lov'd retreat,
But hither, gentle Maid! thy footsteps turn;
Here to thy own unquestionable theme,

O fair! O graceful! bend thy poliſh'd brow,
Aſſenting, and the gladneſs of thy eyes
Impart to me, like morning's wiſhed light
Seen thro' the vernal air. By yonder ſtream,
Where beech and elm among the bord'ring mead
Send forth wild melody, from ev'ry bough,
Together let us wander, where the hills,
Cover'd with fleeces, to the lowing vale
Reply, where tidings of content and peace
Each echo brings. Lo, how the weſtern ſun
O'er fields and floods, o'er ev'ry living ſoul,
Diffuſeth glad repoſe! There, while I ſpeak
Of Beauty's honours, thou, Meliſſa! thou
Shalt hearken, not unconſcious; while I tell
How firſt from heav'n ſhe came; how, after all
The works of life, the elemental ſcenes,
The hours, the ſeaſons, ſhe had oft' explor'd,
At length her fav'rite manſion and her throne
She fix'd in woman's form; what pleaſing ties
To virtue bind her, what effectual aid
They lend each other's pow'r, and how divine
Their union, ſhould ſome unambitious maid
To all th' enchantment of th' Idalian queen
Add ſanctity and Wiſdom. While my tongue
Prolongs the tale, Meliſſa! thou may'ſt feign
To wonder whence my rapture is inſpir'd;
But ſoon the ſmile which dawns upon thy lip
Shall tell it, and the tend'rer bloom o'er all
That ſoft cheek ſpringing to the marble neck,
Which bends aſide in vain, revealing more
What it would thus keep ſilent, and in vain
The ſenſe of praiſe diſſembling. Then my ſong
Great Nature's winning arts, which thus inform
With joy and love the rugged breaſt of man,
Should ſound in numbers worthy of ſuch a theme;
While all, whoſe ſouls have ever felt the force
Of thoſe enchanting paſſions, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, and receive once more
Their influence, unobſcur'd by any cloud
Of vulgar care, and purer than the hand

Of Fortune can beſtow: nor to confirm
Their ſway ſhould awful Contemplation ſcorn
To join his dictates to the genuine ſtrain
Of Pleaſure's tongue, nor yet ſhould Pleaſure's ear
Be much averſe. Ye chiefly, gentle band
Of Youths and Virgins! who, thro' many a wiſh,
And many a fond purſuit, as in ſome ſcene
Of magic bright and fleeting, are allur'd
By various beauty, if the pleaſing toil
Can yield a moment's reſpite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and truſt my words.
I do not mean on bleſs'd Religion's ſeat
Preſenting Superſtition's gloomy form
To daſh your ſoothing hopes; I do not mean
To bid the jealous Thund'rer fire the heav'ns,
Or ſhapes infernal rend the groaning earth,
And ſcare you from your joys. My cheerful ſong
With happier omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your gen'rous ardour in the chaſe,
And warm like you. Then tell me (for ye know)
Doth Beauty ever deign to dwell where uſe
And aptitude are ſtrangers? is her praiſe
Confeſs'd in aught whoſe moſt peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitleſs? or did Nature mean
This pleaſing call the herald of a lie,
To hide the ſhame of diſcord and diſeaſe,
And win each fond admirer into ſnares,
Foil'd, baffled! No: with better providence
The gen'ral Mother, conſcious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
Thus to the choice of credulous deſire
Doth objects the completeſt of their tribe
Diſtinguiſh and commend. Yon' flow'ry bank,
Cloth'd in the ſoft magnificence of Spring,
Will not the flocks approve it? will they aſk
The reedy fen for paſture? That clear rill,
Which trickleth murm'ring from the moſſy rock,
Yields it leſs wholeſome bev'rage to the worn
And thirſty trav'ller than the ſtanding pool
With muddy weeds o'ergrown? Yon' ragged vine,

Whose lean and sullen clusters mourn the rage
Of Eurus, will the wine-press or the bowl
Report of her as of the swelling grape
Which glitters thro' the tendrils like a gem
When first it meets the sun? Or what are all
The various charms to life and sense adjoin'd?
Are they not pledges of a state entire,
Where native order reigns, with ev'ry part
In health, and ev'ry function well perform'd?
Thus then at first was Beauty sent from heav'n,
The lovely ministress of Truth and Good
In this dark world; for Truth and Good are one,
And Beauty dwells in them and they in her
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O Sons of Earth! would ye dissolve the tie?
O! wherefore with a rash and greedy aim
Seek ye to rove thro' ev'ry flatt'ring scene
Which Beauty seems to deck, nor once inquire
Where is the suffrage of eternal Truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
To save your search from folly? Wanting these,
Lo! Beauty withers in your void embrace,
And with the glitt'ring of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows. Nor yet let Hope,
That kindliest inmate of the youthful breast,
Be hence appall'd, be turn'd to coward sloth,
Sitting in silence with dejected eyes,
Incurious, and with folded hands: far less
Let scorn of wild fantastic Folly's dreams,
Or hatred of the bigot's savage pride,
Persuade you e'er that Beauty, or the love
Which waits on Beauty, may not brook to hear
The sacred lore of undeceitful good
And truth eternal. From the vulgar crowd
Tho' Superstition, tyranness abhorr'd!
The reverence due to this majestic pair
With threats and execration still demands;
Tho' the tame wretch, who asks of her the way
To their celestial dwelling, she constrains
To quench or set at nought the lamp of God

Within his frame; thro' many a cheerleſs wild
Tho' forth ſhe leads him credulous and dark,
And aw'd with dubious notion; tho' at length
Haply ſhe plunge him into cloiſter'd cells
And manſions unrelenting as the grave,
But void of quiet, there to watch the hours
Of midnight, there, amid the ſcreaming owl's
Dire ſong, with ſpectres or with guilty ſhades,
To talk of pangs and everlaſting woe;
Yet be not ye diſmay'd; a gentler ſtar
Preſides o'er your adventure. From the bow'r
Where Wiſdom ſat with her Athenian ſons,
Could but my happy hand intwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then, (for what need of cruel fear to you,
To you whom godlike love can well command?)
Then ſhould my pow'rful voice at once diſpel
Thoſe monkiſh horrors; ſhould in words divine
Relate how favour'd minds, like you inſpir'd,
And taught their inſpiration to conduct
By ruling Heav'ns decree, thro' various walks,
And proſpects various, but delightful all,
Move onward; while now myrtle groves appear
Now arms and radiant trophies, now the rods
Of empire with the curule throne, or now
The domes of Contemplation and the Muſe.
Led by that hope ſublime, whoſe cloudleſs eye
Thro' the fair toils and ornaments of earth
Diſcerns the nobler life reſerv'd for heav'n,
Favour'd alike they worſhip round the ſhrine
Where Truth conſpic'ous with her ſiſter-twins,
The undivided partners of her ſway,
With Good and Beauty reigns. O! let not us,
By Pleaſure's lying blandiſhments detain'd,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot Rage,
O! let not us one moment pauſe to join
That choſen band: and if the gracious Pow'r
Who firſt awaken'd my untutor'd ſong,
Will to my invocation grant anew
The tuneful ſpirit, then thro' all our paths

Ne'er ſhall the ſound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting, whether on the roſy mead,
When ſummer ſmiles, to warn the melting heart
Of Luxury's allurement, whether firm
Againſt the torrent and the ſtubborn hill
To urge free Virtue's ſteps, and to her ſide
Summon that ſtrong divinity of ſoul
Which conquers Chance and Fate, or on the height,
The goal aſſign'd her, haply to proclaim
Her triumph, on her brow to place the crown
Of uncorrupted praiſe, thro' future worlds
To follow her interminated way,
And bleſs Heav'n's image in the heart of man.
Such is the worth of Beauty, ſuch her pow'r,
So blameleſs, ſo rever'd. It now remains
In juſt gradation thro' the various ranks
Of being to contemplate how her gifts
Riſe in due meaſure, watchful to attend
The ſteps of riſing Nature. Laſt and leaſt
In colours mingling with a random blaze
Doth Beauty dwell: then higher in the forms
Of ſimpleſt, eaſieſt meaſure, in the bounds
Of circle, cube, or ſphere: the third aſcent
To ſymmetry adds colour: thus the pearl
Shines in the concave of its purple bed,
And painted ſhells along ſome winding ſhore
Catch with indented folds the glancing ſun.
Next as we riſe appear the blooming tribes
Which clothe the fragrant earth, which draw from her
Their own nutrition, which are born and die,
Yet in their ſeed immortal: ſuch the flow'rs
With which young Maia pays the village maids
That hail her natal morn; and ſuch the groves
Which blithe Pomona rears on Vaga's bank
To feed the bowl of Ariconian ſwains
Who quaff beneath her branches. Nobler ſtill
Is Beauty's name, where the full conſent
Of members and of features, to the pride
Of colour and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame with piercing ſenſe is giv'n,

While active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
So moves the bird of Juno, so the steed
With rival swiftness beats the dusty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. What sublimer pomp
Adorns the seat where Virtue dwells on earth,
And Truth's eternal daylight shines around;
What palm belongs to man's imperial front,
And woman, pow'rful with becoming smiles,
Chief of terrestrial natures! need we now
Strive to inculcate? Thus hath Beauty there
Her most conspic'ous praise to matter lent,
Where most conspic'ous thro' that shadowy veil
Breaks forth the bright expression of a mind,
By steps directing our enraptur'd search
To him the first of minds, the chief, the sole,
From whom thro' this wide complicated world
Did all her various lineaments begin;
To whom alone, consenting and entire,
At once their mutual influence all display.
He, God most high, (bear witness Earth and Heav'n!)
The living fountains in himself contains
Of beauteous and sublime. With him inthron'd,
Ere days or years trod their ethereal way,
In his supreme intelligence inthron'd,
The Queen of Love holds her unclouded state,
Urania. Thee, O Father! this extent
Of matter, thee the sluggish earth and track
Of seas, the heav'ns and heav'nly splendors, feel
Pervading, quick'ning, moving. From the depth
Of thy great essence forth didst thou conduct
Eternal Form, and there, where Chaos reign'd,
Gav'st her dominion to erect her seat,
And sanctify the mansion. All her works
Well pleas'd thou didst behold; the gloomy fires
Of storm or earthquake, and the purest light
Of summer; soft Campania's newborn rose,
And the slow weed which pines on Russian hills,
Comely alike to thy full vision stand;
To thy surrounding vision, which unites

All eſſences and pow'rs of the great world
In one ſole order; fair alike they ſtand,
As features well conſenting, and alike
Requir'd by Nature ere ſhe could attain
Her juſt reſemblance to the perfect ſhape
Of univerſal Beauty, which with thee
Dwelt from the firſt. Thou alſo, Ancient Mind!
Whom love and free beneficence await
In all thy doings, to inferior minds
Thy offspring, and to man thy youngeſt ſon,
Refuſing no convenient gift nor good,
Their eyes didſt open in this earth, yon' heav'n,
Thoſe ſtarry worlds, the countenance divine
Of Beauty to behold: but not to them
Didſt thou her awful magnitude reveal,
Such as before thine own unbounded ſight
She ſtands, (for never ſhall created ſoul
Conceive that object,) nor to all their kinds
The ſame in ſhape or features didſt thou frame
Her image. Meaſuring well their diff'rent ſpheres
Of ſenſe and action, thy paternal hand
Hath for each race prepar'd a diff'rent teſt
Of Beauty, own'd and reverenc'd as their guide
Moſt apt, moſt faithful. Thence inform'd, they ſcan
The objects that ſurround them, and ſelect,
Since the great whole diſclaims their ſcanty view,
Each for himſelf ſelects peculiar parts
Of Nature, what the ſtandard fix'd by Heav'n
Within his breaſt approves; acquiring thus
A partial beauty, which becomes his lot;
A beauty which his eye may comprehend,
His hand may copy; leaving, O Supreme!
O thou whom none hath utter'd! leaving all
To thee that infinite, conſummate form,
Which the great pow'rs, the gods around thy throne,
And neareſt to thy counſels, know with thee
For ever to have been; but who ſhe is,
Or what her likeneſs, know not. Man ſurveys
A narrower ſcene, where, by the mix'd effect
Of things corporeal on his paſſive mind,

He judgeth what is fair. Corporeal things
The mind of man impel with various pow'rs,
And various features to his eye diſcloſe.
The pow'rs which move his ſenſe with inſtant joy,
The features which attract his heart to love,
He marks, combines, repoſits. Other pow'rs
And features of the ſelf-ſame thing (unleſs
The beauteous form, the creature of his mind,
Requeſt their cloſe alliance) he o'erlooks
Forgotten, or with ſelf beguiling zeal,
Whene'er his paſſions mingle in the work,
Half alters, half diſowns. The tribes of men
Thus from their diff'rent functions, and the ſhapes
Familiar to their eye, which art obtain,
Unconſcious of their purpoſe, yet with art
Obtain the Beauty fitting man to love,
Whoſe proud deſires from Nature's homely toil
Oft' turn away faſtidious, aſking ſtill
His mind's high aid, to purify the form
From matter's groſs communion, to ſecure
For ever from the meddling hand of Change
Or rude Decay her features, and to add
Whatever ornaments may ſuit her mien,
Where'er he finds them ſcatter'd thro' the paths
Of Nature or of Fortune; then he ſeats
Th' accompliſh'd image deep within his breaſt,
Reviews it, and accounts it good and fair.
Thus the one Beauty of the world entire,
The univerſal Venus, far beyond
The keeneſt effort of created eyes
And their moſt wide horizon, dwells inthron'd
In ancient ſilence: at her footſtool ſtands
An altar burning with eternal fire,
Unſully'd, unconſum'd. Here ev'ry hour,
Here ev'ry moment, in their turns arrive
Her offspring, an innumerable band
Of ſiſters, comely all, but diff'ring far
In age, in ſtature, and expreſſive mien,
More than bright Helen from her newborn babe,
To this maternal ſhrine in turns they come,

Each with her ſacred lamp, that from the ſource
Of living flame, which here immortal flows,
Their portions of its luſtre they may draw
For days, or months, or years, for ages ſome,
As their great parent's diſcipline requires:
Then to their ſev'ral manſions they depart,
In ſtars, in planets, thro' the unknown ſhores
Of yon' ethereal ocean. Who can tell
E'en on the ſurface of this rolling earth
How many make abode? The fields, the groves,
The winding rivers, and the azure main,
Are render'd ſolemn by their frequent feet,
Their rites ſublime. There each her deſtin'd home
Informs with that pure radiance from the ſkies
Brought down, and ſhines throughout her little ſphere
Exulting. Straight as travellers by night
Turn towards a diſtant flame, ſo ſome fit eye
Among the various tenants of the ſcene
Diſcerns th' heav'n-born phantom ſeated there,
And owns her charms: hence the wide univerſe
Thro' all the ſeaſons of revolving worlds
Bears witneſs with its people, gods and men,
To Beauty's bliſsful pow'r, and with the voice
Of grateful admiration ſtill reſounds;
That voice to which is Beauty's frame divine
As is the cunning of the maſter's hand
To the ſweet accent of the well tun'd lyre.
Genius of ancient Greece! whoſe faithful ſteps
Have led us to theſe awful ſolitudes
Of Nature and of Science; Nurſe rever'd
Of gen'rous counſels and heroic deeds!
O let ſome portion of thy matchleſs praiſe
Dwell in my breaſt, and teach me to adorn
This unattempted theme! Nor be my thoughts
Preſumpt'ous counted, if, amid the calm
Which Heſper ſheds along the vernal heav'n,
If I from vulgar Superſtition's walk
Impatient ſteal, and from th' unſeemly rites
Of ſplendid Adulation, to attend
With hymns thy preſence in the ſylvan ſhade,

By their malignant footſteps unprofan'd.
Come, O renowned Pow'r! thy glowing mien
Such, and ſo elevated all thy form,
As when the great barbaric lord, again
And yet again diminiſh'd, hid his face
Among the herd of ſatraps and of kings,
And at the lightning of thy lifted ſpear
Crouch'd like a ſlave. Bring all thy martial ſpoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal ſongs,
Thy ſmiling band of arts, thy godlike ſires
Of civil wiſdom, thy unconquer'd youth,
After ſome glorious day rejoicing round
Their new-erected trophy. Guide my feet
Thro' fair Lyceum's walk, the olive ſhades
Of Academus, and the ſacred vale
Haunted by ſteps divine, where once beneath
That ever-living plantane's ample boughs
Iliſſus, by Socratic ſounds detain'd,
On his neglected urn attentive lay,
While Boreas, ling'ring on the neighb'ring ſteep,
With beauteous Orithyia, his love-tale
In ſilent awe ſuſpended: there let me
With blameleſs hand from thy unenvious fields
Tranſplant ſome living bloſſoms to adorn
My native clime, while far beyond the meed
Of Fancy's toil aſpiring, I unlock
The ſprings of ancient wiſdom, while I add
(What cannot be diſjoin'd from Beauty's praiſe)
Thy name and native dreſs, thy works belov'd
And honour'd, while to my compatriot youth
I point the great example of thy ſons,
And tune to Attic themes the Britiſh lyre.

END OF BOOK FIRST.

THE

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

INTRODUCTION to this more difficult part of the subject. Of truth and its three classes, matter of fact, experimental or scientifical truth, (contradistinguished from opinion,) and universal truth; which last is either metaphysical or geometrical, either purely intellectual or perfectly abstracted. On the power of discerning truth depends that of acting with the view of an end, a circumstance essential to virtue. Of virtue considered in the Divine Mind as a perpetual and universal beneficence. Of human virtue, considered as a system of particular sentiments and actions, suitable to the design of Providence and the condition of man, to whom it constitutes the chief good and the first beauty. Of vice and its origin. Of ridicule; its general nature and final cause. Of the passions, particularly of those which relate to evil, natural or moral, and which are generally accounted painful, though not always unattended with Pleasure.

THUS far of Beauty and the pleasing forms
Which man's untutor'd fancy, from the scenes
Imperfect of this ever-changing world,
Creates, and views enamour'd. Now my song
Severer themes demand, mysterious truth;
And virtue, sovran good; the spells, the trains,
The progeny of error; the dread sway
Of passion, and whatever hidden stores
From her own lofty deeds and from herself
The mind acquires. Severer argument,
Not less attractive, nor deserving less
A constant ear: for what are all the forms
Educ'd by fancy from corporeal things,
Greatness, or pomp, or symmetry of parts?
Not tending to the heart, soon feeble grows;
As the blunt arrow 'gainst the knotty trunk,
Their impulse on the sense, while the pall'd eye
Expects in vain its tribute, asks in vain,
Where are the ornaments it once admir'd?
Not so the moral species, nor the pow'rs
Of passion and of thought. Th' ambitious mind
With objects boundless as her own desires
Can there converse: by these unfading forms
Touch'd and awaken'd still, with eager act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well pleas'd
Her gifts, her godlike fortune. Such the scenes
Now op'ning round us: may the destin'd Verse

Maintain its equal tenor, tho' in tracks
Obſcure and ard'ous! may the Source of Light,
All preſent, all ſufficient, guide our ſteps
Thro' ev'ry maze! and whom in childiſh years
From the loud throng, the beaten paths of wealth
And pow'r, thou didſt apart ſend forth to ſpeak
In tuneful words concerning higheſt things,
Him ſtill do thou, O Father! at thoſe hours
Of penſive freedom, when the human ſoul
Shuts out the rumour of the world, him ſtill
Touch thou with ſecret leſſons; call thou back
Each erring thought, and let the yielding ſtrains
From his full boſom like a welcome rill
Spontaneous from its healthy fountain flow!
But from what name, what favourable ſign,
What heav'nly auſpice, rather ſhall I date
My perilous excurſion than from truth,
That neareſt inmate of the human ſoul,
Eſtrang'd from whom, the countenance divine
Of Man, diſfigur'd and diſhonour'd, ſinks
Among inferior things? for to the brutes
Perception and the tranſient boons of ſenſe
Hath Fate imparted; but to man alone
Of ſublunary beings was it giv'n
Each fleeting impulſe on the ſenſual pow'rs
At leiſure to review, with equal eye
To ſcan the paſſion of the ſtricken nerve,
Or the vague object ſtriking; to conduct
From ſenſe, the portal turbulent and loud,
Into the mind's wide palace, one by one,
The frequent, preſſing, fluctuating forms,
And queſtion and compare them. Thus he learns
Their birth and fortunes, how ally'd they haunt
The avenues of ſenſe, what laws direct
Their union, and what various diſcords riſe,
Or fix'd or caſual; which, when his clear thought
Retains, and when his faithful words expreſs,
That living image of th' external ſcene,
As in a poliſh'd mirror held to view,
Is truth; where'er it varies from the ſhape

And hue of its exemplar, in that part
Dim error lurks. Moreover, from without,
When oft' the ſame ſociety of forms
In the ſame order have approach'd his mind,
He deigns no more their ſteps with curious heed
To trace; no more their features or their garb
He now examines, but of them and their
Condition, as with ſome diviner's tongue,
Affirms what Heav'n in ev'ry diſtant place
Thro' ev'ry future ſeaſon will decree.
This too is truth: where'er his prudent lips
Wait till experience diligent and ſlow
Has authoriz'd their ſentence, this is truth;
A ſecond higher kind; the parent this
Of Science, or the lofty pow'r herſelf,
Science herſelf, on whom the wants and cares
Of ſocial life depend, the ſubſtitute
Of God's own wiſdom in this toilſome world,
The providence of man. Yet oft' in vain
To earn her aid with fix'd and anxious eye
He looks on Nature's and on Fortune's courſe,
Too much in vain: his duller viſual ray
The ſtillneſs and the perſevering acts
Of Nature oft' elude, and Fortune oft'
With ſtep fantaſtic from her wonted walk
Turns into mazes dim: his ſight is foil'd,
And the crude ſentence of his falt'ring tongue
Is but Opinion's verdict half believ'd,
And prone to change. Here thou who feel'ſt thine ear
Congenial to my lyre's profounder tone
Pauſe and be watchful. Hitherto the ſtores
Which feed thy mind and exerciſe her pow'rs
Partake the reliſh of their native ſoil,
Their parent earth: but know a nobler dow'r
Her ſire at birth decreed her, purer gifts
From his own treaſure, forms which never deign'd
In eyes or ears to dwell within the ſenſe
Of earthly organs, but ſublime were plac'd
In his eſſential reaſon, leading there
That vaſt ideal hoſt which all his works

Thro' endleſs ages never will reveal.
Thus then endow'd, the feeble creature man,
The ſlave of hunger and the prey of Death,
E'en now, e'en here, in earth's dim priſon bound,
The language of intelligence divine
Attains, repeating oft' concerning one
And many, paſt and preſent, parts and whole,
Thoſe ſovran dictates which in fartheſt heav'n,
Where no orb rolls, Eternity's fix'd ear
Hears from coeval truth, whence Chance nor Change,
Nature's loud progeny, nor Nature's ſelf,
Dares intermeddle or approach her throne.
Ere long o'er this corporeal world he learns
T' extend her ſway, while calling from the deep,
From earth and air, their multitudes untold
Of figures and of motions round his walk,
For each wide family ſome ſingle birth
He ſets in view, th' impartial type of all
Its brethren, ſuff'ring it to claim beyond
Their common heritage no private gift,
No proper fortune. Then whate'er his eye
In this diſcerns, his bold unerring tongue
Pronounceth, of the kindred without bound,
Without condition. Such the riſe of forms
Sequeſter'd far from ſenſe, and ev'ry ſpot
Peculiar in the realms of ſpace or time;
Such is the throne which man for Truth amid
The paths of mutability hath built
Secure, unſhaken, ſtill, and whence he views
In matter's mould'ring ſtructures the pure forms
Of triangle or circle, cube or cone,
Impaſſive all, whoſe attributes nor Force
Nor Fate can alter: there he firſt conceives
True being and an intellectual world,
The ſame this hour and ever: thence he deems
Of his own lot, above the painted ſhapes
That fleeting move o'er this terreſtrial ſcene
Looks up, beyond the adamantine gates
Of death expatiates, as his birthright claims
Inheritance in all the works of God,

Prepares for endleſs time his plan of life,
And counts the univerſe itſelf his home.
Whence alſo but from truth, the light of minds,
Is human fortune gladden'd with the rays
Of virtue? with the moral colours thrown
On ev'ry walk of this our ſocial ſcene,
Adorning for the eye of gods and men
The paſſions, actions, habitudes of life,
And rend'ring earth like heav'n, a ſacred place,
Where Love and Praiſe may take delight to dwell?
Let none with heedleſs tongue from truth disjoin
The reign of Virtue. Ere the dayſpring flow'd,
Like ſiſters link'd in Concord's golden chain,
They ſtood before the great Eternal Mind,
Their common parent, and by him were both
Sent forth among his creatures hand in hand,
Inſeparably join'd; nor e'er did Truth
Find an apt ear to liſten to her lore
Which knew not Virtue's voice; nor ſave where Truth's
Majeſtic words are heard and underſtood
Doth Virtue deign t'inhabit. Go, inquire
Of Nature, not among Tartarean rocks,
Whither the hungry vulture with its prey
Returns, not where the lion's ſullen roar
At noon reſounds along the lonely banks
Of ancient Tigris, but her gentler ſcenes,
The dovecote and the ſhepherd's fold at morn
Conſult; or by the meadow's fragrant hedge,
In ſpring time, when the woodland's firſt are green,
Attend the linnet ſinging to his mate,
Couch'd o'er their tender young. To this fond care
Thou doſt not Virtue's honourable name
Attribute; wherefore, ſave that not one gleam
Of truth did e'er diſcover to themſelves
Their little hearts, or teach them by th' effects
Of that parental love the love itſelf
To judge, and meaſure its officious deeds?
But man, whoſe eyelids Truth has fill'd with day,
Diſcerns how ſkilfully to bounteous ends
His wiſe affections move, with free accord

Adopts their guidance, yields himſelf ſecure
To Nature's prudent impulſe, and converts
Inſtinct to duty and to ſacred law:
Hence right and fit on earth, while thus to man
Th' Almighty Legiſlator hath explain'd
The ſprings of action fix'd within his breaſt,
Hath giv'n him pow'r to ſlacken or reſtrain
Their effort, and hath ſhewn him how they join
Their partial movements with the maſter-wheel
Of the great world, and ſerve that ſacred end
Which he th' Unerring Reaſon keeps in view.
For (if a mortal tongue may ſpeak of him
And his dread ways) ev'n as his boundleſs eye,
Connecting ev'ry form and ev'ry change,
Beholds the perfect beauty, ſo his will,
Thro' ev'ry hour producing good to all
The family of creatures, is itſelf
The perfect virtue. Let the grateful ſwain
Remember this, as oft' with joy and praiſe
He looks upon the falling dews which clothe
His lawns with verdure, and the tender ſeed
Nouriſh within his furrows; when between
Dead ſeas and burning ſkies, where long unmov'd
The bark had languiſh'd, now a ruſtling gale
Lifts o'er the fickle, waves the dancing prow,
Let the glad pilot burſting out in thanks
Remember this, leſt blind o'erweening pride
Pollute their off'rings, leſt their ſelfiſh heart
Say to the heavenly Ruler, "At our call
"Relents thy pow'r; by us thy arm is mov'd."
Fools! who of God as of each other deem;
Who his invariable acts deduce
From ſudden counſels tranſient as their own,
Nor farther of his bounty than th' event,
Which haply meets their loud and eager pray'r,
Acknowledge; nor beyond the drop minute,
Which haply they have taſted, heed the ſource
That flows for all, the fountain of his love,
Which from the ſummit where he ſits inthron'd
Pours health and joy, unfailing ſtreams, thro'out

The ſpacious region flouriſhing in view,
The goodly work of his eternal day,
His own fair univerſe, on which alone
His counſels fix, and whence alone his will
Aſſumes her ſtrong direction. Such is now
His ſovran purpoſe, ſuch it was before
All multitude of years: for his right arm
Was never idle; his beſtowing love
Knew no beginning; was not as a change
Of mood that woke at laſt, and ſtarted up
After a deep and ſolitary ſloth
Of boundleſs ages: no, he now is good;
He ever was. The feet of hoary Time
Thro' their eternal courſe have travell'd o'er
No ſpeechleſs, lifeleſs deſert, but thro' ſcenes
Cheerful with bounty ſtill, among a pomp
Of worlds, for gladneſs round the Maker's throne
Loud ſhouting, or in many dialects
Of hope and filial truſt imploring thence
The fortunes of their people, where ſo fix'd
Were all the dates of being, ſo diſpos'd
To ev'ry living ſoul of ev'ry kind
The field of motion and the hour of reſt,
That each the gen'ral happineſs might ſerve,
And by the diſcipline of laws divine,
Convinc'd of folly, or chaſtis'd from guilt,
Each might at length be happy. What remains
Shall be like what is paſs'd, but fairer ſtill,
And ſtill increaſing in the godlike gifts
Of life and truth. The ſame paternal hand,
From the mute ſhellfiſh gaſping on the ſhore,
To men, to angels, to celeſtial minds,
Will ever lead the generations on
Thro' higher ſcenes of being, while ſupply'd
From day to day by his enliv'ning breath,
Inferior orders in ſucceſſion riſe
To fill the void below. As flame aſcends,
As vapours to the earth in ſhow'rs return,
As the pois'd ocean toward th' attracting moon
Swells, and the ever liſt'ning planets, charm'd

By the ſun's call, their onward pace incline,
So all things which have life aſpire to God,
Exhauſtleſs fount of intellectual day,
Centre of ſouls! Nor doth the maſt'ring voice
Of Nature ceaſe within to prompt aright
Their ſteps, nor is the care of Heav'n withheld
From ſending to the toil external aid,
That in their ſtations all may perſevere
To climb th' aſcent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.
But this eternal fabric was not rais'd
For man's inſpection. Tho' to ſome be giv'n
To catch a tranſient viſionary glimpſe
Of that majeſtic ſcene which boundleſs pow'r
Prepares for perfect goodneſs, yet in vain
Would human life her faculties expand
T' imboſom ſuch an object; nor could e'er
Virtue or praiſe have touch'd the hearts of men,
Had not the Sovran Guide thro' every ſtage
Of this their various journey pointed out
New hopes, new toils, which to their humble ſphere
Of ſight and ſtrength might ſuch importance hold
As doth the wide creation to his own:
Hence all the little charities of life,
With all their duties; hence that fav'rite palm
Of human will when duty is ſuffic'd,
And ſtill the lib'ral ſoul in ampler deeds
Would manifeſt herſelf, that ſacred ſign
Of her rever'd affinity to him
Whoſe bounties are his own, to whom none ſaid,
"Create the wiſeſt, fulleſt, faireſt, world,
"And make its offspring happy;" who, intent
Some likeneſs of himſelf among his works
To view, hath pour'd into the human breaſt
A ray of knowledge and of love which guides
Earth's feeble race to act their Maker's part,
Self-judging, ſelf oblig'd, while from before
That godlike function the gigantic pow'r
Neceſſity, tho' wont to curb the force
Of Chaos and the ſavage elements,

Retires abash'd, as from a scene too high
For her brute tyranny, and with her bears
Her scorn'd followers, Terror and base Awe,
Who blinds herself, and that ill-suited pair,
Obedience link'd with Hatred. Then the soul
Arises in her strength, and looking round
Her busy sphere, whatever work she views,
Whatever counsel, bearing any trace
Of her Creator's likeness, whether apt
To aid her fellows, or preserve herself
In her superior functions unimpair'd,
Thither she turns exulting; that she claims
As her peculiar good; on that thro' all
The fickle seasons of the day she looks
With rev'rence still; to that as to a fence
Against affliction and the darts of pain
Her drooping hopes repair; and once oppos'd
To that, all other pleasure, other wealth,
Vile as the dross upon the molten gold
Appears, and loathsome as the briny sea
To him who languishes with thirst, and sighs
For some known fountain pure. For what can strive
With virtue? which of Nature's regions vast
Can in so many forms produce to sight
Such pow'rful beauty? beauty which the eye
Of Hatred cannot look upon secure,
Which Envy's self contemplates, and is turn'd
Ere long to tenderness, to infant smiles,
Or tears of humblest love. Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the Spring,
The Summer's noontide groves, the purple eve
At harvest-home, or in the frosty moon
Glitt'ring on some smooth sea, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the honour'd roof
Whither from highest heav'n immortal Love
His torch ethereal and his golden bow
Propitious brings, and there a temple holds,
To whose unspotted service gladly vow'd,
The social band of parent, brother, child,
With smiles, and sweet discourse, and gentle deeds,

Adore his pow'r? What gift of richeſt clime
E'er drew ſuch eager eyes, or prompted ſuch
Deep wiſhes, as the zeal that ſnatcheth back
From Slander's pois'nous tooth a foe's renown,
Or croſſeth danger in his lion walk
A rival's life to reſcue? as the young
Athenian warrior ſitting down in bonds
That his great father's body might not want
A peaceful, humble, tomb? the Roman wife
Teaching her lord how harmleſs was the wound
Of death, how impotent the tyrant's rage,
Who nothing more could threaten to afflict
Their faithful love? Or is there in th' abyſs,
Is there among the adamantine ſpheres
Wheeling unſhaken thro' the boundleſs void,
Aught that with half ſuch majeſty can fill
The human boſom, as when Brutus roſe
Refulgent from the ſtroke of Cæſar's fate
Amid the crowd of patriots, and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and ſhook the crimſon ſword
Of juſtice in his rapt aſtoniſh'd eye,
And bad the father of his country, Hail!
Fo lo the tyrant proſtrate on the duſt,
And Rome again is free! Thus thro' the paths
Of human life, in various pomp array'd,
Walks the wiſe daughter of the Judge of Heav'n,
Fair Virtue! from her Father's throne ſupreme
Sent down to utter laws ſuch as on earth
Moſt apt he knew, moſt pow'rful, to promote
The weal of all his works, the gracious end
Of his dread empire. And tho' haply man's
Obſcurer ſight ſo far beyond himſelf,
And the brief labours of his little home,
Extends not, yet, by the bright preſence won
Of this divine inſtructreſs, to her ſway
Pleas'd he aſſents, nor heeds the diſtant goal
To which her voice conducts him. Thus hath God,
Still looking tow'r'd his own high purpoſe, fix'd

The virtues of his creatures; thus he rules
The parent's fondneſs and the patriot's zeal;
Thus the warm ſenſe of honour and of ſhame,
The vows of gratitude, the faith of love,
And all the comely intercourſe of praiſe,
The joy of human life, the earthly heav'n.
How far unlike them muſt the lot of guilt
Be found! or what terreſtrial woe can match
The ſelf-convicted boſom which hath wrought
The bane of others, or enſlav'd itſelf
With ſhackles vile? Not poiſon, nor ſharp fire,
Nor the worſt pangs that ever monkiſh hate
Suggeſted, or deſpotic Rage impos'd,
Were at that ſeaſon an unwiſh'd exchange,
When the ſoul loathes herſelf, when flying thence
To crowds, on ev'ry brow ſhe ſees pourtray'd
Fell demons, Hate or Scorn, which drive her back
To ſolitude, her Judge's voice divine
To hear in ſecret, haply ſounding thro'
The troubled dreams of midnight, and ſtill, ſtill
Demanding for his violated laws
Fit recompenſe, or charging her own tongue
To ſpeak th' award of juſtice on herſelf;
For well ſhe knows what faithful hints within
Were whiſper'd to beware the lying forms
Which turn'd her footſteps from the ſafer way,
What cautions to ſuſpect their painted dreſs,
And look with ſteady eyelid on their ſmiles,
Their frowns, their tears. In vain: the dazzling hues
Of Fancy and Opinion's eager voice
Too much prevail'd; for mortals tread the path
In which Opinion ſays they follow good
Or fly from evil; and Opinion gives
Report of good or evil as the ſcene
Was drawn by Fancy, pleaſing or deform'd:
Thus her report can never there be true
Where Fancy cheats the intellectual eye
With glaring colours and diſtorted lines.
Is there a man to whom the name of death
Brings terror's ghaſtly pageants conjur'd up

Before him, death-bed groans and dismal vows,
And the frail soul plung'd headlong from the brink
Of life and daylight down the gloomy air,
An unknown depth, to gulfs of tort'ring fire
Unvisited by mercy? then what hand
Can snatch this dreamer from the fatal toils
Which Fancy and Opinion thus conspire
To twine around his heart? or who shall hush
Their clamour when they tell him that to die,
To risk those horrors, is a direr curse
Than basest life can bring? Tho' Love, with pray'rs
Most tender, with Affliction's sacred tears,
Beseech his aid, tho' Gratitude and Faith
Condemn each step which loiters, yet let none
Make answer for him, that if any frown
Of danger thwart his path, he will not stay
Content, and be a wretch to be secure.
Here vice begins then: at the gate of life,
Ere the young multitude to diverse roads
Part, like fond pilgrims on a journey unknown,
Sits Fancy, deep enchantress! and to each
With kind maternal looks presents her bowl,
A potent bev'rage. Heedless they comply,
Till the whole soul from that mysterious draught
Is ting'd, and ev'ry transient thought imbibes
Of gladness or disgust, desire or fear,
One homebred colour, which not all the lights
Of science e'er shall change, not all the storms
Of adverse fortune wash away, nor yet
The robe of purest virtue quite conceal.
Thence on they pass, where meeting frequent shapes
Of good and evil, cunning phantoms apt
To fire or freeze the breast, with them they join
In dang'rous parley, list'ning oft', and oft'
Gazing with reckless passion, while its garb
The spectre heightens, and its pompous tale
Repeats with some new circumstance to suit
That early tincture of the hearer's soul.
And should the guardian Reason but for one
Short moment yield to this illusive scene

His ear and eye, th' intoxicating charm
Involves him, till no longer he diſcerns,
Or only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band, that ſpurn him from the throne,
And all is uproar: hence Ambition climbs
With ſliding feet and hands impure to graſp
Thoſe ſolemn toys which glitter in his view
On Fortune's rugged ſteep; hence pale Revenge
Unſheaths her murd'rous dagger; Rapine hence,
And envious Luſt, by venal Fraud upborne,
Surmount the rev'rend barrier of the laws,
Which kept them from their prey: hence all the crimes
That e'er defil'd the earth, and all the plagues
That follow them for vengeance, in the guiſe
Of honour, ſafety, pleaſure, eaſe, or pomp,
Stole firſt into the fond believing mind.

Yet not by Fancy's witchcraft on the brain
Are always the tumult'ous paſſions driv'n
To guilty deeds, nor Reaſon bound in chains
That Vice alone may lord it: oft' adorn'd
With motley pageants Folly mounts his throne,
And plays her idiot antics like a queen.
A thouſand garbs ſhe wears, a thouſand ways
She whirls her giddy empire.—Lo, thus far
With bold adventure to the Mantuan lyre
I ſing for contemplation link'd with love
A penſive theme: now haply ſhould my ſong
Unbend that ſerious count'nance, and learn
Thalia's tripping gait, her ſhrill-ton'd voice,
Her wiles familiar, whether ſcorn ſhe darts
In wanton ambuſh from her lip or eye,
Or whether with a ſad diſguiſe of care
O'er-mantling her gay brow ſhe acts in ſport
The deeds of Folly, and from all ſides round
Calls forth impetuous Laughter's gay rebuke,
Her province. But thro' every comic ſcene
To lead my Muſe with her light pencil arm'd,
Thro' every ſwift occaſion which the hand
Of Laughter points at when the mirthful ſting
Diſtends her lab'ring ſides and chokes her tongue,

Were endleſs as to ſound each grating note
With which the rooks and chatt'ring daws, and grave
Unwieldy inmates of the village pond,
The changing ſeaſons of the ſky proclaim,
Sun, cloud, or ſhow'r. Suffice it to have ſaid,
Where'r the pow'r of Ridicule diſplays
Her quaint-ey'd viſage, ſome incongr'ous form,
Some ſtubborn diſſonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on her quick perception, whether Pomp,
Or Praiſe, or Beauty, be dragg'd in, and ſhown
Where ſordid faſhions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul Deformity, is wont to dwell;
Or whether theſe with ſhrewd and wayward ſpite
Invade reſplendent Pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of Beauty or the boaſt of Praiſe.
  Aſk we for what fair end th' Almighty Sire
In mortal boſoms ſtirs this gay contempt,
Theſe grateful pangs of laughter, from diſguſt
Educing pleaſure? Wherefore but to aid
The tardy ſteps of Reaſon, and at once
By this prompt impulſe urge us to depreſs
Wild Folly's aims? for tho' the ſober light
Of Truth, ſlow dawning on the watchful mind,
At length unfolds, thro' many a ſubtle tie,
How theſe uncouth diſorders end at laſt
In public evil, yet benignant Heav'n,
Conſcious how dim the dawn of truth appears
To thouſands, conſcious what a ſcanty pauſe
From labour and from care the wider lot
Of humble life affords for ſtudious thought
To ſcan the maze of Nature, therefore ſtamp'd
Theſe glaring ſcenes with characters of ſcorn,
As broad, as obvious, to the paſſing clown
As to the letter'd ſage's curious eye.
  But other evils o'er the ſteps of man
Thro' all his walks impend, againſt whoſe might
The ſlender darts of laughter nought avail;
A trivial warfare. Some like cruel guards
On Nature's ever-moving throne attend,
With miſchief arm'd for him whoe'er ſhall thwart

The path of her inexorable wheels,
While she pursues the work that must be done
Thro' ocean, earth, and air: hence frequent forms
Of woe; the merchant with his wealthy bark
Bury'd by dashing waves, the traveller
Pierc'd by the pointed lightning in his haste,
And the poor husbandman with folded arms
Surveying his lost labours, and a heap
Of blasted chaff, the product of the field,
Whence he expected bread. But worse than these
I deem, far worse, that other race of ills
Which humankind rear up among themselves,
That horrid offspring which misgovern'd Will
Bears to fantastic Error; Vices, Crimes,
Furies that curse the earth, and make the blows,
The heaviest blows, of Nature's innocent hand
Seem sport; which are indeed but as the care
Of a wise parent who solicits good
To all her house, tho' haply at the price
Of tears, and froward wailing, and reproach,
From some unthinking child, whom not the less
Its mother destines to be happy still.

These sources then of pain, this double lot
Of evil in th' inheritance of man,
Requir'd for his protection no slight force,
No careless watch, and therefore was his breast
Fenc'd round with passions quick to be alarm'd,
Or stubborn to oppose; with fear more swift
Than beacons catching flame from hill to hill
Where armies land, with anger uncontroll'd
As the young lion bounding on his prey,
With sorrow that locks up the struggling heart,
And shame that overcasts the drooping eye
As with a cloud of lightning. These the part
Perform of eager monitors, and goad
The soul more sharply than with points of steel
Her enemies to shun or to resist:
And as those passions that converse with good
Are good themselves, as hope, and love, and joy,
Among the fairest and the sweetest boons

Of life we rightly count, ſo theſe which guard
Againſt invading evil ſtill excite
Some pain, ſome tumult; theſe within the mind
Too oft' admitted, or too long retain'd,
Shock their frail ſeat, and, by their uncurb'd rage,
To ſavages more fell than Lybia breeds
Transform themſelves, till human thought becomes
A gloomy ruin, haunt of ſhapes unbleſs'd,
Of ſelf-tormenting fiends, Horror, Deſpair,
Hatred, and wicked Envy, foes to all
The works of Nature and the gifts of Heav'n.
But when thro' blameleſs paths to righteous ends
Thoſe keener paſſions urge th' awaken'd ſoul,
I would not as ungracious violence
Their ſway deſcribe, nor from their free career
The fellowſhip of Pleaſure quite exclude:
For what can render to the ſelf-approv'd
Their temper void of comfort, tho' in pain?
Who knows not with what majeſty divine
The forms of Truth and Juſtice to the mind
Appear, ennobling oft' the ſharpeſt woe
With triumph and rejoicing? Who, that bears
A human boſom, hath not often felt
How dear are all thoſe ties which bind our race
In gentleneſs together, and how ſweet
Their force, let Fortune's wayward hand the while
Be kind or cruel? Aſk the faithful youth
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms, ſo often draws
His lonely footſteps, ſilent and unſeen,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er ſeduce his boſom to forego
Thoſe ſacred hours, when, ſtealing from the noiſe
Of care and envy, ſweet remembrance ſoothes
With virtue's kindeſt looks his aking breaſt,
And turns his tears to rapture. Aſk the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village walk
To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below
The ſavage winds have hurl'd upon the coaſt

Some helpleſs bark, while holy Pity melts
The gen'ral eye, or Terror's icy hand
Smites their diſtorted limbs and horrent hair,
While ev'ry mother cloſer to her breaſt
Catcheth her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam thro' the ſhatter'd veſſel, ſhrieks aloud
As one poor wretch, who ſpreads his piteous arms
For ſuccour, ſwallow'd by the roaring ſurge,
As now another daſh'd againſt the rock
Drops lifeleſs down. O! deemeſt thou indeed
No pleaſing influence here by Nature giv'n
To mutual terror and Compaſſion's tears?
No tender charm myſterious, which attracts
O'er all that edge of pain the ſocial pow'rs
To this their proper action and their end?
Aſk thy own heart, when at the midnight hour
Slow thro' that penſive gloom thy pauſing eye,
Led by the glimm'ring taper, moves around
The rev'rend volumes of the dead, the ſongs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian heroes, where the Sov'ran Pow'r
Of heav'n and earth ſurveys th' immortal page,
Even as a father meditating all
The praiſes of his ſon, and bids the reſt
Of mankind there the faireſt model learn
Of their own nature, and the nobleſt deeds
Which yet the world hath ſeen: if then thy ſoul
Join in the lot of thoſe diviner men,
Say, when the proſpect darkens on thy view,
When, ſunk by many a wound, heroic ſtates
Mourn in the duſt, and tremble at the frown
Of hard Ambition; when the gen'rous band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their ſires
Lie ſide by ſide in death; when brutal Force
Uſurps the throne of Juſtice, turns the pomp
Of guardian pow'r, the majeſty of rule,
The ſword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To poor diſhoneſt pageants, to adorn
A robber's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of ſuch as bow the knee; when beauteous works,

Rewards of virtue, ſculptur'd forms, which deck'd
With more than human grace the warrior's arch
Or patriot's tomb, now victims to appeaſe
Tyrannic Envy, ſtrew the common path
With awful ruins; when the Muſes' haunt,
The marble Porch where Wiſdom, wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more
Save the hoarſe jargon of contentious monks,
Or female Superſtition's midnight pray'r;
When ruthleſs Havock from the hand of Time
Tears the deſtroying ſcythe, with ſurer ſtroke
To mow the monuments of glory down,
Till Deſolation o'er the graſs-grown ſtreet
Expands her raven wings, and from the gate
Where ſenates once the weal of nations plann'd,
Hiſſeth the gliding ſnake thro' hoary weeds
That claſp the mould'ring column: thus when all
The widely mournful ſcene is fix'd within
Thy throbbing boſom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or daſh Octavius from the trophy'd car,
Say, doth thy ſecret ſoul repine to taſte
The big diſtreſs? or wouldſt thou then exchange
Thoſe heart-ennobling ſorrows for the lot
Of him who ſits amid the gaudy herd
Of ſilent flatt'rers bending to his nod,
And o'er them like a giant caſts his eye,
And ſays within himſelf, "I am a king,
"And wherefore ſhould the clam'rous voice of Woe
"Intrude upon mine ear?" The dregs corrupt
Of barb'rous ages, that Circean draught
Of ſervitude and folly, have not yet,
Bleſs'd be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!
Yet have not ſo diſhonour'd, ſo deform'd,
The native judgment of the human ſoul,
Nor ſo effac'd the image of her Sire.

THE

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK III.

MDCCLXX.

WHAT tongue then may explain the various fate
Which reigns o'er earth? or who to mortal eyes
Illuſtrate this perplexing labyrinth
Of joy and woe thro' which the feet of man
Are doom'd to wander? That Eternal Mind,
From paſſions, wants, and envy, far eſtrang'd,
Who built the ſpacious univerſe, and deck'd
Each part ſo richly with whate'er pertains
To life, to health, to pleaſure, why bad he
The viper Evil creeping in pollute
The goodly ſcene, and with inſidious rage,
While the poor inmate looks around and ſmiles,
Dart her fell ſting with poiſon to his ſoul?
Hard is the queſtion, and from ancient days
Hath ſtill oppreſs'd with care the ſage's thought,
Hath drawn forth accents from the poet's lyre
Too ſad, too deeply plaintive; nor did e'er
Thoſe chiefs of humankind, from whom the light
Of heav'nly truth firſt gleam'd on barb'rous lands,
Forget this dreadful ſecret, when they told
What wondrous things had to their favour'd eyes
And ears on cloudy mountain been reveal'd,
Or in deep cave by nymph or pow'r divine,
Portentous oft' and wild: yet one I know,
Could I the ſpeech of lawgivers aſſume,
One old and ſplendid tale I would record,
With which the Muſe of Solon in ſweet ſtrains
Adorn'd this theme profound, and render'd all
Its darkneſs, all its terrors, bright as noon,
Or gentle as the golden ſtar of eve.
Who knows not Solon? laſt and wiſeſt far
Of thoſe whom Greece triumphant in the height
Of glory ſtyl'd her Fathers? him whoſe voice
Thro' Athens huſh'd the ſtorm of civil wrath,

Taught envious Want and cruel Wealth to join
In friendſhip, and with ſweet compulſion tam'd
Minerva's eager people to his laws,
Which their own goddeſs in his breaſt inſpir'd?
'Twas now the time when his heroic taſk
Seem'd but perform'd in vain, when, ſooth'd by years
Of flatt'ring ſervice, the fond multitude
Hung with their ſudden counſels on the breath
Of great Piſiſtratus, that chief renown'd,
Whom Hermes and th' Idalian queen had train'd
E'en from his birth to ev'ry pow'rful art
Of pleaſing and perſuading, from whoſe lips
Flow'd eloquence which like the vows of love
Could ſteal away ſuſpicion from the hearts
Of all who liſten'd. Thus from day to day
He won the gen'ral ſuffrage, and beheld
Each rival overſhadow'd and depreſs'd
Beneath his ampler ſtate, yet oft complain'd
As one leſs kindly treated, who had hop'd
To merit favour, but ſubmits perforce
To find another's ſervices preferr'd,
Nor yet relaxeth aught of faith or zeal.
Then tales were ſcatter'd of his envious foes,
Of ſnares that watch'd his fame, of daggers aim'd
Againſt his life. At laſt, with trembling limbs,
His hair diffus'd and wild, his garments looſe,
And ſtain'd with blood from ſelf-inflicted wounds,
He burſt into the public place, as there,
There only, were his refuge, and declar'd
In broken words, with ſighs of deep regret,
The mortal danger he had ſcarce repell'd.
Fir'd with his tragic tale, th' indignant crowd,
To guard his ſteps, forthwith a menial band,
Array'd beneath his eye for deeds of war,
Decree: O ſtill too lib'ral of their truſt,
And oft' betray'd by over-grateful love,
The gen'rous people! Now behold him fenc'd
By mercenary weapons, like a king
Forth iſſuing from the city-gate at eve
To ſeek his rural manſion, and with pomp

Crowding the public road. The ſwain ſtops ſhort,
And ſighs; th' officious townſmen ſtand at gaze,
And ſhrinking give the ſullen pageant room.
Yet not the leſs obſequious was his brow,
Nor leſs profuſe of courteous words his tongue,
Of gracious gifts his hand, the while by ſtealth,
Like a ſmall torrent fed with ev'ning ſhow'rs,
His train increas'd; till at that fatal time,
Juſt as the public eye, with doubt and ſhame
Startled, began to queſtion what it ſaw,
Swift as the ſound of earthquakes ruſh'd a voice
Thro' Athens, that Piſiſtratus had fill'd
The rocky citadel with hoſtile arms,
Had barr'd the ſteep aſcent, and ſat within
Amid his hirelings meditating death
To all whoſe ſtubborn necks his yoke refus'd.
Where then was Solon? After ten long years
Of abſence, full of haſte, from foreign ſhores
The ſage, the lawgiver, had now arriv'd,
Arriv'd, alas! to ſee that Athens, that
Fair temple rais'd by him, and ſacred call'd
To Liberty and Concord, now profan'd
By ſavage hate, or ſunk into a den
Of ſlaves, who crouch beneath the maſter's ſcourge,
And deprecate his wrath and court his chains.
Yet did not the wiſe patriot's grief impede
His virt'ous will, nor was his heart inclin'd
One moment with ſuch womanlike diſtreſs
To view the tranſient ſtorms of civil war,
As thence to yield his country and her hopes
To all-devouring bondage. His bright helm,
E'en while the traitor's impious act is told,
He buckles on his hoary head, he girds
With mail his ſtooping breaſt, the ſhield, the ſpear,
He ſnatcheth, and with ſwift indignant ſtrides
Th' aſſembled people ſeeks, proclaims aloud
It was no time for counſel, in their ſpears
Lay all their prudence now; the tyrant yet
Was not ſo firmly ſeated on his throne,
But that one ſhock of their united force

Would dash him from the summit of his pride
Headlong and grov'lling in the dust. What else
Can reassert the lost Athenian name,
So cheaply to the laughter of the world
Betray'd, by guile beneath an infant's faith
So mock'd and scorn'd? Away then; Freedom now
And Safety dwell not but with fame in arms;
Myself will shew you where their mansion lies,
And thro' the walks of danger or of death
Conduct you to them. While he spake, thro' all
Their crowded ranks his quick sagacious eye
He darted, where no cheerful voice was heard
Of social daring, no stretch'd arm was seen
Hast'ning their common task, but pale mistrust
Wrinkled each brow: they shook their heads, and down
Their slack hands hung: cold sighs and whisper'd doubts
From breath to breath stole round. The sage mean-time
Look'd speechless on, while his big bosom heav'd
Struggling with shame and sorrow, till at last
A tear broke forth; and "O immortal Shades!
"O Theseus!" he exclaim'd, "O Codrus! where,
"Where are ye now? behold for what ye toil'd
"Thro' life! behold for whom ye chose to die!"
No more he added, but with lonely steps,
Weary and slow, his silver beard depress'd,
And his stern eyes bent heedless on the ground,
Back to his silent dwelling he repair'd;
There o'er the gate his armour, as a man
Whom from the service of the war his chief
Dismisseth after no inglorious toil,
He fix'd in gen'ral view: one wishful look
He sent unconscious tow'rd the public place
At parting, then beneath his quiet roof,
Without a word, without a sigh, retir'd.
Scarce had the morrow's sun his golden rays
From sweet Hymettus darted o'er the fanes
Of Cecrops to the Salaminian shores,
When lo! on Solon's threshold met the feet
Of four Athenians, by the same sad care

Conducted all, than whom the ſtate beheld
None nobler. Firſt came Megacles, the ſon
Of great Alcmeon, whom the Lydian king,
The mild unhappy Crœſus, in his days
Of glory, had with coſtly gifts adorn'd,
Fair veſſels, ſplendid garments, tinctur'd webs,
And heaps of treaſur'd gold, beyond the lot
Of many ſovrans; thus requiting well
That hoſpitable favour which erewhile
Alcmeon to his meſſengers had ſhewn,
Whom he with off'rings worthy of the god
Sent from his throne in Sardis to revere
Apollo's Delphic ſhrine. With Megacles
Approach'd his ſon, whom Agariſta bore,
The virtuous child of Cliſthenes, whoſe hand
Of Grecian ſceptres the moſt ancient far
In Sicyon ſway'd; but greater fame he drew
From arms controll'd by juſtice, from the love
Of the wiſe Muſes, and the unenvy'd wreath
Which glad Olympia gave; for thither once
His warlike ſteeds the hero led, and there
Contended thro' the tumult of the courſe
With ſkilful wheels. Then victor at the goal,
Amid th' applauſes of aſſembled Greece
High on his car he ſtood, and wav'd his arm:
Silence enſu'd, when ſtraight the herald's voice
Was heard inviting ev'ry Grecian youth,
Whom Cliſthenes content might call his ſon,
To viſit ere twice thirty days were paſs'd
The towers of Sicyon. There the chief decreed,
Within the circuit of the following year,
To join at Hymen's altar, hand in hand
With his fair daughter, him among the gueſts
Whom worthieſt he ſhould deem. Forthwith from all
The bounds of Greece th' ambitious wooers came;
From rich Heſperia; from th' Illyrian ſhore,
Where Epidamnus over Adria's ſurge
Looks on the ſetting ſun; from thoſe brave tribes,
Chaonian or Moloſſian, whom the race
Of great Achilles governs, glorying ſtill

In Troy o'erthrown; from rough Ætolia, nurſe
Of men who firſt among the Greeks threw off
The yoke of kings, to commerce and to arms
Devoted; from Theſſalia's fertile meads,
Where flows Peneus near the lofty walls
Of Cranon old; from ſtrong Eretria, queen
Of all Eubœan cites, who ſublime
On the ſteep margin of Euripus views
Acroſs the tide the Marathonian plain,
Not yet the haunt of glory: Athens too,
Minerva's care, among her graceful ſons
Found equal lovers for the princely maid;
Nor was proud Argos wanting; nor the domes
Of ſacred Elis; nor th' Arcadian groves
That overſhade Alpheus, echoing oft'
Some ſhepherd's ſong. But thro' th' illuſtrious band
Was none who might with Megacles compare
In all the honours of unblemiſh'd youth.
His was the beauteous bride; and now their ſon,
Young Cliſthenes, betimes at Solon's gate
Stood anxious, leaning forward on the arm
Of his great ſire, with earneſt eyes that aſk'd
When the ſlow hinge would turn, with reſtleſs feet,
And cheeks now pale, now glowing; for his heart
Throbb'd, full of burſting paſſions, anger, grief,
With ſcorn imbitter'd by the gen'rous boy
Scarce underſtood, but which, like noble ſeeds,
Are deſtin'd, for his country and himſelf,
In riper years, to bring forth fruits divine
Of liberty and glory. Next appear'd
Two brave companions, whom one mother bore
To diff'rent lords, but whom the better ties
Of firm eſteem and friendſhip render'd more
Than brothers; firſt Miltiades, who drew
From godlike Æacus his ancient line,
That Æacus whoſe unimpeach'd renown
For ſanctity and juſtice won the lyre
Of elder bards to celebrate him thron'd
In Hades o'er the dead, where his decrees
The guilty ſoul within the burning gates

Of Tartarus compel, or ſend the good
T' inhabit with eternal health and peace
The vallies of Elyſium. From a ſtem
So ſacred ne'er could worthier ſcion ſpring
Than this Miltiades, whoſe aid ere long
The chiefs of Thrace, already on their way,
Sent by th' inſpir'd foreknowing maid who ſits
Upon the Delphic tripod, ſhall implore
To wield their ſceptre, and the rural wealth
Of fruitful Cherſoneſus to protect
With arms and laws: but nothing careful now,
Save for his injur'd country, here he ſtands
In deep ſolicitude with Cimon join'd,
Unconſcious both what widely diff'rent lots
Await them, taught by Nature, as they are,
To know one common good, one common ill:
For Cimon not his valour, not his birth,
Deriv'd from Codrus, not a thouſand gifts
Dealt round him with a wiſe benignant hand,
No, not th' Olympic olive, by himſelf
From his own brow transferr'd to ſoothe the mind
Of this Piſiſtratus, can long preſerve
From the fell envy of the tyrant's ſons
And their aſſaſſin dagger. But if death
Obſcure upon his gentle ſteps attend,
Yet Fate an ample recompence prepares
In his victorious ſon, that other great
Miltiades, who o'er the very throne
Of glory ſhall with Time's aſſiduous hand
In adamantine characters engrave
The name of Athens, and, by Freedom arm'd
'Gainſt the gigantic pride of Aſia's king,
Shall all th' achievements of the heroes old
Surmount, of Hercules, of all who ſail'd
From Theſſaly with Jaſon, all who fought
For empire or for fame at Thebes or Troy.
Such were the patriots who within the porch
Of Solon had aſſembled; but the gate
Now opens, and acroſs the ample floor
Straight they proceed into an open ſpace

Bright with the beams of morn, a verdant ſpot,
Where ſtands a rural altar, pil'd with ſods
Cut from the graſſy turf, and girt with wreaths
Of branching palm. Here Solon's ſelf they found
Clad in a robe of purple pure, and deck'd
With leaves of olive on his rev'rend brow.
He bow'd before the altar, and o'er cakes
Of barley from two earthen veſſels pour'd
Of honey and of milk a plenteous ſtream,
Calling mean-time the Muſes to accept
His ſimple off'ring, by no victim ting'd
With blood, nor fully'd by deſtroying fire,
But ſuch as for himſelf Apollo claims
In his own Delos, where his fav'rite haunt
Is thence the altar of the Pious nam'd.
Unſeen the gueſts drew near, and ſilent view'd
That worſhip, till the hero prieſt his eye
Turn'd tow'rd a ſeat on which prepar'd there lay
A branch of laurel; then his friends confeſs'd
Before him ſtood. Backward his ſtep he drew,
As loth that care or tumult ſhould approach
Thoſe early rights divine; but ſoon their looks
So anxious, and their hands held forth with ſuch
Deſponding geſture, bring him on perforce
To ſpeak to their affliction. "Are ye come,"
He cry'd, "to mourn with me this common ſhame?
"Or aſk ye ſome new effort which may break
"Our fetters? Know then of the public cauſe,
"Not for yon' traitor's cunning or his might,
"Do I deſpair; nor could I wiſh from Jove
"Aught dearer than at this late hour of life,
"As once by laws ſo now by ſtrenuous arms,
"From impious violation to aſſert
"The rights our fathers left us. But, alas!
"What arms? or who ſhall wield them? Ye beheld
"Th' Athenian people. Many bitter days
"Muſt paſs, and many wounds from cruel Pride
"Be felt, ere yet their partial hearts find room
"For juſt reſentment, or their hands endure
"To ſmite this tyrant brood, ſo near to all

" Their hopes, ſo oft' admir'd, ſo long belov'd.
" That time will come however. Be it yours
" To watch its fair approach, and urge it on
" With honeſt prudence: me it ill beſeems
" Again to ſupplicate th' unwilling crowd
" To reſcue from a vile deceiver's hold
" That envy'd pow'r which once with eager zeal
" They offer'd to myſelf; nor can I plunge
" In counſels deep and various, nor prepare
" For diſtant wars, thus fault'ring as I tread
" On life's laſt verge, ere long to join the ſhades
" Of Minos and Lycurgus. But behold
" What care employs me now. My vows I pay
" To the ſweet Muſes, teachers of my youth,
" And ſolace of my age. If right I deem
" Of the ſtill voice that whiſpers at my heart,
" Th' immortal Siſters have not quite withdrawn
" Their old harmonious influence. Let your tongues
" With ſacred ſilence favour what I ſpeak,
" And haply ſhall my faithful lips be taught
" T' unfold celeſtial counſels, which may arm
" As with impenetrable ſteel your breaſts
" For the long ſtrife before you, and repel
" The darts of adverſe Fate." He ſaid, and ſnatch'd
The laurel bough, and ſat in ſilence down,
Fix'd, wrapp'd in ſolemn muſing, full before
The ſun, who now from all his radiant orb
Drove the gray clouds, and pour'd his genial light
Upon the breaſt of Solon. Solon rais'd
Aloft the leafy rod, and thus began:
" Ye beauteous offspring of Olympian Jove
" And Memory divine, Pierian Maids!
" Hear me propitious. In the morn of life,
" When hope ſhone bright and all the proſpect ſmil'd,
" To your ſequeſter'd manſion oft' my ſteps
" Were turn'd, O Muſes! and within your gate
" My off'rings paid. Ye taught me then with ſtrains
" Of flowing harmony to ſoften War's
" Dire voice, or in fair colours, that might charm
" The public eye, to cloath the form auſtere

" Of civil counſel. Now my feeble age
" Neglected, and ſupplanted of the hope
" On which it lean'd, yet ſinks not, but to you,
" To your mild wiſdom, flies, refuge belov'd
" Of ſolitude and ſilence. Ye can teach
" The viſions of my bed whate'er the gods
" In the rude ages of the world inſpir'd,
" Or the firſt heroes acted; ye can make
" The morning light more gladſome to my ſenſe
" Than ever it appear'd to active youth
" Purſuing careleſs pleaſure; ye can give
" To this long leiſure, theſe unheeded hours,
" A labour as ſublime as when the ſons
" Of Athens throng'd, and ſpeechleſs round me ſtood,
" To hear pronounc'd for all their future deeds
" The bounds of right and wrong. Celeſtial Powr's!
" I feel that ye are near me; and behold
" To meet your energy divine I bring
" A high and ſacred theme, nor leſs than thoſe
" Which to th' eternal cuſtody of Fame
" Your lips intruſted, when of old ye deign'd
" With Orpheus or with Homer to frequent
" The groves of Hemus or the Chian ſhore.
" Ye know, harmonious Maids! (for what of all
" My various life was e'er from you eſtrang'd?)
" Oft' hath my ſolitary ſong to you
" Reveal'd that duteous pride which turn'd my ſteps
" To willing exile, earneſt to withdraw
" From envy and the diſappointed thirſt
" Of lucre, leſt the bold familiar ſtrife
" Which in the eye of Athens they upheld
" Againſt her legiſlator, ſhould impair
" With trivial doubt the rev'rence of his laws:
" To Egypt therefore thro' th' Ægean iſles
" My courſe I ſteer'd, and by the banks of Nile
" Dwelt in Canopus; thence the hallow'd domes
" Of Saïs, and the rites to Iſis paid,
" I ſought, and in her temple's ſilent courts
" Thro' many changing moons attentive heard
" The venerable Sonchis, while his tongue

" At morn or midnight the deep ſtory told
" Of her who repreſents whate'er has been,
" Or is, or ſhall be, whoſe myſterious veil
" No mortal hand hath ever yet remov'd.
" By him exhorted, ſouthward to the walls
" Of On I paſs'd, the city of the Sun,
" The ever youthful god: 'twas there, amid
" His prieſts and ſages, who the livelong night
" Watch the dread movements of the ſtarry ſphere,
" Or who in wondrous fables half diſcloſe
" The ſecrets of the elements, it was there
" That great Pſenophis taught my raptur'd ears
" The fame of old Atlantis, of her chiefs,
" And her pure laws, the firſt which earth obey'd.
" Deep in my boſom ſunk the noble tale;
" And often while I liſten'd did my mind
" Foretel with what delight her own free lyre
" Should ſome time for an Attic audience raiſe
" Anew that lofty ſcene, and from their tombs
" Call forth thoſe ancient demigods to ſpeak
" Of juſtice and the hidden providence
" That walk among mankind. But yet mean-time
" The myſtic pomp of Ammon's gloomy ſons
" Became leſs pleaſing: with contempt I gaz'd
" On that tame garb, and thoſe unvarying paths,
" To which the double yoke of king and prieſt
" Had cramp'd the ſullen race. At laſt, with hymns
" Invoking our own Pallas and the gods
" Of cheerful Greece, a glad farewell I gave
" To Egypt, and before the ſouthern wind
" Spread my full ſails. What climes I then ſurvey'd,
" What fortunes I encounter'd in the realm
" Of Crœſus, or upon the Cyprian ſhore,
" The Muſe who prompts my boſom doth not now
" Conſent that I reveal. But when at length
" Ten times the ſun returning from the ſouth
" Had ſtrow'd with flowr's the verdant earth, and fill'd
" The groves with muſic, pleas'd I then beheld
" The term of thoſe long errors drawing nigh.
" Nor yet, I ſaid, will I ſit down within

" The walls of Athens till my feet have trod
" The Cretan ſoil, have pierc'd thoſe rev'rend haunts
" Whence Law and civil Concord iſſu'd forth
" As from their ancient home; and ſtill to Greece
" Their wiſeſt, loftieſt diſcipline proclaim.
" Straight where Amniſus, mart of wealthy ſhips,
" Appears beneath fam'd Gnoſſus and her tow'rs,
" Like the fair handmaid of a ſtately queen,
" I check'd my prow, and thence with eager ſteps
" The city of Minos enter'd. O ye gods!
" Who taught the leaders of the ſimpler time
" By written words to curb the untow'rd will
" Of mortals, how within that gen'rous iſle
" Have ye the triumphs of your pow'r diſplay'd
" Munificent! Thoſe ſplendid merchants, lords
" Of traffic and the ſea, with what delight
" I ſaw them at their public meal, like ſons
" Of the ſame houſhold, join the plainer ſort,
" Whoſe wealth was only freedom! whence to theſe
" Vile envy and to thoſe fantaſtic pride
" Alike was ſtrange; but noble concord ſtill
" Cheriſh'd the ſtrength untam'd, the ruſtic faith,
" Of their firſt fathers. Then the growing race,
" How pleaſing to behold them in their ſchools,
" Their ſports, their labours, ever plac'd within,
" O ſhade of Minos! thy controlling eye!
" Here was a docile band in tuneful tones
" Thy laws pronouncing, or with lofty hymns
" Praiſing the bounteous gods; or, to preſerve
" Their country's heroes from oblivious night,
" Reſounding what the Muſe inſpir'd of old:
" There on the verge of manhood others met
" In heavy armour thro' the heats of noon
" To march, the rugged mountain's height to climb
" With meaſur'd ſwiftneſs, from the hard-bent bow
" To ſend reſiſtleſs arrows to their mark,
" Or for the fame of proweſs to contend,
" Now wreſtling, now with fiſts and ſtaves oppos'd,
" Now with the biting falchion, and the fence
" Of brazen ſhields, while ſtill the warbling flute

" Preſided o'er the combat, breathing ſtrains
" Grave, ſolemn, ſoft, and changing headlong ſpite
" To thoughtful reſolution cool and clear.
" Such I beheld thoſe iſlanders renown'd,
" So tutor'd from their birth to meet in war
" Each bold invader, and in peace to guard
" That living flame of rev'rence for their laws,
" Which nor the ſtorms of Fortune, nor the flood
" Of foreign wealth diffus'd o'er all the land,
" Could quench or ſlacken. Firſt of human names
" In ev'ry Cretan's heart was Minos' ſtill;
" And holieſt far of what the ſun ſurveys
" Thro' his whole courſe were thoſe primeval ſeats
" Which with religious footſteps he had taught
" Their ſires t' approach, the wild Dictean cave
" Where Jove was born, the ever verdant meads
" Of Ida, and the ſpacious grotto where
" His active youth he paſs'd, and where his throne
" Yet ſtands myſterious, whither Minos came
" Each ninth returning year, the king of gods
" And mortals, there in ſecret to conſult
" On juſtice, and the tables of his law
" T' inſcribe anew: oft' alſo with like zeal
" Great Rhea's manſion from the Gnoſſian gates
" Men viſit, nor leſs oft' the antic fane
" Built on that ſacred ſpot along the banks
" Of ſhady Theron, where benignant Jove
" And his majeſtic conſort join'd their hands,
" And ſpoke their nuptial vows. Alas! it was there
" That the dire fame of Athens ſunk in bonds
" I firſt receiv'd, what time an annual feaſt
" Had ſummon'd all the genial country round
" By ſacrifice and pomp to bring to mind
" That firſt great ſpouſal, while the enamour'd youths
" And virgins with the prieſt before the ſhrine
" Obſerve the ſame pure ritual, and invoke
" The ſame glad omens. There among the crowd
" Of ſtrangers from thoſe naval cities drawn
" Which deck like gems the iſland's northern ſhore,
" A merchant of Ægina I deſcry'd,

" My ancient hoſt; but forward as I ſprung
" To meet him, he with dark dejected brow
" Stoop'd half averſe; and, " O Athenian gueſt!
He ſaid, " art thou in Crete theſe joyful rites
" Partaking? Know thy laws are blotted out;
" Thy Country kneels before a Tyrant's throne."
" He added names of men, with hoſtile deeds
" Diſaſtrous, which obſcure and indiſtinct
" I heard; for while he ſpake my heart grew cold,
" And my eyes dim; the altars and their train
" No more were preſent to me; how I far'd,
" Or whither turn'd, I know not, nor recall
" Aught of thoſe moments, other than the ſenſe
" Of one who ſtruggles in oppreſſive ſleep,
" And from the toils of ſome diſtreſsful dream
" To break away, with palpitating heart,
" Weak limbs, and temples bath'd in deathlike dew,
" Makes many a painful effort. When at laſt
" The ſun and Nature's face again appear'd,
" Not far I found me, where the public path
" Winding thro' cypreſs groves and ſwelling meads
" From Gnoſſus to the cave of Jove aſcends:
" Heedleſs I follow'd on, till ſoon the ſkirts
" Of Ida roſe before me, and the vault
" Wide op'ning pierc'd the mountain's rocky ſide.
" Ent'ring within the threſhold, on the ground
" I flung me, ſad, faint, overworn with toil.

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THE

BEGINNING OF THE FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

MDCCLXX.

ONE effort more, one chearful ſally more,
Our deſtin'd courſe will finiſh; and in peace
Then for an off'ring ſacred to the pow'rs
Who lent us gracious guidance, we will then
Inſcribe a monument of deathleſs praiſe,
O my advent'rous Song! With ſteady ſpeed
Long haſt thou, on an untry'd voyage bound,
Sail'd between earth and heav'n; haſt now ſurvey'd
Stretch'd out beneath thee all the mazy tracks
Of paſſion and opinion, like a waſte
Of ſands, and flow'ry lawns, and tangling woods,
Where mortals roam bewilder'd; and haſt now
Exulting ſoar'd among the worlds above,
Or hover'd near th' eternal gates of heav'n,
If haply the diſcourſes of the gods
A curious but an unpreſuming gueſt
Thou might'ſt partake, and carry back ſome ſtrain
Of divine wiſdom, lawful to repeat,
And apt to be conceiv'd, of man below.
A diff'rent taſk remains, the ſecret paths
Of early genius to explore, to trace
Thoſe haunts where Fancy her predeſtin'd ſons,
Like to the demi-gods of old, doth nurſe
Remote from eyes profane. Ye happy ſouls!
Who now her tender diſcipline obey,
Where dwell ye? what wild river's brink at eve
Imprint your ſteps? what ſolemn groves at noon
Uſe ye to viſit, often breaking forth
In rapture 'mid your dilatory walk,
Or muſing as in ſlumber on the green?
—Would I again were with you!—O ye Dales
Of Tyne! and ye moſt ancient Woodlands! where
Oft' as the giant flood obliquely ſtrides,

And his banks open and his lawns extend,
Stops short the pleased traveller to view
Presiding o'er the scene some rustic tow'r
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands;
O ye Northumbrian shades! which overlook
The rocky pavement and the mossy falls
Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream,
How gladly I recall your well-known seats
Belov'd of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a summer's day,
I wander'd thro' your calm recesses, led
In silence by some pow'rful hand unseen.
Nor will I e'er forget you; nor shall e'er
The graver tasks of manhood, or th' advice
Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim
Those studies which possess'd me in the dawn
Of life, and fix'd the colour of my mind
For ev'ry future year; whence even now
From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,
And while the world around lies overwhelm'd
In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts
Of honourable fame, of truth divine
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the sweet magic of harmonious verse,
The themes which now expect us. For thus far
On gen'ral habits, and on arts which grow
Spontaneous in the minds of all mankind,
Hath dwelt our argument; and how self-taught,
Tho' seldom conscious of their own employ,
In Nature's or in Fortune's changeful scene,
Men learn to judge of beauty, and acquire
Those forms set up as idols in the soul
For love and zealous praise. Yet indistinct
In vulgar bosoms and unnotic'd lie
These pleasing stores, unless the casual force
Of things external prompt the heedless mind
To recognize her wealth. But some there are
Conscious of Nature, and the rule which man
O'er Nature holds; some who, within themselves
Retiring from the trivial scenes of chance

And momentary paſſion, can at will
Call up theſe fair exemplars of the mind,
Review their features, ſcan the ſecret laws
Which bind them to each other, and diſplay,
By forms, or ſounds, or colours, to the ſenſe
Of all the world, their latent charms diſplay;
E'en as in Nature's frame (if ſuch a word,
If ſuch a word, ſo bold, may from the lips
Of man proceed) as in the outward frame
Of things the Great Artificer pourtrays
His own immenſe idea. Various names
Theſe among mortals bear, as various ſigns
They uſe, and by peculiar organs ſpeak
To human ſenſe. There are who, by the flight
Of air thro' tubes with moving ſtops diſtinct,
Or by extended chords in meaſure taught
To vibrate, can aſſemble pow'rful ſounds,
Expreſſing ev'ry temper of the mind
From ev'ry cauſe, and charming all the ſoul
With paſſion void of care: others mean-time
The rugged maſs of metal, wood, or ſtone,
Patiently taming, or with eaſier hand
Deſcribing lines, and with more ample ſcope
Uniting colours, can to gen'ral ſight
Produce thoſe permanent and perfect forms,
Thoſe characters of heroes and of gods,
Which from the crude materials of the world
Their own high minds created. But the chief
Are poets, eloquent men, who dwell on earth
To clothe whate'er the ſoul admires or loves
With language and with numbers: hence to theſe
A field is open'd wide as Nature's ſphere,
Nay wider; various as the ſudden acts
Of human wit, and vaſt as the demands
Of human will. The bard nor length, nor depth,
Nor place, nor form, controuls. To eyes, to ears,
To ev'ry organ of the copious mind,
He offereth all its treaſures. Him the hours,
The ſeaſons him, obey; and changeful Time
Sees him at will keep meaſure with his flight,

At will outſtrip it. To enhance his toil,
He ſummoneth from th' uttermoſt extent
Of things which God hath taught him ev'ry form
Auxiliar, ev'ry pow'r, and all beſide
Excludes imperious. His prevailing hand
Gives to corporeal eſſence life and ſenſe,
And ev'ry ſtately function of the ſoul.
The ſoul itſelf to him obſequious lies,
Like matter's paſſive heap, and, as he wills,
To reaſon and affection he aſſigns
Their juſt alliances, their juſt degrees;
Whence his peculiar honours, whence the race
Of men who people his delightful world,
Men genuine and according to themſelves,
Tranſcend as far th' uncertain ſons of earth,
As earth itſelf to his delightful world
The palm of ſpotleſs beauty doth reſign.

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ODES ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK I. ODE I.

PREFACE.

I.

ON yonder verdant hillock laid,
Where oaks and elms, a friendly ſhade!
O'erlook the falling ſtream,
O maſter of the Latin lyre!
A while with thee will I retire,
From Summer's noontide beam.

II.

And lo! within my lonely bow'r
Th' induſtrious bee, from many a-flow'r,
Collects her balmy dews;
"For me," ſhe ſings, "the gems are born,
"For me their ſilken robe adorn,
"Their fragrant breath diffuſe."

III.

Sweet Murmurer! may no rude ſtorm
This hoſpitable ſcene deform,
Nor check thy gladſome toils;
Still may the buds unſully'd ſpring,
Still ſhow'rs and ſunſhine court thy wing
To theſe ambroſial ſpoils.

IV.

Nor ſhall my Muſe hereafter fail
Her fellow-lab'rer thee to hail,
And lucky be the ſtrains!
For long ago did Nature frame
Your ſeaſons and your arts the ſame,
Your pleaſures and your pains.

V.

Like thee, in lowly ſylvan ſcenes,
On river-banks and flow'ry greens,
My Muſe delighted plays,
Nor thro' the deſert or the air,
Tho' ſwans or eagles triumph there,
With fond ambition ſtrays;

VI.

Nor where the boding raven chaunts,
Nor near the owl's unhallow'd haunts,
Will ſhe her cares employ;
But flies from ruins and from tombs,
From Superſtition's horrid glooms,
To daylight and to joy.

VII.

Nor will ſhe tempt the barren waſte,
Nor deigns the lurking ſtrength to taſte
Of any noxious thing;
But leaves with ſcorn to Envy's uſe
Th' inſipid nightſhade's baneful juice,
The nettle's ſordid ſting.

VIII.

From all which Nature faireſt knows,
The vernal blooms, the ſummer roſe,
She draws her blameleſs wealth;
And when the gen'rous taſk is done,
She conſecrates a double boon
To pleaſure and to health.

ODE II.

ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE, MDCCXL.

I.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintry goal attains,
Seems to reverſe the long career,
And northward bend his ſteady reins.
Now piercing half Potoſi's height,
Prone ruſh the fiery floods of light,
Rip'ning the mountain's ſilver ſtores,
While in ſome cavern's horrid ſhade
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft' th' approach of eve implores.

II.

But lo! on this deſerted coaſt
How pale the ſun, how thick the air!
Muſt'ring his ſtorms, a ſordid hoſt!
Lo! Winter deſolates the year.

The fields reſign their lateſt bloom,
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the ſtreams in muſic roll,
But ſnows fall dark, or rains reſound,
And while great Nature mourns around
Her griefs infect the human ſoul.

III.

Hence the loud city's buſy throngs
Urge the warm bowl and ſplendid fire;
Harmonious dances, feſtive ſongs,
Againſt the ſpiteful heav'n conſpire.
Mean-time perhaps, with tender fears,
Some village-dame the curfew hears,
While round the hearth her children play:
At morn their father went abroad;
The moon is ſunk, and deep the road;
She ſighs, and wonders at his ſtay.

IV.

But thou, my Lyre! awake, ariſe,
And hail the ſun's returning force;
E'en now he climbs the northern ſkies,
And health and hope attend his courſe.
Then louder howl th' aërial waſte,
Be earth with keener cold embrac'd,
Yet gentle hours advance their wing,
And Fancy, mocking Winter's might,
With flow'rs, and dews, and ſtreaming light,
Already decks the new-born ſpring.

V.

O Fountain of the golden day!
Could mortal vows promote thy ſpeed,
How ſoon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How ſoon each hov'ring tempeſt fly,
Whoſe ſtores for miſchief arm the ſky,
Prompt on our heads to burſt amain,
To rend the foreſt from the ſteep,
Or thund'ring o'er the Baltic deep,
To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

VI.

But let not man's unequal views
Preſume o'er Nature and her laws;
'Tis his with grateful joy to uſe
Th' indulgence of the Sovran Cauſe;
Secure that health and beauty ſprings,
Thro' this majeſtic frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that Heav'n's all-ſubduing will
With good, the progeny of ill,
Attemp'reth ev'ry ſtate below.

VII.

How pleaſing wears the wintry night,
Spent with the old illuſtrious dead!
While by the taper's trembling light
I ſeem thoſe awful ſcenes to tread
Where chiefs or legiſlators lie,
Whoſe triumphs move before my eye,
In arms and antic pomp array'd,
While now I taſte th' Ionian ſong,
Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
Reſounding thro' the olive ſhade.

VIII.

But ſhould ſome cheerful equal friend
Bid leave the ſtudious page a while,
Let Mirth on Wiſdom then attend,
And ſocial Eaſe on learned Toil;
Then while at Love's uncareful ſhrine
Each dictates to the god of Wine
Her name whom all his hopes obey,
What flatt'ring dreams each boſom warm,
While abſence, height'ning ev'ry charm,
Invokes the ſlow-returning May!

IX.

May, thou delight of heav'n and earth!
When will thy genial ſtar ariſe?
Th' auſpicious morn which gives thee birth
Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
Within her ſylvan haunt behold,
As in the happy garden old,

She moves like that primeval fair:
Thither ye silver-sounding Lyres,
Ye tender Smiles, ye chaste Desires!
Fond hope and mutual Faith! repair.

X.

And if believing Love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then shall my fears, O charming Maid!
And ev'ry pain of absence die;
Then shall my jocund harp, attun'd
To thy true ear, with sweeter sound
Pursue the free Horatian song;
Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
And echo down the bord'ring vale
The liquid melody prolong.

ODE II.

FOR THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

December, 11, 1740.*

I.

NOW to the utmost southern goal
The sun has trac'd his annual way,
And backward now prepares to roll,
And bless the North with earlier day.
Prone on Potosi's lofty brow
Floods of sublimer splendour flow,
Ripening the latent seeds of gold,
Whilst panting in the lonely shade,
Th' afflicted Indian hides his head,
Nor dares the blaze of noon behold.

II.

But lo! on this deserted coast
How faint the light, how chill the air!
Lo! arm'd with whirlwind, hail, and frost,
Fierce winter desolates the year.
The fields resign their cheerful bloom,
No more the breezes breathe perfume,

* This Ode was afterwards entirely altered, as may be seen p. 7.---The Reader will not be displeased to see it as it was originally written.

No more the warbling waters roll;
Deſerts of ſnow fatigue the eye,
Succeſſive tempeſts bloat the ſky,
And gloomy damps oppreſs the ſoul.

III.

But let my drooping genius riſe,
And hail the ſun's remoteſt ray,
Now, now he climbs the northern ſkies
To-morrow nearer than to-day.
Then louder howl the ſtormy waſte
By ſand and ocean worſe defac'd,
Yet brighter hours are on the wing,
And Fancy, thro' the wint'ry gloom,
Radiant with dews and flow'rs in bloom,
Already hails th' emerging ſpring.

IV.

O Fountain of the golden day!
Could mortal vows but urge thy ſpeed,
How ſoon before the vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How ſoon each tempeſt hov'ring fly,
That now fermenting loads the ſky,
Prompt on our heads to burſt amain,
To rend the foreſt from the ſteep,
And, thund'ring o'er the Baltic deep,
To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

V.

But let not man's imperfect views
Preſume to tax wiſe Nature's laws;
'Tis his with ſilent joy to uſe
Th' indulgence of the Sovereign Cauſe;
Secure that from the whole of things
Beauty and good conſummate ſprings,
Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that the providence of Heaven
Has ſome peculiar bleſſing giv'n
To each allotted ſtate below.

VI.

E'en now how ſweet the wintry night
Spent with the old illuſtrious dead!
While by the taper's trembling light,
I ſeem the awful courſe to tread,
Where chiefs and legiſlators lie,
Whoſe triumphs move before my eye,
With ev'ry laurel freſh diſplay'd,
While charm'd I rove in claſſic ſong,
Or bend to Freedom's fearleſs tongue,
Or walk the academic ſhade.

ODE III.

TO A FRIEND UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

I.

INDEED, my Phædria! if to find
That wealth can female wiſhes gain,
Had e'er diſturb'd your thoughtful mind,
Or coſt one ſerious moment's pain,
I ſhould have ſaid, that all the rules
You learn'd of moraliſts and ſchools
Were very uſeleſs, very vain.

II.

Yet I perhaps miſtake the caſe—
Say, tho' with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chaſe,
You try the tender loſs to bear,
Does not your heart renounce your tongue?
Seems not my cenſure ſtrangely wrong,
To count it ſuch a ſlight affair?

III.

When Heſper gilds the ſhaded ſky,
Oft' as you ſeek the well-known grove,
Methinks I ſee you caſt your eye
Back to the morning ſcenes of love:
Each pleaſing word you heard her ſay,
Her gentle look her graceful way,
Again your ſtruggling fancy move.

IV.

Then tell me, is your ſoul entire?
Does Wiſdom calmly hold her throne?
Then can you queſtion each deſire,
Bid this remain, and that be gone?
No tear half ſtarting from your eye?
No kindling bluſh you know not why?
No ſtealing ſigh nor ſtifled groan?

V.

Away with this unmanly mood!
See where the hoary churl appears,
Whoſe hand hath ſeiz'd the fav'rite good,
Which you reſerv'd for happier years;
While ſide by ſide the bluſhing maid
Shrinks from his viſage half afraid
Spite of the fickly joy ſhe wears.

VI.

Ye guardian Pow'rs of Love and Fame!
This chaſte harmonious pair behold,
And thus reward the gen'rous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.
O bloom of youth! O tender charms!
Well bury'd in a dotard's arms!
O equal price of beauty ſold!

VII.

Ceaſe then to gaze with looks of love;
Bid her adieu, the venal fair;
Unworthy ſhe your bliſs to prove,
Then wherefore ſhould ſhe prove your care?
No; lay your myrtle garland down,
And let a while the willow's crown
With luckier omens bind your hair.

VIII.

O juſt eſcap'd the faithleſs main,
Tho' driv'n unwilling on the land,
To guide your favour'd ſteps again,
Behold your better genius ſtand!
Where Truth revolves her page divine,
Where Virtue leads to Honour's ſhrine,
Behold he lifts his awful hand!

IX.

Fix but on theſe your ruling aim,
And Time, the fire of manly care,
Will Fancy's dazzling colours tame,
A ſob'rer dreſs will Beauty wear;
Then ſhall Eſteem, by Knowledge led,
Inthrone within your heart and head
Some happier love, ſome truer fair.

ODE IV.

AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE.

TO THE SAME.

I.

YES, you contemn the perjur'd maid,
Who all your fav'rite hopes betray'd,
Nor, tho' her heart ſhould home return,
Her tuneful tongue its falſehood mourn,
Her winning eyes your faith implore,
Would you her hand receive again,
Or once diſſemble your diſdain,
Or liſten to the Siren's theme,
Or ſtoop to love, ſince now eſteem,
And confidence, and friendſhip, is no more.

II.

Yet tell me, Phædria! tell me why,
When ſummoning your pride, you try
To meet her looks with cool neglect,
Or croſs her walk with ſlight reſpect,
(For ſo is falſehood beſt repaid,)
Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
Why is your ſtruggling tongue ſo ſlow?
What means that darkneſs on your brow?
As if with all her broken vow
You meant the fair apoſtate to upbraid?

ODE V.

AGAINST SUSPICION.

I.

OH fly! 'tis dire Suſpicion's mien,
And meditating plagues unſeen
The ſorc'reſs hither bends;
Behold her torch in gall imbru'd,
Behold—her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

II.

Fly far! already in your eyes
I ſee the pale ſuffuſion riſe;
And ſoon thro' ev'ry vein,
Soon will her ſecret venom ſpread,
And all your heart, and all your head,
Imbibe the potent ſtain.

III.

Then many a demon will ſhe raiſe
To vex your ſleep, to haunt your ways,
While gleams of loſt delight
Raiſe the dark tempeſt of the brain,
As lightning ſhines acroſs the main
Thro' whirlwinds and thro' night.

IV.

No more can Faith or Candour move,
But each ingenuous deed of love,
Which Reaſon would applaud,
Now ſmiling o'er her dark diſtreſs,
Fancy malignant ſtrives to dreſs
Like Injury and Fraud.

V.

Farewell to Virtue's peaceful times;
Soon will you ſtoop to act the crimes
Which thus you ſtoop to fear.
Guilt follows guilt; and where the train
Begins with wrongs of ſuch a ſtain,
What horrors form the rear!

VI.

'Tis thus to work her baleful pow'r
Suſpicion waits the ſullen hour
Of fretfulneſs and ſtrife,
When care th' infirmer boſom wrings,
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the ſeats of life.

VII.

But come, forſake the ſcene unbleſt
Which firſt beheld your faithful breaſt
To groundleſs fears a prey;
Come where with my prevailing lyre
The ſkies, the ſtreams, the groves, conſpire
To charm your doubts away.

VIII.

Thron'd in the Sun's deſcending car,
What pow'r unſeen diffuſeth far
This tenderneſs of mind?
What genius ſmiles on yonder flood?
What god in whiſpers from the wood
Bids ev'ry thought be kind?

IX.

O thou! what'er thy awful name,
Whoſe wiſdom our untoward frame
With ſocial love reſtrains;
Thou! who, by fair affection's ties,
Giv'ſt us to double all our joys,
And half diſarm our pains;

X.

Let univerſal candour ſtill,
Clear as yon' heaven-reflecting rill,
Preſerve my open mind,
Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
One ſordid doubt within me raiſe,
To injure humankind.

ODE VI.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

HOW thick the ſhades of ev'ning cloſe!
How pale the ſky with weight of ſnows!
Haſte, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyleſs day retire.
Alas! in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected ſcene;
While rous'd by grief theſe fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins,
While Winter's voice, that ſtorms around,
And yon' deep death-bell's groaning ſound,
Renew my mind's oppreſſive gloom,
Till ſtarting Horror ſhakes the room.
Is there in Nature no kind pow'r
To ſooth affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire diſeaſe,
And teach theſe wintry ſhades to pleaſe?
Come, Cheerfulneſs! triumphant Fair!
Shine thro' the hov'ring cloud of care:
O ſweet of language, mild of mien!
O Virtue's friend, and Pleaſure's queen!
Aſſuage the flames that burn my breaſt,
Compoſe my jarring thoughts to reſt,
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My ſong ſhall all thy praiſe reveal.
As once (it was in Aſtrea's reign)
The vernal pow'rs renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging thro' the ſpheres above,
And downward hither caſt his eye,
The year's returning pomp to ſpy.
He ſaw the radiant god of day
Waft in his car the roſy May;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were ſhedding round him dews and flow'rs;
Before his wheels Aurora paſt,
And Heſper's golden lamp was laſt:

But faireſt of the blooming throng,
When Health majeſtic mov'd along,
Delighted to ſurvey below
The joys which from her preſence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And ſwains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
Then mighty Love her charms confeſt,
And ſoon his vows inclin'd her breaſt,
And known from that auſpicious morn,
Thee, pleaſing Cheerfulneſs! was born.
Thou, Cheerfulneſs! by Heaven deſign'd
To ſway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful paſſion ſprings,
Whatever wayward fortune brings,
To diſarrange the power within,
And ſtrain the muſical machine.
Thou, Goddeſs! thy attemp'ring hand
Doth each diſcordant ſtring command,
Refines the ſoft and ſwells the ſtrong,
And joining Nature's gen'ral ſong,
Thro' many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human ſouls.
Fair guardian of domeſtic life!
Kind baniſher of home-bred ſtrife!
Nor ſullen lip nor taunting eye
Deforms the ſcene where thou art by;
No ſick'ning huſband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female pow'r;
No pining mother weeps the cares
Which parents waſte on thankleſs heirs;
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend,
The brother adds the name of friend:
By thee with flow'rs their board is crown'd,
With ſongs from thee their walks reſound,
And morn with welcome luſtre ſhines,
And ev'ning unperceiv'd declines.
Is there a youth whoſe anxious heart
Labours with love's unpity'd ſmart?
Tho' now he ſtray by rills and bow'rs,
And weeping waſte the lonely hours,

Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debaſe the ſtory of his pain
With ſlaviſh looks, diſcolour'd eyes,
And accents falt'ring into ſighs,
Yet thou, auſpicious Pow'r! with eaſe
Canſt yield him happier arts to pleaſe,
Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Inſtruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding paſſion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muſe and all her train!
For thee I court the Muſe again;
The Muſe for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondeſt art,
Who owes to thee that pleaſing ſway
Which earth and peopled heav'n obey.
Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what latter bards have ſung,
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight;
Thy hand each Leſbian wreath attir'd,
Thy lips Sicilian reeds inſpir'd;
Thy ſpirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flow'rs of Teos bloom,
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows th' enliv'ning gale,
While Horace calls thy ſportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs around his lyre.

But ſee where yonder penſive ſage
(A prey perhaps to Fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppreſt,
Or glooms congenial to his breaſt)
Retires in deſert ſcenes to dwell,
And bids the joyleſs world farewell:
Alone he treads th' autumnal ſhade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid
He ſees the nightly damps aſcend,
And gath'ring ſtorms aloft impend;
He hears the neighb'ring ſurges roll,
And raging thunders ſhake the pole,

Then ſtruck by ev'ry object round,
And ſtunn'd by ev'ry horrid ſound,
He aſks a clue for Nature's ways,
But evil haunts him thro' the maze;
He ſees ten thouſand demons riſe
To wield the empire of the ſkies,
And Chance and Fate aſſume the rod,
And Malice blot the throne of God.
O thou! whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring,
Compoſe the ſtorm, diſpel the gloom,
Till Nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and ſhades their ſweets exhale,
And muſic ſwell each op'ning gale;
Then o'er his breaſt thy ſoftneſs pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that Preſiding Cauſe
Who founds on diſcord Beauty's reign,
Converts to pleaſure ev'ry pain,
Subdues each hoſtile form to reſt,
And bids the univerſe be bleſt.
O thou! whoſe pleaſing pow'r I ſing,
If right I touch the votive ſtring,
If equal praiſe I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame,
Still with the Muſe my boſom ſhare,
And ſooth to peace intruding care;
But moſt exert thy pleaſing pow'r
On friendſhip's conſecrated hour,
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike Wiſdom's calm abode,
Or, warm in freedom's ancient cauſe,
Traceth the ſource of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the gen'rous toil
The light of thy unclouded ſmile.
But if by Fortune's ſtubborn ſway
From him and friendſhip torn away,
I court the Muſe's healing ſpell
For griefs that ſtill with abſence dwell,

Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams,
To such indulgent placid themes,
As just the struggling breast may cheer,
And just suspend the starting tear,
Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

ODE VII.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

I.

NOT for themselves did humankind
Contrive the parts by Heaven assign'd
On life's wide scene to play:
Not Scipio's force, nor Cæsar's skill,
Can conquer glory's arduous hill,
If Fortune close the way.

II.

Yet still the self-depending soul,
Tho' last and least in Fortune's roll,
His proper sphere commands,
And knows what Nature's seal bestow'd,
And sees before the throne of God
The rank in which he stands.

III.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
Who rescu'd nations from the rage
Of partial factious pow'r;
My heart with distant homage views,
Content if thou, celestial Muse!
Didst rule my natal hour.

IV.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
Nor from the legislator's seat,
Stands far remote the bard:
Tho' not with public terrors crown'd,
Yet wider shall his rule be found,
More lasting his award.

V.

Lycurgus fashion'd Sparta's fame,
And Pompey to the Roman name

Gave univerſal ſway.
Where are they ?—Homer's rev'rend page
Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
And tongues and climes obey.

VI.

And thus when William's acts divine
No longer ſhall from Bourbon's line
Draw one vindictive vow ;
When Sidney ſhall with Cato reſt,
And Ruſſel move the patriot's breaſt
No more than Brutus now ;

VII.

Yet then ſhall Shakeſpear's pow'rful art
O'er ev'ry paſſion, ev'ry heart,
Confirm his awful throne ;
Tyrants ſhall bow before his laws,
And freedom's, glory's, virtue's, cauſe
Their dread aſſertor own.

ODE VIII.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

I. 1.

FAREWELL to Leyden's lonely bound,
The Belgian Muſe's ſober ſeat,
Where dealing frugal gifts around
To all the fav'rites at her feet,
She trains the body's bulky frame,
For paſſive perſevering toils;
And leſt from any prouder aim
The daring mind ſhould ſcorn her homely ſpoils,
She breathes maternal fogs to damp its reſtleſs flame.

I. 2.

Farewell the grave pacific air,
Where never mountain zephir blew,
The Marſhy levels, lank and bare,
Which Pan, which Ceres never knew,
The Naiads with obſcene attire,

Urging in vain their urns to flow,
While round them chant the croking choir,
And haply ſooth ſome lover's prudent woe,
Or prompt ſome reſtive bard, and modulate his lyre.

I. 3.

Farewell, ye Nymphs! whom ſober care of gain
Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of Love;
She render'd all his boaſted arrows vain,
And all his gifts did he in ſpite remove:
Ye too, the ſlow-ey'd Fathers of the land!
With whom dominion ſteals from hand to hand,
Unown'd, undignify'd by public choice,
I go where Liberty to all is known,
And tells a monarch on his throne,
He reigns not but by her preſerving voice.

II. 1.

O my lov'd England! when with thee
Shall I ſit down to part no more?
Far from this pale diſcolour'd ſea,
That ſleeps upon the reedy ſhore,
When ſhall I plough thy azure tide?
When on thy hills the flocks admire,
Like mountain ſnows, till down their ſide
I trace the village and the ſacred ſpire,
While bow'rs and copſes green the golden ſlope divide?

II. 2.

Ye Nymphs who guard the pathleſs grove,
Ye Blue-ey'd Siſters of the ſtreams!
With whom I wont at morn to rove,
With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams,
O take me to your haunts again,
The rocky ſpring, the greenwood glade,
To guide my lonely footſteps deign,
To prompt my ſlumbers in the murm'ring ſhade,
And ſooth my vacant ear with many an airy ſtrain!

II. 3.

And thou, my faithful Harp! no longer mourn
Thy drooping maſter's inauſpicious hand;
Now brighter ſkies and freſher gales return,
Now fairer maids thy melody demand.

Daughters of Albion! liſten to my lyre:
O Phœbus! guardian of th' Aonian choir,
Why ſounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
When all the virgin deities above
With Venus and with Juno move
In concert round th' Olympian Father's throne?

III. 1.

Thee too, protectreſs of my lays,
Elate with whoſe majeſtic call
Above degen'rate Latium's praiſe,
Above the ſlaviſh boaſt of Gaul,
I dare from impious thrones reclaim,
And wanton Sloth's ignoble charms,
The honours of a poet's name,
To Somers' counſels, or to Hamden's arms,
Thee, Freedom! I rejoin, and bleſs thy genuine flame.

III. 2.

Great Citizen of Albion! thee
Heroic Valour ſtill attends,
And uſeful Science, pleas'd to ſee
How Art her ſtudious toil extends,
While Truth, diffuſing from on high
A luſtre unconfin'd as day,
Fills and commands the public eye,
Till, pierc'd and ſinking by her pow'rful ray,
Tame Faith and monkiſh Awe, like nightly demons, fly.

III. 3.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour ſhares,
Hence dread Religion dwells with ſocial Joy,
And holy paſſions and unſully'd cares
In youth, in age, domeſtic life employ.
O fair Britannia! hail!—With partial love
The tribes of men their native ſeats approve,
Unjuſt and hoſtile to each foreign fame;
But when for gen'rous minds and manly laws
A nation holds her prime applauſe,
Their public zeal ſhall all reproof diſclaim.

ODE IX.

TO CURIO,* MDCCXLIV.

I.

THRICE hath the Spring beheld thy faded fame
Since I exulting graſp'd the tuneful ſhell,
Eager thro' endleſs years to ſound thy name,
Proud that my memory with thine ſhould dwell.
How haſt thou ſtain'd the ſplendour of my choice!
Thoſe godlike forms which hover'd round thy voice,
Laws, Freedom, Glory, whither are they flown?
What can I now of thee to time report,
Save thy fond Country made thy impious ſport;
Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own?

II.

There are with eyes unmov'd and reckleſs heart
Who ſaw thee from thy ſummit fall thus low,
Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart
The public vengeance on thy private foe:
But ſpite of ev'ry gloſs of envious minds,
The owl-ey'd race whom virtue's luſtre blinds,
Who ſagely prove that each man hath his price,
I ſtill believ'd thy aim from blemiſh free,
I yet, e'en yet, believe it, ſpite of thee,
And all thy painted pleas to greatneſs and to vice.

III.

" Thou didſt not dream of Liberty decay'd,
" Nor wiſh to make her guardian laws more ſtrong,
" But the raſh many firſt by thee miſled,
" Bore thee at length unwillingly along."
Riſe from your ſad abodes, ye curſt of old,
For faith deſerted, or for cities ſold!
Own here one untry'd, unexampled deed,
One myſtery of ſhame from Curio learn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
And 'ſcape in Guilt's diſguiſe from Virtue's offer'd [meed.

* See the Epiſtle to Curio.

IV.

For ſaw we not that dang'rous pow'r avow'd
Whom Freedom oft' hath found her mortal bane,
Whom Public Wiſdom ever ſtrove t' exclude,
And but with bluſhes ſuff'reth in her train?
Corruption vaunted her bewitching ſpoils,
O'er court, o'er ſenate ſpread in pomp her toils,
And call'd herſelf the ſtates directing ſoul,
Till Curio, like a good magician, try'd,
With Eloquence and Reaſon at his ſide,
By ſtrength of holier ſpells th' inchantreſs to controul.

V.

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends;
The reſcu'd merchant oft' thy words reſounds:
Thee and thy cauſe the rural hearth defends;
His bowl to thee the grateful ſailor crowns:
The learn'd recluſe with awful zeal, who read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots, dead,
Now with like awe doth living merit ſcan,
While he whom virtue in his bleſt retreat,
Bad ſocial eaſe and public paſſions meet,
Aſcends the civil ſcene, and knows to be a man.

VI.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd;
We ſaw thy ſpirit thro' the ſenate reign,
And Freedom's friends thy inſtant omen heard
Of laws for which their fathers bled in vain.
Wak'd in the ſtrife, the public Genius roſe
More keen, more ardent, from his long repoſe;
Deep thro' her bounds the City felt his call;
Each crowded haunt was ſtirr'd beneath his pow'r,
And murm'ring challeng'd the deciding hour
Of that too vaſt event, the hope and dread of all.

VII.

O ye good Pow'rs who look on humankind!
Inſtruct the mighty moments as they roll,
And watch the fleeting ſhapes in Curio's mind,
And ſteer his paſſions ſteady to the goal.
O Alfred! father of the Engliſh name,
O valiant Edward! firſt in civil fame,

O William! height of public virtue pure,
Bend from your radiant ſeats a joyful eye,
Behold the ſum of all your labours nigh,
Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule ſecure.

VIII.

'Twas then—O ſhame! O foul from faith eſtrang'd!
O Albion! oft' to flatt'ring vows a prey,
'Twas then--thy thought what ſudden frenzy chang'd?
What ruſhing palſy took thy ſtrength away?
Is this the man in freedom's cauſe approv'd,
The man ſo great, ſo honour'd, ſo belov'd,
Whom the dead envy'd, and the living bleſt,
This patient ſlave by tinſel bonds allur'd,
This wretched ſuitor for a boon abjur'd,
Whom thoſe that fear'd him ſcorn, that truſted him, [deteſt?

IX.

O loſt alike to action and repoſe!
With all that habit of familiar fame
Sold to the mock'ry of relentleſs foes,
And doom'd t' exhauſt the dregs of life in ſhame,
To act with burning brow and throbbing heart
A poor deſerter's dull exploded part,
To ſlight the favour thou canſt hope no more,
Renounce the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
Charge thy own lightneſs on thy Country's mind,
And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign ſhore.

X.

But England's ſons, to purchaſe thence applauſe,
Shall ne'er the loyalty of ſlaves pretend,
By courtly paſſions try the public cauſe,
Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
O Race erect! by manlieſt paſſions mov'd,
The labours which to Virtue ſtand approv'd
Prompt with a lover's fondneſs to ſurvey,
Yet where Injuſtice works her wilful claim,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's deſtroying flame,
Impatient to confront, and dreadful to repay.

XI.

Theſe thy heart owns no longer. In their room
See the grave queen of pageants, Honour, dwell,
Couch'd in thy boſom's deep tempeſtuous gloom,
Like ſome grim idol in a ſorc'rer's cell:
Before her rites thy ſick'ning Reaſon flew,
Divine Perſuaſion from thy tongue withdrew,
While Laughter mock'd or Pity ſtole a ſigh,
Can Wit her tender movements rightly frame
Where the prime function of the ſoul is lame?
Can Fancy's feeble ſprings the force of Truth ſupply?

XII.

But come; 'tis time; ſtrong deſtiny impends
To ſhut thee from the joys thou haſt betray'd:
With princes fill'd, the ſolemn fane aſcends,
By Infamy the mindful demon ſway'd;
There vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From nations fetter'd, and from towns laid waſte,
For ever thro' the ſpacious courts reſound;
There long Poſterity's united groan,
And the ſad charge of horrors not their own,
Aſſail the giant chiefs, and preſs them to the ground.

XIII.

In ſight old Time, imperious judge! awaits,
Above revenge, or fear, or pity, juſt
He urgeth onward to thoſe guilty gates
The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and Auguſt;
And ſtill he aſks them of the hidden plan
Whence ev'ry treaty, ev'ry war began;
Evolves their ſecrets, and their guilt proclaims;
And ſtill his hands deſpoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath by lying bards beſtow'd,
And cruſh their trophies huge, and raze their ſculptur'd names.

XIV.

Ye mighty Shades! ariſe, give place, attend;
Here his eternal manſion Curio ſeeks:
Low doth proud Wentworth to the ſtranger bend,
And his dire welcome hardy Clifford ſpeaks:

" He comes, whom Fate with ſurer arts prepar'd
" T' accompliſh all which we but vainly dar'd,
" Whom o'er the ſtubborn herd ſhe taught to reign,
" Who ſooth'd with gaudy dreams their raging pow'r
" E'en to its laſt irrevocable hour,
" Then baffled their rude ſtrength, and broke them to [the chain."

XV.

But ye whom yet wiſe Liberty inſpires,
Whom for her champions o'er the world ſhe claims,
(That houſehold godhead, whom of old your ſires
Sought in the woods of Elbe, and bore to Thames,)
Drive ye this hoſtile omen far away;
Their own fell efforts on her foes repay;
Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be her's alone:
Still gird your ſwords to combat on her ſide,
Still frame your laws her gen'rous teſt t' abide,
And win to her defence the altar and the throne.

XVI.

Protect her from yourſelves, ere yet the flood
Of golden luxury, which commerce pours,
Hath ſpread that ſelfiſh fierceneſs thro' your blood
Which not her lighteſt diſcipline endures:
Snatch from fantaſtic demagogues her cauſe:
Dream not of Numa's manners, Plato's laws:
A wiſer founder, and a nobler plan,
O Sons of Alfred! were for you aſſign'd:
Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,
And no ſublimer lot will Fate reſerve for man.

ODE X.

TO THE MUSE.

I.

QUEEN of my ſong, harmonious Maid!
Ah! why haſt thou withdrawn thy aid?
Ah! why forſaken thus my breaſt,
With inauſpicious damps oppreſt?
Where is the dread prophetic heat
With which my boſom wont to beat?

Where all the bright myſterious dreams,
Of haunted groves and tuneful ſtreams,
That woo'd my genius to divineſt themes?

II.

Say, Goddeſs! can the feſtal board,
Or young Olympia's form ador'd,
Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?
Or have melodious airs the pow'r
To give one free poetic hour?
Or from amid th' Elyſian train,
The ſoul of Milton ſhall I gain,
To win thee back with ſome celeſtial ſtrain?

III.

O pow'rful ſtrain! O ſacred ſoul!
His numbers ev'ry ſenſe controul:
And now again my boſom burns;
The Muſe, the Muſe herſelf, returns!
Such on the banks of Tyne confeſt
I hail'd the fair immortal gueſt,
When firſt ſhe ſeal'd me for her own,
Made all her bliſsful treaſures known,
And bad me ſwear to follow her alone.

ODE XI.

ON LOVE. TO A FRIEND.

I.

NO, fooliſh Youth!—To virtuous fame
If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy footſteps from the crowd,
Lean not to Love's enchanting ſnare;
His ſongs, his words, his looks, beware,
Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

II.

By thought, by danger, and by toils,
The wreath of juſt renown is worn;
Nor will Ambition's awful ſpoils
The flow'ry pomp of eaſe adorn;

But now unbends the force of thought,
By love unmanly fears are taught,
And love's reward with gaudy sloth is bought.

III.

Yet thou hast read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breast,
The pleasing tale of Beauty's praise
In Wisdom's lofty language drest;
Of Beauty, pow'rful to impart
Each finer sense, each comelier art,
And sooth and polish man's ungentle heart.

IV.

If then from Love's deceit secure
Thus far alone thy wishes tend,
Go see the white-wing'd ev'ning hour
On Delia's vernal walk descend;
Go while the golden light serene,
The grove, the lawn, the soften'd scene,
Becomes the presence of the rural queen.

V.

Attend while that harmonious tongue
Each bosom, each desire, commands:
Apollo's lute by Hermes strung,
And touch'd by chaste Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O Delia! win my thoughts to thine;
That half the colour of thy life is mine.

VI.

Yet, conscious of the dang'rous charm,
Soon would I turn my steps away,
Nor oft' provoke the lovely harm,
Nor lull my reason's watchful sway:
But thou, my Friend!—I hear thy sighs;
Alas! I read thy downcast eyes,
And thy tongue falters, and thy colour flies.

VII.

So soon again to meet the fair?
So pensive all this absent hour?
O yet unlucky Youth! beware,
While yet to think is in thy pow'r.

In vain with friendſhip's flatt'ring name
Thy paſſion veils its inward ſhame,
Friendſhip, the treach'rous fuel of thy flame?

VIII.

Once I remember, new to Love,
And dreading his tyrannic chain,
I ſought a gentle maid, to prove
What peaceful joys in friendſhip reign,
Whence we forſooth might ſafely ſtand,
And pitying view the loveſick band,
And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequent paſt the cloudleſs day,
To ſmiles and ſweet diſcourſe reſign'd,
While I exulted to ſurvey
One gen'rous woman's real mind,
Till friendſhip ſoon my languid breaſt
Each night with unknown cares poſſeſt,
Daſh'd my coy ſlumbers, or my dreams diſtreſt.

X.

Fool that I was!—And now, e'en now,
While thus I preach the Stoic ſtrain,
Unleſs I ſhun Olympia's view,
An hour unſays it all again.
O Friend!—when Love directs her eyes
To pierce where ev'ry paſſion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wiſe?

ODE XII.

TO SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, BARONET.

I

BEHOLD! the Balance in the ſky
Swift on the wintry ſcale inclines,
To earthy caves the Dryads fly,
And the bare paſtures Pan reſigns.
Late did the farmer's fork o'erſpread
With recent ſoil the twice-mown mead,

Tainting the bloom which autumn knows;
He whets the rusty coulter now,
He binds his oxen to the plough,
And wide his future harvest throws.

II.

Now London's busy confines round,
By Kensington's imperial tow'rs,
From Highgate's rough descent profound,
Essexian heaths or Kentish bow'rs,
Where'er I pass I see approach
Some rural statesman's eager coach,
Hurry'd by senatorial cares,
While rural nymphs alike within
(Aspiring courtly praise to win)
Debate their dress, reform their airs.

III.

Say, what can now the country boast,
O Drake! thy footsteps to detain,
When peevish winds and gloomy frost
The sunshine of the temper stain?
Say, are the priests of Devon grown
Friends to this tolerating throne,
Champions for George's legal right?
Have gen'ral freedom, equal law,
Won to the glory of Nassau
Each bold Wessexian squire and knight?

IV.

I doubt it much, and guess at least,
That when the day which made us free
Shall next return, that sacred feast
Thou better may'st observe with me:
With me the sulph'rous treason old
A far inferior part shall hold
In that glad day's triumphal strain,
And gen'rous William be rever'd,
Nor one untimely accent heard
Of James or his ignoble reign.

V.

Then while the Gaſcon's fragrant wine
With modeſt cups our joy ſupplies,
We'll truly thank the pow'r divine
Who bad the chief, the patriot riſe;
Riſe from heroic eaſe, (the ſpoil
Due for his youth's Herculean toil,
From Belgium to her ſaviour ſon,)
Riſe with the ſame unconquer'd zeal
For our Britannia's injur'd weal,
Her laws defac'd, her ſhrines o'erthrown.

VI.

He came: the tyrant from our ſhore
Like a forbidden demon fled,
And to eternal exile bore
Pontific rage and vaſſal dread:
There ſunk the mould'ring Gothic reign;
New years came forth, a lib'ral train!
Call'd by the people's great decree.
That day, my Friend! let bleſſings crown:
—Fill to the demigod's renown
From whom thou haſt that thou art free.

VII.

Then, Drake! (for wherefore ſhould we part
The public and the private weal?)
In vows to her who ſways thy heart,
Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal;
Whether Aglaia's blooming cheek,
Or the ſoft ornaments that ſpeak
So eloquent in Daphne's ſmile,
Whether the piercing lights that fly
From the dark heav'n of Myrto's eye,
Haply thy fancy then beguile.

VIII.

For ſo it is; thy ſtubborn breaſt,
Tho' touch'd by many a ſlighter wound,
Hath no full conqueſt yet confeſt,
Nor the one fatal charmer found;
While I, a true and loyal ſwain,
My fair Olympia's gentle reign

Thro' all the various ſeaſons own:
Her genius ſtill my boſom warms;
No other maid for me hath charms,
Or I have eyes for her alone.

ODE XIII.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

I. 1.

ONCE more I join the Theſpian choir,
And taſte th' inſpiring fount again;
O parent of the Grecian lyre
Admit me to thy pow'rful ſtrain!
And lo! with eaſe my ſtep invades
The pathleſs vale and op'ning ſhades,
Till now I ſpy her verdant ſeat;
And now at large I drink the ſound,
While theſe, her offspring, liſt'ning round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.

I ſee Anacreon ſmile and ſing,
His ſilver treſſes breathe perfume;
His cheeks diſplays a ſecond ſpring
Of roſes, taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful Cares! away,
And let me liſten to his lay;
Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
While in ſmooth dance the light-wing'd hours
Lead round his lyre its patron pow'rs,
Kind Laughter and convivial Joy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting ſhame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulſe, and a threat'ning hand,
The Leſbian patriot * ſmites the ſounding chords.
Ye wretches! ye perfidious train!
Ye curs'd of gods and freeborn men!

* Alcæus.

Ye murderers of the laws!
Tho' now ye glory in your luſt,
Tho' now ye tread the feeble neck in duſt,
Yet Time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful cauſe.

II. 1.

But lo! to Sappho's melting airs
Deſcends the radiant queen of Love:
She ſmiles, and aſks what fonder cares
Her ſuppliant's plaintive meaſures move?
Why is my faithful maid diſtreſt?
Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breaſt?
Say, flies he?—Soon he ſhall purſue:
Shuns he thy gifts?—He ſoon ſhall give:
Slights he thy ſorrows?—He ſhall grieve,
And ſoon to all thy wiſhes bow.

II. 2.

But, O, Melpomene! for whom
Awakes thy golden ſhell again?
What mortal breath ſhall e'er preſume
To echo that unbounded ſtrain?
Majeſtic in the frown of years,
Behold the man of Thebes * appears:
For ſome there are whoſe mighty frame
The hand of Jove at birth endow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd,
As eagles drink the noontide flame.

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
And clamours far below—Propitious Muſe!
While I ſo late unlock thy purer ſprings,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuſe,
Wilt thou for Albion's ſons around
(Ne'er hadſt thou audience more renown'd)
Thy charming arts employ,
As when the winds from ſhore to ſhore,
Thro' Greece thy lyre's perſuaſive language bore,
Till towns, and iſles, and ſeas, return'd the vocal joy?

* Pindar.

III. 1.

Yet then did Pleaſure's lawleſs throng,
Oft' ruſhing forth in looſe attire,
Thy virgin dance, thy graceful ſong,
Pollute with impious revels dire.
O fair, O chaſte! thy echoing ſhade
May no foul diſcord here invade;
Nor let thy ſtrings one accent move,
Except what earth's untroubled ear
'Mid all her ſocial tribes may hear,
And Heav'n's unerring throne approve.

III. 2.

Queen of the Lyre! in thy retreat
The faireſt flow'rs of Pindus glow,
The vine aſpires to crown thy ſeat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow:
Thy ſtrings adapt their vary'd ſtrain
To ev'ry pleaſure, ev'ry pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove,
And ſtraight our paſſions riſe or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean ſwells, the billows move.

III. 3.

When Midnight liſtens o'er the ſlumb'ring earth,
Let me, O Muſe! thy ſolemn whiſpers hear;
When Morning ſends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my op'ning ear;
And ever watchful at thy ſide
Let Wiſdom's awful ſuff'rage guide
The tenour of thy lay:
To her of old by Jove was giv'n
To judge the various deeds of earth and heav'n:
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her ſway.

IV. 1.

Oft' as to well-earn'd eaſe reſign'd
I quit the maze where Science toils,
Do thou refreſh my yielding mind
With all thy gay deluſive ſpoils;
But O! indulgent, come not nigh
The buſy ſteps, the jealous eye,

Of wealthy Care or gainful Age,
Whoſe barren ſouls thy joys diſdain,
And hold as foes to Reaſon's reign
Whome'er thy lovely works engage.

IV. 2.

When Friendſhip and when letter'd Mirth
Haply partake my ſimple board,
Then let thy blameleſs hand call forth
The muſic of the Teian chord;
Or if invok'd at ſofter hours,
O! ſeek me with the happy bow'rs
That hear Olympia's gentle tongue:
To Beauty link'd with Virtue's train,
To love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be ſtrung.

IV. 3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land,
When to throw incenſe on the veſtal flame
Of Liberty my genius gives command,
Nor Theban voice, nor Leſbian lyre,
From thee, O Muſe! do I require,
While my preſaging mind,
Conſcious of pow'rs ſhe never knew,
Aſtoniſh'd graſps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate ſubmits to be confin'd.

ODE XIV.

TO THE HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND.
FROM THE COUNTRY.

I.

SAY, Townſhend! what can London boaſt
To pay thee for the pleaſures loſt,
The health to-day reſign'd,
When Spring from this, her fav'rite ſeat,
Bad Winter haſten his retreat,
And met the weſtern wind?

II.

Oh! knew'ſt thou how the balmy air,
The ſun, the azure heav'ns, prepare
To heal thy languid frame,
No more would noiſy courts engage,
In vain would lying Faction's rage
Thy ſacred leiſure claim.

III.

Oft' I look'd forth, and oft' admir'd,
Till, with the ſtudious volume tir'd,
I ſought the open day;
" And ſure," I cry'd, " the rural gods
" Expect me in their green abodes,
" And chide my tardy lay."

IV.

But ah! in vain my reſtleſs feet
Trac'd ev'ry ſilent ſhady ſeat
Which knew their forms of old;
Nor Naiad, by her fountain laid,
Nor Woodnymph, tripping thro' her glade,
Did now their rites unfold:

V.

Whether to nurſe ſome infant oak
They turn the ſlowly-tinkling brook,
And catch the pearly ſhow'rs,
Or bruſh the mildew from the woods,
Or paint with noontide beams the buds,
Or breathe on op'ning ſhow'rs.

VI.

Such rites which they with ſpring renew
The eyes of Care can never view,
And Care hath long been mine;
And hence offended with their gueſt,
Since grief of love my ſoul oppreſt,
They hide their toils divine.

VII.

But ſoon ſhall thy enliv'ning tongue
This heart by dear affliction wrung,

With noble hope inſpire;
Then will the ſylvan pow'rs again
Receive me in their genial train,
And liſten to my lyre.

VIII.

Beneath yon' Dryad's lonely ſhade
A ruſtic altar ſhall be paid,
Of turf with laurel fram'd,
And thou th' inſcription wilt approve,
" This for the peace which, loſt by love,
" By friendſhip was reclaim'd."

ODE XV.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

I.

TO-NIGHT retir'd, the queen of Heav'n
With young Endymion ſtrays;
And now to Heſper it is giv'n
A while to rule the vacant ſky,
Till ſhe ſhall to her lamp ſupply
A ſtream of brighter rays.

II.

O Heſper! while the ſtarry throng
With awe thy path ſurrounds,
Oh! liſten to my ſuppliant ſong,
If haply now the vocal ſphere
Can ſuffer thy delighted ear
To ſtoop to mortal ſounds.

III.

So may the bridegroom's genial ſtrain
Thee ſtill invoke to ſhine,
So may the bride's unmarry'd train
To Hymen chaunt their flatt'ring vow,
Still that his lucky torch may glow
With luſtre pure as thine.

IV.

Far other vows muſt I prefer
To thy indulgent pow'r:
Alas! but now I paid my tear
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb,
And lo! from thence in queſt I roam
Of Philomela's bow'r.

V.

Propitious ſend thy golden ray,
Thou pureſt light above;
Let no falſe flame ſeduce to ſtray
Where gulf or ſteep lie hid for harm,
But lead where muſic's healing charm
May ſooth afflicted love.

VI.

To them, by many a grateful ſong
In happier ſeaſons vow'd,
Theſe lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong;
Oft' by yon' ſilver ſtream we walk'd,
Or, fix'd while Philomela talk'd,
Beneath yon' copſes ſtood.

VII.

Nor ſeldom where the beechen boughs
That roofleſs tow'r invade,
We came while her enchanting Muſe
The radiant moon above us held,
Till by a clam'rous owl compell'd
She fled the ſolemn ſhade.

VIII.

But hark! I hear her liquld tone.
Now, Heſper! guide my feet
Down the red marl, with moſs o'ergrown,
Thro' yon' wild-thicket next the plain,
Whoſe hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat.

IX.

See the green ſpace! on either hand
Enlarg'd it ſpreads around:
See in the midſt ſhe takes her ſtand
Where one old oak his awful ſhade
Extends o'er half the level mead,
Enclos'd in woods profound.

X.

Hark! how thro' many a melting note
She now prolongs her lays:
How ſweetly down the void they float!
The breeze their magic path attends,
The ſtars ſhine out, the foreſt bends,
The wakeful heifers gaze!

XI.

Whoe'er thou art whom Chance may bring
To this ſequeſter'd ſpot,
If then the plaintive Siren ſing,
Oh! ſoftly tread beneath her bow'r,
And think of Heav'n's diſpoſing pow'r,
Of man's uncertain lot.

XII.

Oh! think o'er all this mortal ſtage
What mournful ſcenes ariſe,
What ruin waits on kingly rage,
How often Virtue dwells with Woe,
How many griefs from knowledge flow,
How ſwiftly pleaſure flies!

XIII.

O ſacred bird! let me at eve,
Thus wand'ring all alone,
Thy tender counſel oft' receive;
Bear witneſs to thy penſive airs,
And pity Nature's common cares
Till I forget my own.

ODE XVI.

TO CALEB HARDINGE, M. D.

I.

WITH ſordid floods the wint'ry urn*
Hath ſtain'd fair Richmond's level green,
Her naked hill the Dryads mourn,
No longer a poetic ſcene;
No longer there thy raptur'd eye
The beauteous forms of earth or ſky
Surveys as in their Author's mind,
And London ſhelters from the year
Thoſe whom thy ſocial hours to ſhare
The Attic Muſe deſign'd.

II.

From Hampſtead's airy ſummit me
Her gueſt the City ſhall behold,
What day the people's ſtern decree
To unbelieving kings is told,
When common men (the dread of Fame)
Adjudg'd as one of evil name
Before the ſun th' anointed head:
Then ſeek thou too the pious town,
With no unworthy cares to crown
That ev'ning's awful ſhade.

III.

Deem not I call thee to deplore
The ſacred martyr of the day,
By faſt and penitential lore
To purge our ancient guilt away:
For this on humble faith I reſt,
That ſtill our advocate the prieſt
From heav'nly wrath will ſave the land,
Nor aſk what rites our pardon gain,
Nor how his potent ſounds reſtrain
The thund'rer's lifted hand.

* Aquarius.

IV.

No, Hardinge! peace to church and ſtate!
That ev'ning let the Muſe give law,
While I anew the theme relate
Which my firſt youth enamour'd ſaw.
Then will I oft' explore thy thought,
What to reject which Locke hath taught,
What to purſue in Virgil's lay,
Till hope aſcends to loftieſt things,
Nor envies demagogues or kings
Their frail and vulgar ſway.

V.

O vers'd in all the human frame!
Lead thou where'er my labour lies;
And Engliſh Fancy's eager flame
To Grecian purity chaſtize;
While hand in hand at Wiſdom's ſhrine
Beauty with Truth I ſtrive to join,
And grave Aſſent with glad Applauſe,
To paint the ſtory of the ſoul,
And Plato's viſions to controul
By Verulamian * laws.

ODE XVII.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY, MDCCXLVII.

I.

COME then, tell me, Sage Divine!
Is it an offence to own
That our boſoms e'er incline
Toward immortal Glory's throne?
For with me nor Pomp nor Pleaſure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treaſure,
So can Fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate Reaſon's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

* Verulam gave one of his titles to Francis Bacon, author of the Novum Organum.

II.

If to ſpurn at noble praiſe
Be the paſſport to thy heav'n,
Follow thou thoſe gloomy ways;
No ſuch law to me was giv'n;
Nor I truſt ſhall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me,
Nor an holier place deſire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

ODE XVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HON.
FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON,
MDCCXLVII.

I. 1.

THE wiſe and great of ev'ry clime,
Thro' all the ſpacious walks of Time,
Where'er the Muſe her pow'r diſplay'd,
With joy have liſten'd and obey'd;
For, taught of Heav'n, the ſacred Nine
Perſuaſive numbers, forms divine,
To mortal ſenſe impart:
They beſt the ſoul with glory fire,
They nobleſt counſels, boldeſt deeds inſpire,
And high o'er Fortune's rage inthrone the fixed heart.

I. 2.

Nor leſs prevailing is their charm
The vengeful boſom to diſarm,
To melt the proud with human woe,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
Can wealth a pow'r like this afford?
Can Cromwell's arts or Marlb'rough's ſword
An equal empire claim?
No, Haſtings! thou my words wilt own;
Thy breaſt the gifts of ev'ry Muſe hath known,
Nor ſhall the giver's love diſgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muſe's awful art,
And the bleſt function of the poet's tongue,
Ne'er ſhalt thou bluſh to honour, to aſſert
From all that ſcorned Vice or ſlaviſh Fear hath ſung.
Nor ſhall the blandiſhment of Tuſcan ſtrings,
Warbling at will in Pleaſure's myrtle bow'r,
Nor ſhall the ſervile notes to Celtic kings,
By flatt'ring minſtrels paid in evil hour,
Move thee to ſpurn the heavenly Muſe's reign:
A diff'rent ſtrain
And other themes
From her prophetic ſhades and hallow'd ſtreams
(Thou well canſt witneſs) meet the purged ear,
Such as when Greece to her immortal ſhell
Rejoicing liſten'd godlike ſounds to hear,
To hear the ſweet inſtructreſs tell
(While men and heroes throng'd around)
How life its nobleſt uſe may find,
How well for freedom be reſign'd,
And how by Glory Virtue ſhall be crown'd,

II. 1.

Such was the Chian father's ſtrain
To many a kind domeſtic train,
Whoſe pious hearth and genial bowl
Had cheer'd the rev'rend pilgrim's ſoul,
When ev'ry hoſpitable rite
With equal bounty to requite
He ſtruck his magic ſtrings,
And pour'd ſpontaneous numbers forth,
And ſeiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
And fill'd their muſing hearts with vaſt heroic things.

II. 2.

Now oft' where happy ſpirits dwell,
Where yet he tunes his charming ſhell,

Stanza II. 2.] Lycurgus, the Lacedæmonian lawgiver, brought into Greece from Aſia Minor the firſt complete copy of Homer's Works. --At Platæa was fought the deciſive battle between the Perſian army and the united militia of Greece under Pauſanias and Ariſtides.-- -Cimon the Athenian erected a trophy in Cyprus for two great victories gained on the

Oft' near him with applauding hands
The Genius of his country ſtands;
To liſt'ning gods he makes him known,
That man divine, by whom were ſown
The ſeeds of Grecian fame,
Who firſt the race with freedom fir'd,
From whom Lycurgus Sparta's ſons inſpir'd,
From whom Platæan palms and Cyprian trophies came.

II. 3.

O nobleſt, happieſt age,
When Ariſtides rul'd and Cimon fought,
When all the gen'rous fruits of Homer's page
Exulting Pindar ſaw to full perfection brought!

the ſame day over the Perſians by ſea and land. Diodorus Siculus has preſerved the inſcription which the Athenians affixed to the conſecrated ſpoils after this great ſucceſs, in which it is very remarkable that the greatneſs of the occaſion has raiſed the manner of expreſſion above the uſual ſimplicity and modeſty of all other ancient inſcriptions. It is this:

ΕΞ. ΟΥ. Γ'. ΕΥΡΩΠΗΝ. ΑΣΙΑΣ. ΔΙΧΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΣ. ΕΝΕΙΜΕ.
ΚΑΙ. ΠΟΛΕΑΣ. ΘΝΗΤΩΝ. ΘΟΥΡΟΣ. ΑΡΗΣ. ΕΠΕΧΕΙ.
ΟΥΔΕΝ. ΠΩ. ΤΟΙΟΥΤΟΝ. ΕΠΙΧΘΟΝΙΩΝ. ΓΕΝΕΤ. ΑΝΔΡΩΝ.
ΕΡΤΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΗΙΕΙΡΩΙ. ΚΑΙ. ΚΑΤΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΝ. ΑΜΑ.
ΟΙΔΕ. ΓΑΡ. ΕΝ. ΚΥΠΡΩΙ. ΜΗΔΟΥΣ. ΠΟΛΛΟΥΣ. ΟΛΕΣΑΝΤΕΣ.
ΦΟΙΝΙΚΩΝ. ΕΚΑΤΟΝ. ΝΑΥΣ. ΕΛΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΠΕΛΑΓΕΙ.
ΑΝΔΡΩΝ. ΠΑΗΘΟΥΣΑΣ. ΜΕΓΑ. Δ'. ΕΣΤΕΝΕΝ. ΑΣΙΣ. ΥΠ'. ΑΥΤΩΝ
ΠΑΗΓΕΙΣ'. ΑΦΜΟΤΕΡΑΙΣ. ΧΕΡΣΙ. ΚΡΑΤΕΙ. ΠΟΛΕΜΟΥ.

The following tranſlation is almoſt literal:
Since firſt the ſea from Aſia's hoſtile coaſt
Divided Europe, and the god of War
Aſſail'd imperious cities, never yet
At once among the waves and on the ſhore
Hath ſuch a labour been achiev'd by men
Who earth inhabit. They whoſe arms the Medes
In Cyprus felt pernicious, they the ſame
Have won from ſkilful Tyre an hundred ſhips
Crowded with warriors. Aſia groans, in both
Her hands ſore ſmitten by the might of war.

Stanza II. 3.] Pindar was contemporary with Ariſtides and Cimon, in whom the Glory of ancient Greece was at its height. When Xerxes invaded Greece, Pindar was true to the common intereſt of his country, though his fellow-citizens the Thebans had ſold themſelves to the Perſian king. In one of his odes he expreſſes the great diſtreſs and anxiety of his mind, occaſioned by the vaſt preparations of Xerxes againſt Greece, (*Iſthm.* viii.) In another he celebrates the victories of Salamis, Platæa, and Himera, (*Pyth.* i.) It will be neceſſary to add two or three other particulars of his life, real or fabulous, in order to explain what follows in the text concerning him. Firſt, then, he was thought to be ſo great a favourite

O Pindar! oft' ſhalt thou be hail'd of me;
Not that Apollo fed thee from his ſhrine,
Not that thy lips drank ſweetneſs from the bee,
Nor yet that, ſtudious of thy notes divine,
Pan danc'd their meaſure with the ſylvan throng,
But that thy ſong
Was proud t' unfold
What thy baſe rulers trembled to behold,
Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
The deeds of Athens and the Perſian ſhame,
Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.
But thou, O faithful to thy fame!
The Muſe's law didſt rightly know,
That who would animate his lays,
And other minds to virtue raiſe,
Muſt feel his own with all her ſpirit glow.

III. 1.

Are there approv'd of later times
Whoſe verſe adorn'd a tyrant's * crimes,
Who ſaw majeſtic Rome betray'd,
And lent th' imperial ruffian aid?
Alas! not one polluted bard,
No, not the ſtrains that Mincius heard,

a favourite of Apollo, that the prieſts of that deity allotted him a conſtant ſhare of their offerings. It was ſaid of him as of ſome other illuſtrious men, that at his birth a ſwarm of bees lighted on his lips, and fed him with their honey. It was alſo a tradition concerning him, that Pan was heard to recite his poetry, and ſeen dancing to one of his hymns on the mountains near Thebes. But a real hiſtorical fact in his life is, that the Thebans impoſed a large fine upon him, on account of the veneration which he expreſſed in his poems for that heroic ſpirit ſhewn by the people of Athens in defence of the common liberty, which his own fellow-citizens had ſhamefully betrayed; and as the argument of this ode implies, that great poetical talents, and high ſentiments of liberty, do reciprocally produce and aſſiſt each other, ſo Pindar is perhaps the moſt exemplary proof of this connexion which occurs in hiſtory. The Thebans were remarkable in general for a ſlaviſh diſpoſition through all the fortunes of their commonwealth at the time of its ruin by Philip, and even in its beſt ſtate, under the adminiſtration of Pelopidas and Epaminondas; and every one knows they were no leſs remarkable for great dulneſs and want of all genius. That Pindar ſhould have equally diſtinguiſhed himſelf from the reſt of his fellow-citizens in both theſe reſpects, ſeems ſomewhat extraordinary, and is ſcarce to be accounted for but by the preceding obſervation.

* Octavianus Cæſar.

Or Tibur's hills reply'd,
Dare to the Muſe's ear aſpire;
Save that, inſtructed by the Grecian lyre, [hide.
With freedom's ancient notes their ſhameful taſk they

III. 2.

Mark how the dread Pantheon ſtands,
Amid the domes of modern hands
Amid the toys of idle ſtate,
How ſimply, how ſerenely great!
Then turn, and while each weſtern clime
Preſents her tuneful ſons to Time,
So mark thou Milton's name,
And add, "Thus differs from the throng
"The ſpirit which inform'd thy awful ſong, [fame."
"Which bad thy potent voice protect thy country's

III. 3.

Yet hence barbarick zeal
His mem'ry with unholy rage purſues,
While from theſe arduous cares of publick weal
She bids each bard be gone, and reſt him with his Muſe.
O Fool! to think the man whoſe ample mind
Muſt graſp at all that yonder ſtars ſurvey,
Muſt join the nobleſt forms of ev'ry kind
The world's moſt perfect image to diſplay,
Can e'er his country's majeſty behold
Unmov'd or cold;
O Fool! to deem
That he whoſe thought muſt viſit ev'ry theme,
Whoſe heart muſt ev'ry ſtrong emotion know,
Inſpir'd by Nature, or by Fortune taught,
That he, if haply ſome preſumptuous foe,
With falſe ignoble ſcience fraught,
Shall ſpurn at Freedom's faithful band,
That he their dear defence will ſhun,
Or hide their glories from the ſun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand.

Stanza III. 3.] Alluding to his Defence of the People of England against Salmaſius. See particularly the manner in which he himſelf ſpeaks of that undertaking in the Introduction to his Reply to Morus.

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the ſportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muſes' quire
Content with poliſh'd Eaſe retire.
Where prieſts the ſtudious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile Ambition's aim,
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honours to an hateful lord, [Fame?
Reſerv'd for angry Heav'n, and ſcorn'd of honeſt

IV. 2.

But here, where Freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant ſons is known,
Where all are conſcious of her cares,
And each the pow'r that rules him ſhares,
Here let the bard, whoſe daſtard tongue
Leaves public arguments unſung,
Bid public praiſe farewell,
Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull myſterious monks to ſlumber in their cell.

IV. 3.

O Haſtings! not to all
Can ruling Heav'n the ſame endowments lend;
Yet ſtill doth Nature to her offspring call, [bend
That to one gen'ral weal their diff'rent pow'rs they
Unenvious. Thus alone, tho' ſtrains divine
Inform the boſom of the Muſe's ſon,
Tho' with new honours the Patrician's line
Advance from age to age, yet thus alone
They win the ſuffrage of impartial Fame.
The poet's name
He beſt ſhall prove
Whoſe lays the ſoul with nobleſt paſſions move:

Stanza IV. 3.] Edward III. from whom deſcended Henry Haſtings' third Earl of Huntingdon, by the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV.

But thee, O Progeny of heroes old!
Thee to severer toils thy fate requires;
The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould,
The grateful country of thy sires,
Thee to sublimer paths demand,
Sublimer than thy sires could trace,
Or thy own Edward teach his race,
Tho' Gaul's proud Genius sank beneath his hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and subject farms
They led the rustic youth to arms,
And kings their stern achievements fear'd
While private strife their banners rear'd:
But loftier scenes to thee are shown,
Where empire's wide establish'd throne
No private master fills,
Where long foretold the people reigns,
Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains,
And judgeth what he sees, and as he judgeth wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
The swelling Democratic tide,
To watch the state's uncertain frame,
And baffle Faction's partial aim,
But chiefly with determin'd zeal
To quell that servile band who kneel
To Freedom's banish'd foes,
That monster which is daily found
Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound,
Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel knows.

V. 3.

'Tis highest Heav'ns command
That guilty aims should sordid paths pursue,
That what ensnares the heart should maim the hand,
And Virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too.

Stanza V. 3.] At Whittington, a village on the edge of Scarsdale in Derbyshire, the Earls of Devonshire and Danby, with the Lord Delamere, privately concerted the plan of the Revolution. The house in which they met is at present a farm-house, and the country people distinguish the room where they sat by the name of The Plotting Parlour.

But look on Freedom: ſee thro' ev'ry age
What labours, perils, griefs, hath ſhe diſdain'd!
What arms, what regal pride, what prieſtly rage,
Have her dread offspring conquer'd or ſuſtain'd!
For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the ſtrains
Of happy ſwains,
Which now reſound
Where Scarſdale's cliffs the ſwelling paſtures bound,
Bear witneſs: there oft' let the farmer hail
The ſacred orchard which imbow'rs his gate,
And ſhew to ſtrangers, paſſing down the vale,
Where Cav'ndiſh, Booth, and Oſborne, ſate;
When, burſting from their country's chain,
E'en in the midſt of deadly harms,
Of papal ſnares and lawleſs arms,
They plann'd for Freedom this her nobleſt reign.

VI. 1.

This reign, theſe laws, this public care,
Which Naſſau gave us all to ſhare,
Had ne'er adorn'd the Engliſh name
Could Fear have ſilenc'd Freedom's claim:
But Fear in vain attempts to bind
Thoſe lofty efforts of the mind
Which ſocial good inſpires;
Where men for this aſſault a throne,
Each adds the common welfare to his own,
And each unconquer'd heart the ſtrength of all acquires.

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus when late we view'd
Our fields in civil blood imbru'd?
When Fortune crown'd the barb'rous hoſt,
And half th' aſtoniſh'd iſle was loſt?
Did one of all that vaunting train
Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
Durſt one in arms appear?
Durſt one in counſels pledge his life,
Stake his luxurious fortunes in the ſtrife,
Or lend his boaſted name his vagrant friends to cheer?

VI. 3.

Yet, Haſtings! theſe are they
Who challenge to themſelves thy country's love;
The true, the conſtant, who alone can weigh
What glory ſhould demand or liberty approve!
But let their works declare them. Thy free pow'r's
The gen'rous pow'rs of thy prevailing mind,
Not for the taſks of their confed'rate hours,
Lewd brawls and lurking ſlander, were deſign'd.
Be thou thy own approver. Honeſt praiſe
Oft' nobly ſways
Ingenuous youth;
But, ſought from cowards and the lying mouth,
Praiſe is reproach. Eternal God alone
For mortals fixeth that ſublime award:
He from the faithful records of his throne
Bids the hiſtorian and the bard
Diſpoſe of honour and of ſcorn,
Diſcern the patriot from the ſlave,
And write the good, the wiſe, the brave,
For leſſons to the multitude unborn.

END OF BOOK FIRST.

BOOK II. ODE I.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKESPEARE,

Supposed to have been spoken at the Theatre-Royal while the French Comedians were acting by Subscription, 1749.

IF yet, regardful of your native land,
Old Shakespeare's tongue you deign to understand,
Lo! from the blissful bow'rs, where Heav'n rewards
Instructive sages and unblemish'd bards,
I come, the ancient founder of the stage,
Intent to learn, in this discerning age,
What form of wit your fancies have embrac'd,
And whither tends your elegance of taste,
That thus at length our homely toils you spurn,
That thus to foreign scenes you proudly turn,
That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim
To crown the rivals of your country's fame.
What tho' the footsteps of my devious Muse
The measur'd walks of Grecian art refuse?
Or tho' the frankness of my hardy style
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file?
Yet what my age and climate held to view,
Impartial I survey'd and fearless drew.
And say, ye skilful in the human heart!
Who know to prize a poet's noblest part,
What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field
For lofty thought, for daring fancy, yield?
I saw this England break the shameful bands
Forg'd for the souls of men by sacred hands;
I saw each groaning realm her aid implore,
Her sons the heroes of each warlike shore,
Her naval standard (the dire Spaniard's bane)
Obey'd thro' all the circuit of the main;
Then too great Commerce, for a late-found world,
Around your coast her eager sails unfurl'd;

New hopes, new paſſions thence the boſom fir'd,
New plans, new arts the genius thence inſpir'd,
Thence ev'ry ſcene which private fortune knows
In ſtronger life with bolder ſpirit roſe.
Diſgrac'd I this full proſpect which I drew?
My colours languid, or my ſtrokes untrue?
Have not your ſages, warriors, ſwains, and kings,
Confeſs'd the living draught of men and things?
What other bard in any clime appears
Alike the maſter of your ſmiles and tears?
Yet have I deign'd your audience to entice
With wretched bribes to luxury and vice?
Or have my various ſcenes a purpoſe known
Which Freedom, Virtue, Glory, might not own?
Such from the firſt was my dramatic plan;
It ſhould be yours to crown what I began:
And now that England ſpurns her Gothic chain,
And equal laws and ſocial ſcience reign,
I thought now ſurely ſhall my zealous eyes
View nobler bards and juſter critics riſe,
Intent with learned labour to refine
The copious ore of Albion's native mine,
Our ſtately Muſe more graceful airs to teach,
And form her tongue to more attractive ſpeech,
Till rival nations liſten at her feet,
And own her poliſh'd as they own her great.
But do you thus my fav'rite hopes fulfil?
Is France at laſt the ſtandard of your ſkill?
Alas for you, that ſo betray a mind
Of art unconſcious, and to beauty blind!
Say, does her language your ambition raiſe,
Her barren, trivial, unharmonious, phraſe,
Which fetters eloquence to ſcantieſt bounds,
And maims the cadence of poetic ſounds?
Say, does your humble admiration chuſe
The gentle prattle of her Comic Muſe,
While wits, plain-dealers, fops, and fools, appear,
Charg'd to ſay nought but what the king may hear?
Or rather melt your ſympathizing hearts,
Won by her Tragic ſcenes' romantic arts,

Where old and young declaim on ſoft deſire,
And heroes never but for love expire?
No: tho' the charms of novelty a while
Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtleſs ſmile,
Yet not for you deſign'd indulgent Fate
The modes or manners of the Bourbon ſtate;
And ill your minds my partial judgment reads,
And many an augury my hope miſleads,
If the fair maids of yonder blooming train
To their light courtſhip would an audience deign;
Or thoſe chaſte matrons a Pariſian wife
Chuſe for the model of domeſtic life;
Or if one youth of all that gen'rous band,
The ſtrength and ſplendor of their native land,
Would yield his portion of his country's fame,
And quit old Freedom's patrimonial claim,
With lying ſmiles Oppreſſion's pomp to ſee,
And judge of Glory by a king's decree.
O bleſt at home with juſtly envy'd laws!
O long the chiefs of Europe's gen'ral cauſe!
Whom Heav'n hath choſen at each dang'rous hour
To check the inroads of barbaric Pow'r,
The rights of trampled nations to reclaim,
And guard the ſocial world from bonds and ſhame;
Oh! let not Luxury's fantaſtic charms
Thus give the lie to your heroic arms,
Nor for the ornaments of life embrace
Diſhoneſt leſſons from that vaunting race,
Whom Fate's dread laws (for in eternal Fate
Deſpotic Rule was heir to Freedom's hate)
Whom in each warlike, each commercial part,
In civil counſel and in pleaſing art,
The Judge of earth predeſtin'd for your foes,
And made it ſame and virtue to oppoſe.

ODE II.

TO SLEEP.

I.

THOU ſilent Pow'r! whoſe welcome ſway
Charms ev'ry anxious thought away,
In whoſe divine oblivion drown'd
Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
Love is with kinder looks beguil'd,
And Grief forgets her fondly-cheriſh'd wound,
Oh whither haſt thou flown, indulgent god!
God of kind ſhadows and of healing dews,
Whom doſt thou touch with thy Lethæan rod?
Around whoſe temples now thy opiate airs diffuſe?

II.

Lo! Midnight from her ſtarry reign
Looks awful down on earth and main,
The tuneful birds lie huſh'd in ſleep,
With all that crop the verdant food,
With all that ſkim the cryſtal flood,
Or haunt the caverns of the rocky ſteep;
No ruſhing winds diſturb the tufted bow'rs,
No wakeful ſound the moonlight valley knows,
Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
And lulls the waving ſcene to more profound repoſe.

III.

Oh let not me alone complain,
Alone invoke thy pow'r in vain!
Deſcend propitious on my eyes,
Not from the couch that bears a crown,
Not from the courtly ſtateſman's down,
Nor where the miſer and his treaſure lies;
Bring not the ſhapes that break the murd'rer's reſt,
Nor thoſe the hireling ſoldier loves to ſee,
Nor thoſe which haunt the bigot's gloomy breaſt;
Far be their guilty nights and far their dreams from me!

IV.

Nor yet thoſe awful forms preſent
For chiefs and heroes only meant.
The figur'd braſs, the choral ſong,
The reſcu'd peoples' glad applauſe,
The liſt'ning ſenate, and the laws
Fix'd by the counſels of Timoleon's * tongue,
Are ſcenes too grand for Fortune's private ways,
And tho' they ſhine in youth's ingenuous view,
The ſober gainful arts of modern days
To ſuch romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu

V.

I aſk not, god of Dreams! thy care
To baniſh Love's preſentments fair:
Nor roſy cheek, nor radiant eye
Can arm him with ſuch ſtrong command,
That the young ſorc'rer's fatal hand
Should round my ſoul his pleaſing fetters tie:
Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving ſmile,
(A lighter phantom and a baſer chain)
Did e'er in ſlumber my proud lyre beguile
To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according ſtrain.

VI.

But, Morpheus! on thy balmy wing
Such honourable viſions bring
As ſooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,
When in prophetic dreams he ſaw
The race unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heav'nly page:
Or ſuch as Mead's benignant fancy knows
When health's deep treaſures, by his art explor'd,
Have ſav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
Or to the trembling ſire his age's hope reſtor'd.

* After Timoleon had delivered Syracuſe from the tyranny of Dionyſius, the people on every important deliberation ſent for him into the public aſſembly, aſked his advice, and voted according to it. *Plut.*

ODE III.

TO THE CUCKOW.

I.

O RUSTIC herald of the Spring!
At length in yonder woody vale
Faſt by the brook I hear thee ſing,
And ſtudious of thy homely tale,
Amid the veſpers of the grove,
Amid the chanting choir of love,
Thy ſage reſponſes hail.

II.

The time has been when I have frown'd
To hear thy voice the woods invade,
And while thy ſolemn accent drown'd
Some ſweeter poet of the ſhade,
Thus thought I, thus the ſons of Care
Some conſtant youth or gen'rous fair
With dull advice upbraid.

III.

I ſaid, "While Philomela's ſong
"Proclaims the paſſion of the grove,
"It ill beſeems a Cuckow's tongue
"Her charming language to reprove."—
Alas! how much a lover's ear
Hates all the ſober truth to hear,
The ſober truth of love!

IV.

When hearts are in each other bleſt,
When nought but lofty faith can rule
The nymph's and ſwain's conſenting breaſt,
How Cuckow-like, in Cupid's ſchool,
With ſtore of grave prudential ſaws
On Fortune's pow'r and Cuſtom's laws,
Appears each friendly fool!

V.

Yet think betimes, ye gentle Train!
Whom love, and hope, and fancy, sway,
Whom ev'ry harsher care disdain,
Who by the morning judge the day,
Think that in April's fairest hours
To warbling shades and painted flow'rs
The Cuckow joins his lay.

ODE IV.

TO THE HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND.

In the Country, 1750.

I. 1.

HOW oft' shall I survey
This humble roof, the lawn, the greenwood shade,
The vale with sheaves o'erspread,
The glassy brook, the flocks which round thee stray?
When will thy cheerful mind
Of these have utter'd all her dear esteem?
Or tell me, dost thou deem
No more to join in glory's toilsome race,
But here content embrace
That happy leisure which thou hadst resign'd?

I. 2.

Alas! ye happy hours!
When books and youthful sport the soul could share,
Ere one ambitious care
Of civil life had aw'd her simpler pow'rs,
Oft' as your winged train
Revisit here my friend in white array,
Oh! fail not to display
Each fairer scene where I perchance had part,
That so his gen'rous heart
Th' abode of even Friendship may remain.

I. 3.

For not imprudent of my loss to come,
I saw from Contemplation's quiet cell
His feet ascending to another home,
Where public Praise and envy'd Greatness dwell.

But ſhall we therefore, O my Lyre!
Reprove Ambition's beſt deſire,
Extinguiſh Glory's flame?
Far other was the taſk enjoin'd
When to my hand thy ſtrings were firſt aſſign'd,
Far other faith belongs to Friendſhip's honour'd name.

II. 1.

Thee, Townſhend! not the arms
Of ſlumb'ring Eaſe nor Pleaſure's roſy chain
Were deſtin'd to detain;
No, nor bright Science, nor the Muſe's charms.
For them high Heav'n prepares
Their proper votaries, an humbler band:
And ne'er would Spenſer's hand
Have deign'd to ſtrike the warbling Tuſcan ſhell,
Nor Harrington to tell
What habit an immortal city wears.

II. 2.

Had this been born to ſhield
The cauſe which Cromwell's impious hand betray'd,
Or that like Vere diſplay'd
His Redcroſs banner o'er the Belgian field;
Yet where the will divine
Hath ſhut thoſe loftieſt paths, it next remains
With reaſon, clad in ſtrains
Of harmony, ſelected minds t' inſpire,
And Virtue's living fire
To feed and eternize in hearts like thine.

II. 3.

For never ſhall the herd whom Envy ſways
So quell my purpoſe, or my tongue controul,
That I ſhould fear illuſtrious worth to praiſe,
Becauſe its maſter's friendſhip mov'd my ſoul.
Yet if this undiſſembling ſtrain
Should now perhaps thine ear detain
With any pleaſing ſound,
Remember thou that righteous Fame
From hoary Age a ſtrict account will claim [crown'd.
Of each auſpicious palm with which thy youth was

III. 1.

Nor obvious is the way
Where Heav'n expects thee, nor the traveller leads
Thro' flow'rs or fragrant meads,
Or groves that hark to Philomela's lay.
The impartial laws of Fate
To nobler virtues wed severer cares.
Is there a man who shares
The summit next where heav'nly natures dwell?
Ask him (for he can tell)
What storms beat round that rough laborious height.

III. 2.

Ye Heroes! who of old
Did gen'rous England Freedom's throne ordain,
From Alfred's parent reign
To Nassau, great deliv'rer, wise and bold!
I know your perils hard,
Your wounds, your painful marches, wintry seas,
The night estrang'd from ease,
The day by cowardice and falsehood vex'd,
The head with doubt perplex'd,
Th' indignant heart disdaining the reward

III. 3.

Which Envy hardly grants. But, O renown!
O praise from judging Heav'n and virtuous men,
If thus they purchas'd thy divinest crown,
Say, who shall hesitate, or who complain?
And now they sit on thrones above;
And when among the gods they move
Before the Sovran Mind,
"Lo! these," he saith, "Lo! these are they
"Who to the laws of mine eternal sway
"From violence and fear asserted humankind."

IV. 1.

Thus honour'd while the train
Of legislators in his presence dwell,
If I may aught foretel,
The statesman shall the second palm obtain.

For dreadful deeds of arms
Let vulgar bards with undiſcerning praiſe
More glitt'ring trophies raiſe,
But wiſeſt Heav'n what deeds may chiefly move
To favour and to love;
What, ſave wide bleſſings or averted harms?

IV. 2.

Nor to th' embattled field
Shall the achievements of the peaceful gown
The green immortal crown
Of valour or the ſongs of conqueſt yield.
Not Fairfax, wildly bold,
While bare of creſt he hew'd his fatal way
Thro' Naſeby's firm array,
To heavier dangers did his breaſt oppoſe
Than Pym's free virtue choſe
When the proud force of Strafford he controll'd.

IV. 3.

But what, is man at enmity with truth?
What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious mind
When (blighted all the promiſe of his youth)
The patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd?
Let Ireland's loud lamenting plains,
Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled ſwains,
Let menac'd London, tell,
How impious Guile made Wiſdom baſe,
How gen'rous Zeal to cruel Rage gave place,
And how unbleſs'd he liv'd, and how diſhonour'd fell.

V. 1.

Thence never hath the Muſe
Around his tomb Pierian roſes flung,
Nor ſhall one poet's tongue
His name for muſic's pleaſing labour chuſe.
And ſure when Nature kind
Hath deck'd ſome favour'd breaſt above the throng,
That man with grievous wrong
Affronts and wounds his genius if he bends
To Guilt's ignoble ends
The functions of his ill-ſubmitting mind.

V. 2.

For worthy of the wiſe
Nothing can ſeem but virtue, nor earth yield
Their fame an equal field,
Save where impartial Freedom gives the prize:
There Somers fix'd his name,
Enroll'd the next to William; there ſhall Time
To ev'ry wond'ring clime
Point out that Somers, who, from Faction's crowd,
The ſtand'rous and the loud,
Could fair aſſent and modeſt rev'rence claim.

V. 3.

Nor aught did laws or ſocial arts acquire,
Nor this majeſtic weal of Albion's land
Did aught accompliſh, or to aught aſpire,
Without his guidance, his ſuperior hand.
And rightly ſhall the Muſe's care
Wreaths like her own for him prepare,
Whoſe mind's enamour'd aim
Could forms of civil beauty draw
Sublime as ever ſage or poet ſaw,
Yet ſtill to life's rude ſcene the proud ideas tame.

VI. 1.

Let none profane be near!
The Muſe was never foreign to his breaſt;
On Pow'rs great ſeat conſeſt
Still to her voice he bent a lover's ear:
And if the bleſſed know
Their ancient cares, e'en now th' unfading groves
Where haply Milton roves
With Spenſer, hear th' enchanted echoes round
Thro' fartheſt heav'n reſound
With Somers! guardian of their fame below.

VI. 2.

He knew, the patriot knew,
That letters and the Muſes' pow'rful art
Exalt th' ingenuous heart,
And brighten ev'ry form of juſt and true:

They lend a nobler ſway
To civil Wiſdom than Corruption's lure
Could ever yet procure;
They too from Envy's pale malignant light
Conduct her forth to ſight,
Cloth'd in the faireſt colours of the day.

VI. 3.

O Townſhend! thus may Time, the judge ſevere,
Inſtruct my happy tongue of thee to tell,
And when I ſpeak of one to freedom dear
For planning wiſely, and for acting well,
Of one whom glory loves to own,
Who ſtill by lib'ral means alone
Hath lib'ral ends purſu'd,
Then for the guerdon of my lay,
"This man with faithful friendſhip" will I ſay,
"From youth to honour'd age my arts and me hath view'd."

ODE V.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

I.

OF all the ſprings within the mind
Which prompt her ſteps in Fortune's maze,
From none more pleaſing aid we find
Than from the genuine love of praiſe.

II.

Nor any partial private end
Such rev'rence to the public bears,
Nor any paſſion, Virtue's friend,
So like to Virtue's ſelf appears.

III.

For who in glory can delight
Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can ſlight,
Who courts the echo that ſucceeds?

IV.

But not the echo on the voice
More than on virtue praiſe depends,
To which of courſe its real price
The judgment of the praiſer lends.

V.

If praiſe then with religious awe
From the ſole perfect Judge be ſought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor prieſt, nor bard, nor ſage, hath taught;

VI.

With which in character the ſame,
Tho' in an humbler ſphere it lies,
I count that ſoul of human fame
The ſuffrage of the good and wiſe.

ODE VI.

TO W. HALL, ESQ. WITH THE WORKS OF CHAULIEU.

I.

ATTEND to Chaulieu's wanton lyre,
While, fluent as the ſkylark ſings
When firſt the morn allures its wings,
The epicure his theme purſues,
And tell me if among the choir
Whoſe muſic charms the banks of Seine,
So full, ſo free, ſo rich, a ſtrain
E'er dictated the warbling Muſe.

II.

Yet, Hall! while thy judicious ear
Admires the well diſſembled art
That can ſuch harmony impart
To the lame pace of Gallic rhymes,
While wit, from affectation clear,
Bright images and paſſions true
Recall to thy aſſenting view
The envy'd bards of nobler times;

III.

Say, is not oft' his doctrine wrong?
This prieſt of Pleaſure, who aſpires
To lead us to her ſacred fires,
Knows he the ritual of her ſhrine?
Say, (her ſweet influence to thy ſong
So may the goddeſs ſtill afford,)
Doth ſhe conſent to be ador'd
With ſhameleſs love and frantic wine?

IV.

Nor Cato nor Chryſippus here
Need we in high indignant phraſe
From their Elyſian quiet raiſe,
But Pleaſure's oracle alone
Conſult attentive, not ſevere.
O Pleaſure! we blaſpheme not thee,
Nor emulate the rigid knee
Which bends but at the Stoic throne.

V.

We own, had Fate to man aſſign'd
Nor ſenſe nor wiſh but what obey
Or Venus ſoft or Bacchus gay,
Then might our bard's voluptuous creed
Moſt aptly govern humankind,
Unleſs perchance what he hath ſung,
Of tortur'd joints and nerves unſtrung,
Some wrangling heretic ſhould plead.

VI.

But now with all theſe proud deſires
For dauntleſs truth and honeſt fame,
With that ſtrong maſter of our frame
Th' inexorable judge within,
What can be done? Alas! ye fires
Of love! alas! ye roſy ſmiles!
Ye nectar'd cups from happier ſoils!
Ye have no bribe his grace to win.

ODE VII.

TO THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ.

On the late Edition of Mr. Pope's Works, 1751.

I.

BELIEVE me, Edwards, to reſtrain
The licence of a railer's tongue,
Is what but ſeldom men obtain
By ſenſe or wit, by proſe or ſong;
A taſk for more Herculean pow'rs,
Nor ſuited to the ſacred hours
Of leiſure in the Muſes' bow'rs.

II.

In bow'rs where laurel weds with palm
The Muſe, the blameleſs queen, reſides,
Fair Fame attends, and Wiſdom calm
Her eloquence harmonious guides;
While ſhut for ever from her gate,
Oft' trying, ſtill repining, wait
Fierce Envy and calumnious Hate.

III.

Who then from her delightful bounds
Would ſtep one moment forth to heed
What impotent and ſavage ſounds
From their unhappy mouths proceed?
No; rather Spenſer's lyre again
Prepare, and let thy pious ſtrain
For Pope's diſhonour'd ſhade complain.

IV.

Tell how diſpleas'd was ev'ry bard,
When lately in th' Elyſian grove
They of his Muſe's guardian heard,
His delegate to fame above,
And what with one accord they ſaid
Of Wit in drooping age miſled,
And Warburton's officious aid:

V.

How Virgil mourn'd the ſordid fate
To that melodious lyre aſſign'd,
Beneath a tutor who ſo late
With Midas and his rout combin'd
By ſpiteful Clamour to confound
That very lyre's enchanting ſound,
Tho' liſt'ning realms admir'd around:

VI.

How Horace own'd he thought the fire
Of his friend Pope's ſatiric line
Did farther fuel ſcarce require
From ſuch a militant divine:
How Milton ſcorn'd the ſophiſt vain
Who durſt approach his hallow'd ſtrain
With unwaſh'd hands and lips profane.

VII.

Then Shakeſpeare, debonnair and mild,
Brought that ſtrange Comment forth to view;
"Conceits more deep," he ſaid and ſmil'd,
"Than his own fools or madmen knew;"
But thank'd a gen'rous friend above,
Who did with free advent'rous love
Such pageants from his tomb remove.

VIII.

And if to Pope, in equal need,
The ſame kind office thou wouldſt pay,
Then, Edwards, all the band decreed
That future bards with frequent lay
Should call on thy auſpicious name
From each abſurd intruder's claim
To keep inviolate their fame.

Stanza V.] During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the reſt of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the preſent Lord Biſhop of Glouceſter, did with great zeal cultivate their friendſhip, having been introduced forſooth at the meetings of that reſpectable confederacy, a favour which he afterwards ſpoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulneſs: at the ſame time, in his intercourſe with them, he treated Mr. Pope in a moſt contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of theſe aſſertions his Lordſhip can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correſpondence with Concanen, a part of which is ſtill in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.

ODE VIII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF BRANDENBURGH. 1751.*

I.

THE men renown'd as chiefs of human race,
And born to lead in counſels or in arms,
Have ſeldom turn'd their feet from Glory's chaſe
To dwell with books, or court the Muſe's charms:
Yet to your eyes if haply time hath brought
Some genuine tranſcript of their calmer thought,
There ſtill we own the wiſe, the great, or good;
And Cæſar there and Xenophon are ſeen
As clear in ſpirit and ſublime of mien
As on Pharſalian plains or by th' Aſſyrian flood.

II.

Say thou too, Fred'rick! was not this thy aim?
Thy vigil's could the ſtudent's lamp engage,
Except for this? except that future fame
Might read thy genius in the faithful page?
That if hereafter Envy ſhall preſume
With words irrev'rent to inſcribe thy tomb,
And baſer weeds upon thy palms to fling,
That hence poſterity may try thy reign,
Aſſert thy treaties, and thy wars explain,
And view in native lights the hero and the king.

* In the year 1751 appeared a very ſplendid edition in 4to of *Memoires pour ſervir a l'Hiſtoire de la Maiſon de Brandebourg, a Berlin et a la Haye*, with a privilege ſigned *Frederick*, the ſame being engraved in imitation of handwriting. In this edition, among other extraordinary paſſages, are the two following, to which the third ſtanza of this ode more particularly refers:

Page 163.] "Il ſe fit une migration [the author is ſpeaking of what "happened of the revocation of the Edict of Nantz] dont on n'avoit "guere vu d'exemples dans l'hiſtoire: un peuple entier ſortit du ro- "yaume par l'eſprit de parti en haine du pape, et pour recevoir ſous un "autre ciel la communion ſous les deux eſpeces: quatre cens mille "ames s'exptrierent ainſi et abandonnerent tous leur biens pour deton- "ner dans d'autres temples les vieux pſeaumes de Clement Marot."

Page 242.] "La crainte donna le jour a la credulite, et l'amour pro- "pre intereſſa bientot le ciel au deſtin des hommes."

III.

O evil foresight and pernicious care!
Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal?
Shall we the lessons of thy pen compare
With private honour or with public zeal?
Whence then at things divine those darts of scorn?
Why are the woes which virtuous men have borne
For sacred Truth a prey to Laughter giv'n?
What fiend, what foe of Nature, urg'd thy arm
Th' Almighty of his sceptre to disarm,
To push this earth adrift, and leave it loose from heav'n?

IV.

Ye godlike Shades of legislators old!
Ye who made Rome victorious, Athens wise!
Ye first of mortals, with the blest enroll'd!
Say, did not horror in your bosoms rise,
When thus, by impious Vanity impell'd,
A magistrate, a monarch, ye beheld
Affronting civil Order's holiest bands,
Those bands which ye so labour'd to improve,
Those hopes and fears of justice from above
Which tam'd the savage world to your divine commands?

ODE IX.

TO THE RIGHT REV. BENJAMIN LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, 1754.

I. 1.

FOR toils which patriots have endur'd,
For treason quell'd and laws secur'd,
In ev'ry nation Time displays
The palm of honourable praise.
Envy may rail, and Faction fierce
May strive; but what, alas! can those
(Tho' bold, yet blind and sordid foes)
To gratitude and love oppose,
To faithful story and persuasive verse?

I. 2.

O Nurſe of freedom, Albion! ſay,
Thou tamer of deſpotic ſway,
What man among thy ſons around
Thus heir to glory haſt thou found?
What page in all thy annals bright
Haſt thou with purer joy ſurvey'd
Than that where truth by Hoadley's aid
Shines thro' impoſture's ſolemn ſhade,
Thro' kingly and thro' ſacerdotal night?

I. 3.

To him the Teacher bleſt
Who ſent religion from the palmy field
By Jordan like the morn to cheer the weſt,
And lifted up the veil which Heav'n from earth conceal'd,
To Hoadley thus his mandate he addreſt:
"Go thou and reſcue my diſhonour'd law
"From hands rapacious and from tongues impure;
"Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
"Fell Perſecution's mortal ſnares to aid;
"Let not my words be impious chains to draw
"The freeborn ſoul in more than brutal awe,
"To faith without aſſent, allegiance unrepaid."

II. 1.

No cold or unperforming hand
Was arm'd by Heav'n with this command:
The world ſoon felt it; and on high
To William's ear with welcome joy
Did Locke among the bleſt unfold
The riſing hope of Hoadley's name;
Godolphin then confirm'd the ſame;
And Somers, when from earth he came,
And gen'rous Stanhope the fair ſequel told.

Stanza II. 1.] Mr. Locke died in 1704, when Mr. Hoadley was beginning to diſtinguiſh himſelf in the cauſe of civil and religious liberty; Lord Godolphin in 1712, when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction were chiefly favoured by thoſe in power; Lord Somers in 1716, amid the practices of the Non-juring clergy againſt the Proteſtant eſtabliſhment; and Lord Stanhope in 1721, during the controverſy with the lower Houſe of Convocation.

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around,
(Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)
And liſt'ning aſk'd, and wond'ring knew,
What private force could thus ſubdue
The vulgar and the great combin'd,
Could war with ſacred folly wage,
Could a whole nation diſengage
From the dread bonds of many an age,
And to new habits mould the public mind.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's ſword,
Nor the ſtrong pow'rs to civil founders known,
Were his, but truth by faithful ſearch explor'd,
And ſocial ſenſe like ſeed in genial plenty ſown.
Wherever it took root the ſoul (reſtor'd
To freedom) freedom too for others ſought.
Not monkiſh craft, the tyrant's claim divine,
Not regal zeal, the bigot's cruel ſhrine,
Could longer guard from Reaſon's warfare ſage;
Not the wild rabble to ſedition wrought,
Nor ſynods by the papal Genius taught,
Nor St. John's ſpirit looſe, nor Atterbury's rage.

III. 1.

But where ſhall recompenſe be found,
Or how ſuch arduous merit crown'd?
For look on life's laborious ſcene,
What rugged ſpaces lie between
Advent'rous Virtue's early toils
And her triumphal throne! the ſhade
Of death mean-time does oft' invade
Her progreſs, nor to us diſplay'd
Wears the bright heroine her expected ſpoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her pow'r:
—O Hoadley! it that favourite hour
On earth arrive, with thankful awe
We own juſt Heav'n's indulgent law,

And proudly thy ſucceſs behold;
We attend thy rev'rend length of days
With benediction and with praiſe,
And hail thee in our public ways
Like ſome great ſpirit fam'd in ages old.

III. 3.

While thus our vows prolong
Thy ſteps on earth, and when by us reſign'd
Thou join'ſt thy ſeniors, that heroic throng
Who reſcu'd or preſerv'd the rights of humankind,
O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
Thee ſtill her friend and benefactor name;
O! never, Hoadley! in thy country's eyes
May impious gold or pleaſure's gaudy prize
Make public virtue public freedom vile,
Nor our own manners tempt us to diſclaim
That heritage, our nobleſt wealth and fame,
Which thou haſt kept entire from force and faction's guile.

ODE X.

I.

IF rightly tuneful bards decide,
If it be fix'd in Love's decrees,
That beauty ought not to be try'd
But by its native pow'r to pleaſe,
Then tell me, Youths and Lovers! tell
What fair can Amoret excel?

II.

Behold that bright unſully'd ſmile,
And Wiſdom ſpeaking in her mien,
Yet (ſhe ſo artleſs all the while,
So little ſtudious to be ſeen)
We nought but inſtant gladneſs know,
Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

III.

But neither muſic, nor the pow'rs
Of youth, and mirth, and frolic cheer,
Add half that ſunſhine to the hours,
Or make life's proſpect half ſo clear,

As mem'ry brings it to the eye,
From ſcenes where Amoret was by.

IV.

Yet not a ſatireſt could there
Or fault or indiſcretion find,
Nor any prouder ſage declare
One virtue pictur'd in his mind,
Whoſe form with lovelier colours glows
Than Amoret's demeanour ſhows.

V.

This ſure is beauty's happieſt part,
This gives the moſt unbounded ſway,
This ſhall enchant the ſubject heart
When roſe and lily fade away,
And ſhe be ſtill, in ſpite of time,
Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

ODE XI.

AT STUDY.

I.

WHITHER did my fancy ſtray?
By what magic drawn away
Have I left my ſtudious theme,
From his philoſophic page,
From the problems of the ſage,
Wand'ring thro' a pleaſing dream?

II.

'Tis in vain, alas! I find,
Much in vain, my zealous mind
Would to learned Wiſdom's throne
Dedicate each thoughtful hour;
Nature bids a ſofter pow'r
Claim ſome minutes for his own.

III.

Let the buſy or the wiſe
View him with contemptuous eyes,

Love is native to the heart;
Guide its wiſhes as you will,
Without love you'll find it ſtill
Void in one eſſential part.

IV.

Me tho' no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care,
Tho' the pride of my deſire
Aſks immortal Friendſhip's name,
Aſks the palm of honeſt fame,
And the old heroic lyre;

V.

Tho' the day have ſmoothly gone,
Or to letter'd leiſure known,
Or in ſocial duty ſpent,
Yet at eve my lonely breaſt
Seeks in vain for perfect reſt,
Languiſhes for true content.

ODE XII.

TO THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND, 1758.

I.

WHITHER is Europe's ancient ſpirit fled?
Where are thoſe valiant tenants of her ſhore,
Who from the warrior-bow the ſtrong dart ſped,
Or with firm hand the rapid pole-axe bore?
Freeman and Soldier was their common name,
Who late with reapers to the furrow came,
Now in the front of battle charg'd the foe;
Who taught the ſteer the wintry plough t' endure,
Now in full councils check'd encroaching pow'r,
And gave the guardian laws their majeſty to know.

II.

But who are ye? from Ebro's loit'ring ſons
To Tiber's pageants, to the ſports of Seine,
From Rhine's frail palaces to Danube's thrones,
And cities looking on the Cimbric main,

Ye loſt, ye ſelf-deſerted! whoſe proud lords
Have baffled your tame hands, and giv'n your ſwords
To ſlaviſh ruffians, hir'd for their command:
Theſe at ſome greedy monk's or harlot's nod,
See rifled nations crouch beneath their rod;
Theſe are the public will, the reaſon of the land.

III.

Thou, heedleſs Albion! what, alas! the while
Doſt thou preſume? O inexpert in arms,
Yet vain of freedom, how doſt thou beguile
With dreams of hope theſe near and loud alarms!
Thy ſplendid home, thy plan of laws renown'd,
The praiſe and envy of the nations round,
What care haſt thou to guard from Fortune's ſway?
Amid the ſtorms of war how ſoon may all
The lofty pile from its foundations fall,
Of ages the proud toil, the ruin of a day!

IV.

No; thou art rich; thy ſtreams and fertile vales
Add induſtry's wiſe gifts to Nature's ſtore,
And ev'ry port is crowded with thy ſails,
And ev'ry wave throws treaſure on thy ſhore.
What boots it? If luxurious plenty charm
Thy ſelfiſh heart from glory, if thy arm
Shrink at the frowns of danger and of pain,
Thoſe gifts, that treaſure, is no longer thine.
Oh! rather far be poor. Thy gold will ſhine,
Tempting the eye of Force, and deck thee to thy bane.

V.

But what hath force or war to do with thee?
Girt by the azure tide, and thron'd ſublime
Amid thy floating bulwarks, thou canſt ſee
With ſcorn the fury of each hoſtile clime
Daſh'd ere it reach thee. Sacred from the foe
Are thy fair fields. Athwart thy guardian prow
No bold invadar's foot ſhall tempt the ſtrand.—
Yet ſay, my Country! will the waves and wind
Obey thee? haſt thou all thy hopes reſign'd
To the ſky's fickle faith, the pilot's wav'ring hand?

VI.

For oh! may neither fear, nor ſtronger love,
(Love by thy virtuous princes nobly won)
Thee laſt of many wretched nations move
With mighty armies ſtation'd round the throne
To truſt thy ſafety. Then farewell the claims
Of Freedom! her proud records to the flames
Then bear an off'ring at Ambition's ſhrine,
Whate'er thy ancient patriot's dar'd demand
From furious John's or faithleſs Charles's hand,
Or what great William ſeal'd for his adopted line.

VII.

But if thy ſons be worthy of their name,
If lib'ral laws with lib'ral hearts they prize,
Let them from conqueſt and from ſervile ſhame
In war's glad ſchool their own protectors riſe.
Ye chiefly heirs of Albion's cultur'd plains!
Ye leaders of her bold and faithful ſwains!
Now not unequal to your birth be found;
The public voice bids arm your rural ſtate,
Paternal hamlets for your enſigns wait, [around.
And grange and fold prepare to pour their youth

VIII.

Why are ye tardy? what inglorious care
Detains you from their head, your native poſt?
Who moſt their country's fame and fortune ſhare,
'Tis theirs to ſhare her toils, her perils moſt.
Each man his taſk in ſocial life ſuſtains:
With partial labours, with domeſtic gains,
Let others dwell: to you indulgent Heav'n,
By counſel and by arms, the public cauſe
To ſerve for public love, and love's applauſe,
The firſt employment far, the nobleſt hire, hath giv'n.

IX.

Have ye not heard of Lacedæmon's fame?
Of Attic chiefs in Freedom's war divine?
Of Rome's dread gen'rals! the Valerian name?
The Fabian ſons? the Scipio's? matchleſs line!
Your lot was theirs. The farmer and the ſwain
Met his lov'd patron's ſummons from the plain;

The legions gather'd; the bright Eagles flew;
Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourn'd,
The conq'rors to their houſehold gods return'd,
And fed Calabrian flocks, and ſteer'd the Sabine plough.

X.

Shall then this glory of the antique age,
This pride of men, be loſt among mankind?
Shall war's heroic arts no more engage
The unbought hand, the unſubjected mind?
Doth valour to the race no more belong?
No more with ſcorn of violence and wrong
Doth forming Nature now her ſons inſpire,
That, like ſome myſtery to few reveal'd,
The ſkill of arms abaſh'd and aw'd they yield,
And from their own defence with hopeleſs hearts retire?

XI.

O ſhame to human life, to human laws!
The looſe advent'rer, hireling of a day,
Who his fell ſword without affection draws,
Whoſe god, whoſe country, is a tyrant's pay;
This man the leſſons of the field can learn,
Can ev'ry palm which decks a warrior earn,
And ev'ry pledge of conqueſt, while in vain
To guard your altars, your paternal lands,
Are ſocial arms held out to your free hands!
Too arduous is the lore, too irkſome were the pain.

XII.

Mean-time, by Pleaſure's lying tales allur'd,
From the bright ſun and living breeze ye ſtray,
And deep in London's gloomy haunts immur'd,
Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's, health's decay.
O blind of choice, and to yourſelves untrue!
The young grove ſhoots, their bloom the fields renew,
The manſion aſks its lord, the ſwains their friend,
While he doth Riot's orgies haply ſhare,
Or tempt the gameſter's dark deſtroying ſnare,
Or at ſome courtly ſhrine with flaviſh incenſe bend.

XIII.

And yet full oft' your anxious tongues complain,
That lawleſs tumult prompts the ruſtic throng,
That the rude village inmates now diſdain
Thoſe homely ties which rul'd their fathers long.
Alas! your fathers did by other arts
Draw thoſe kind ties around their ſimple hearts,
And led in other parts their ductile will,
By ſuccour, faithful counſel, courteous cheer,
Won them the ancient manners to revere,
To prize their country's peace, and Heav'n's due rites fulfil.

XIV.

But mark the judgment of experienc'd Time,
Tutor of nations. Doth light diſcord tear
A ſtate, and impotent ſedition's crime?
The pow'rs of warlike prudence dwell not there,
The pow'rs who to command, and to obey,
Inſtruct the valiant. There would civil ſway
The riſing race to manly concord tame,
Oft' let the marſhall'd field their ſteps unite,
And in glad ſplendour bring before their ſight
One common cauſe, one hereditary fame.

XV.

Nor yet be aw'd, nor yet your taſk diſown,
Tho' war's proud votaries look on ſevere,
Tho' ſecrets taught erewhile to them alone
They deem profan'd by your intruding ear:
Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell,
Of new refinements, fiercer weapons tell,
And mock the old ſimplicity in vain;
To the time's warfare, ſimple or refin'd,
The time itſelf adapts the warrior's mind,
And equal proweſs ſtill ſhall equal palms obtain.

XVI.

Say then, if England's youth, in earlier days,
On glory's field with well train'd armies vy'd,
Why ſhall they now renounce that gen'rous praiſe?
Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride?

Tho' Valois brav'd young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's chosen sons in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's squires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd;
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch bound.

XVII.

Such were the laurels which your fathers won,
Such Glory's dictates in their dauntless breast.
—Is there no voice that speaks to ev'ry son,
No nobler, holier call to you address't?
O! by majestic Freedom, righteous Laws,
By heav'nly Truth's, by manly Reason's cause,
Awake! attend! be indolent no more:
By Friendship, social Peace, domestic Love,
Rise! arm! your Country's living safety prove,
And train her valiant youth, and watch around her shore.

ODE XIII.

ON RECOVERING FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS.
In the Country, 1758.

I.

THY verdant scenes, O Goulder's Hill!
Once more I seek, a languid guest;
With throbbing temples, and with burden'd breast,
Once more I climb thy steep aerial way.
O faithful care of oft'-returning ill!
Now call thy sprightly breezes round,
Dissolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the springs of life with gentler movement play.

II.

How gladly 'mid the dews of dawn
My weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy west or the fresh north, inhale!
How gladly, while my musing footsteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the sunny lawn,
Awak'd I stop, and look to find
What shrub perfumes the pleasant wind,
Or what wild songster charms the Dryads of the grove!

III.

Now, ere the morning walk is done,
The diſtant voice of Health I hear,
Welcome as Beauty's to the lover's ear:
" Droop not, nor doubt of my return," ſhe cries;
" Here will I, 'mid the radiant calm of noon,
" Meet thee beneath yon' cheſnut bow'r,
" And lenient on thy boſom pour
" That indolence divine which lulls the earth and ſkies."

IV.

The goddeſs promis'd not in vain;
I found her at my fav'rite time,
Nor wiſh'd to breathe in any ſofter clime,
While (half-reclin'd, half-ſlumb'ring, as I lay)
She hover'd o'er me: then among her train
Of Nymphs and Zephyrs to my view
Thy gracious form appear'd anew,
Then firſt, O heavenly Muſe! unſeen for many a day.

V.

In that ſoft pomp the tuneful maid
Shone like the golden ſtar of Love:
I ſaw her hand in careleſs meaſures move,
I heard ſweet preludes dancing on her lyre,
While my whole frame the ſacred ſound obey'd.
New ſunſhine o'er my fancy ſprings,
New colours clothe external things,
And the laſt glooms of pain and ſickly plaint retire.

VI.

O Goulder's Hill! by thee reſtor'd
Once more to this enliven'd hand,
My harp, which late reſounded o'er the land
The voice of Glory ſolemn and ſevere,
My Dorian harp, ſhall now with mild accord
To thee her joyful tribute pay,
And ſend a leſs ambitious lay
Of friendſhip and of love to greet thy maſter's ear:

VII.

For when within thy ſhady ſeat
Firſt from the ſultry Town he choſe,
And the tir'd ſenate's cares, his wiſh'd repoſe,
Then waſt thou mine; to me a happier home
For ſocial leiſure, where my welcome feet,
Eſtrang'd from all th' intangling ways
In which the reſtleſs vulgar ſtrays,
Thro' Nature's ſimple paths with ancient Faith might roam.

VIII.

And while around his ſylvan ſcene
My Dyſon led the white wing'd Hours,
Oft' from th' Athenian Academic bow'rs
Their ſages came, oft' heard our ling'ring walk,
The Mantuan muſic warbling o'er the green;
And oft' did Tully's rev'rend ſhade,
Tho' much for liberty afraid,
With us of letter'd eaſe or virtuous glory talk.

IX.

But other gueſts were on their way,
And reach'd ere long this favour'd grove,
E'en the celeſtial progeny of Jove,
Bright Venus! with her all-ſubduing ſon,
Whoſe golden ſhaft moſt willingly obey,
The beſt and wiſeſt. As they came
Glad Hymen wav'd his genial flame,
And ſang their happy gifts, and prais'd their ſpotleſs throne.

X.

I ſaw when thro' yon' feſtive gate
He led along his choſen maid,
And to my friend with ſmiles preſenting ſaid;
" Receive that faireſt wealth which Heav'n aſſign'd
" To human fortune. Did thy lonely ſtate
" One wiſh, one utmoſt hope, confeſs?
" Behold! ſhe comes t' adorn and bleſs:
" Comes worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy mind"

AKENSIDE's POEMS.

Away! away!
Tempt me no more, insidious Love.
Vide The Complaint Ode XI. Page 222.

Painted by T. Kirk. Ornamented by R. Corbould
Engraved by B. Rhodes for C. Cooke, Nov. 1, 1794.

ODE XIV.

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

AWAY! away!
Tempt me no more, inſidious Love!
Thy ſoothing ſway
Long did my youthful boſom prove:
At length thy treaſon is diſcern'd,
At length ſome dear-bought caution earn'd:
Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

II.

I know, I ſee
Her merit. Needs it now be ſhewn,
Alas! to me?
How often to myſelf unknown
The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid
Have I admir'd! how often ſaid,
What joy to call a heart like her's one's own!

III.

But, flattering God!
O ſquand'rer of content and eaſe!
In thy abode
Will Care's rude leſſon learn to pleaſe?
O ſay, Deceiver! haſt thou won
Proud Fortune to attend thy throne,
Or plac'd thy friends above her ſtern decrees?

ODE XV.

ON DOMESTIC MANNERS. [UNFINISHED.]

I.

MEEK Honour, female ſhame,
O! whither, ſweeteſt offspring of the ſky!
From Albion doſt thou fly,
Of Albion's daughters once the fav'rite fame?
O Beauty's only friend!
Who giv'ſt her pleaſing rev'rence to inſpire,
Who ſelfiſh bold deſire
Doſt to eſteem and dear affection turn,
Alas! of thee forlorn
What joy, what praiſe, what hope, can life pretend?

II.

Behold! our youths in vain
Concerning nuptial happineſs enquire;
Our maids no more aſpire
The arts of baſhful Hymen to attain,
But with triumphant eyes,
And cheeks impaſſive, as they move along,
Aſk homage of the throng.
The lover ſwears that in a harlot's arms
Are found the ſelf-ſame charms,
And worthleſs and deſerted lives and dies.

III.

Behold! unbleſs'd at home,
The father of the cheerleſs houſehold mourns;
The night in vain returns,
For Love and glad Content at diſtance roam,
While ſhe in whom his mind
Seeks refuge from the day's dull taſk of cares,
To meet him ſhe prepares,
Thro' noiſe, and ſpleen, and all the gameſter's art,
A liſtleſs harraſs'd heart,
Were not one tender thought can welcome find.

IV.

'Twas thus along the ſhore
Of Thames Britannia's guardian Genius heard,
From many a tongue preferr'd,
Of ſtrife and grief the fond invective lore,
At which the queen divine
Indignant, with her adamantine ſpear,
Like thunder ſounding near,
Smote the Redcroſs upon her ſilver ſhield,
And thus her wrath reveal'd.
(I watch'd her awful words, and made them mine.)
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

END OF BOOK SECOND.

MISCELLANIES.

AN EPISTLE TO CURIO.*

THRICE has the ſpring beheld thy faded fame,
And the fourth winter riſes on thy ſhame,
Since I exulting graſp'd the votive ſheil,
In ſounds of triumph all thy praiſe to tell;
Bleſt could my ſkill thro' ages make thee ſhine,
And proud to mix my memory with thine.
But now the cauſe that wak'd my ſong before,
With praiſe, with triumph, crowns the toil no more.
If to the glorious man, whoſe faithful cares,
Nor quell'd by malice, nor relax'd by years,
Had aw'd Ambition's wild audacious hate,
And dragg'd at length Corruption to her fate,
If ev'ry tongue its large applauſes ow'd,
And well-earn'd laurels ev'ry Muſe beſtow'd,
If public juſtice urg'd the high reward,
And freedom ſmil'd on the devoted bard,
Say then to him whoſe levity or luſt
Laid all a people's gen'rous hopes in duſt,
Who taught Ambition firmer heights of pow'r,
And ſav'd Corruption at her hopeleſs hour,
Does not each tongue its execration owe?
Shall not each Muſe a wreath of ſhame beſtow?
And public juſtice ſanctify th' award,
And Freedom's hand protect th' impartial bard?
Yet, long reluctant, I forbore thy name,
Long watch'd thy virtue like a dying flame,

* Curio was a young Roman Senator of diſtinguiſhed rank and parts. Being profuſely extravagant, he ſoon diſſipated a ſplendid fortune, to ſupply the want of which he entered into the deſigns of Cæſar againſt the liberties of his country, although he had formerly been a profeſſed enemy to him. Cicero, to whoſe care he had been committed upon his firſt entrance into the Forum, exerted himſelf to prevent his ruin, but without effect, and he became one of the firſt victims in the civil war. This Epiſtle was firſt publiſhed in the year 1744, when a celebrated patriot was ſuppoſed to have deſerted the cauſe of his country. The Author afterwards transformed it into the Ode to Curio, "a performance diſgraceful only to its Author," ſays a celebrated writer. The Epiſtle, which is too curious to be omitted, we here give in its original form. The Ode is printed p. 162 of this Volume.

Hung o'er each glim'ring ſpark with anxious eyes,
And wiſh'd and hop'd the light again would riſe;
But ſince thy guilt ſtill more entire appears,
Since no art hides, no ſuppoſition clears,
Since vengeful Slander now too ſinks her blaſt,
And the firſt rage of party-hate is paſt,
Calm as the judge of Truth at length I come,
To weigh thy merits and pronounce thy doom:
So may my truſt from all reproach be free,
And Earth and Time confirm the fair decree!

There are who ſay they view'd without amaze
Thy ſad reverſe of all thy former praiſe,
That thro' the pageants of a patriot's name
They pierc'd the foulneſs of thy ſecret aim,
Or deem'd thy arm exalted but to throw
The public thunder on a private foe:
But I, whoſe ſoul conſented to thy cauſe,
Who felt thy genius ſtamp its own applauſe,
Who ſaw the ſpirits of its glorious age
Move in thy boſom, and direct thy rage,
I ſcorn'd th' ungen'rous gloſs of ſlaviſh minds,
The owl-ey'd race, whom Virtue's luſtre blinds:
Spite of the learned in the ways of vice,
And all who prove that each man has his price,
I ſtill believ'd thy end was juſt and free,
And yet, e'en yet believe it—ſpite of thee;
E'en tho' thy mouth impure has dar'd diſclaim,
Urg'd by the wretched impotence of ſhame,
Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid
To laws infirm, and liberty decay'd,
Has begg'd Ambition to forgive the ſhow,
Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe,
Has boaſted in thy country's awful ear,
Her groſs deluſion when ſhe held thee dear,
How tame ſhe follow'd thy tempeſtuous call,
And heard thy pompous tales, and truſted all.
Riſe from your ſad abodes ye curſt of old,
For laws ſubverted and for cities ſold!
Paint all the nobleſt trophies of your guilt,
The oaths you perjur'd, and the blood you ſpilt;

Yet muſt you one untempted vileneſs own,
One dreadful palm reſerv'd for him alone;
With ſtudy'd arts his country's praiſe to ſpurn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
To challenge hate when honour was his due,
And plead his crimes, were all his virtue knew!
Do robes of ſtate the guarded heart encloſe
From each fair feeling human nature knows?
Can pompous titles ſtun th' enchanted ear
To all that reaſon all that ſenſe would hear?
Elſe couldſt thou e'er deſert thy ſacred poſt,
In ſuch unthankful baſeneſs to be loſt?
Elſe couldſt thou wed the emptineſs of vice,
And yield thy glories at an idiot's price?

When they who loud for liberty and laws
In doubtful times had fought their country's cauſe,
When now of conqueſt and dominion ſure,
They ſought alone to hold their fruits ſecure,
When taught by theſe Oppreſſion hid the face
To leave Corruption ſtronger in her place,
By ſilent ſpells to work the public fate,
And taint the vitals of the paſſive ſtate,
Till healing Wiſdom ſhould avail no more,
And Freedom loath to tread the poiſon'd ſhore,
Then like ſome guardian god, that flies to ſave
The weary pilgrim from an inſtant grave,
Whom ſleeping and ſecure the guileful ſnake
Steals near and nearer thro' the peaceful brake,
Then Curio roſe, toward the public woe
To wake the heedleſs and incite the ſlow,
Againſt Corruption Liberty to arm,
And quell th' enchantreſs by a mightier charm.

Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
And with thy country's hopes thy honours grew:
Thee patriot the Patrician roof confeſt,
Thy pow'rful voice the reſcu'd merchant bleſt;
Of thee with awe the rural hearth reſounds;
The bowl to thee the grateful ſailor crowns:
Touch'd in the ſighing ſhade with manlier fires,
To trace thy ſteps the loveſick youth aſpires;

The learn'd recluſe, who oft' amaz'd had read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots, dead,
With new amazement hears a living name
Pretend to ſhare in ſuch forgotten fame;
And he who, ſcorning courts and courtly ways,
Left the tame track of theſe dejected days,
The life of nobler ages to renew,
In virtues ſacred from a monarch's view,
Rous'd by thy labours from the bleſs'd retreat
Where ſocial eaſe and public paſſions meet,
Again aſcending, treads the civil ſcene,
To act and be a man as thou hadſt been.
Thus by degrees thy cauſe ſuperior grew,
And the great end appear'd at laſt in view;
We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice,
We ſaw the ſenate bending to thy voice;
The friends of freedom hail'd th' approaching reign,
Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain,
While venal Faction, ſtruck with new diſmay,
Shrunk at their frown, and ſelf-abandon'd lay.
Wak'd in the ſhock, the Public Genius roſe,
Abaſh'd and keener from his long repoſe;
Sublime in ancient pride he rais'd the ſpear
Which ſlaves and tyrants long were wont to fear:
The City felt his call from man to man,
From ſtreet to ſtreet the glorious horror ran;
Each crowded haunt was ſtirr'd beneath his pow'r,
And murm'ring challeng'd the deciding hour.
Lo! the deciding hour at laſt appears,
The hour of ev'ry freeman's hopes and fears!
Thou, Genius! guardian of the Roman name,
O ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame!
Inſtruct the mighty moments as they roll,
And guide each movement ſteady to the goal.
Ye Spirits! by whoſe providential art
Succeeding motives turn the changeful heart,
Keep, keep the beſt in view to Curio's mind,
And watch his fancy, and his paſſions bind!
Ye Shades immortal! who, by Freedom led,
Or in the field or on the ſcaffold bled,

Bend from your radiant ſeats a joyful eye,
And view the crown of all your labours nigh;
See Freedom mounting her eternal throne!
The ſword ſubmitted, and the laws her own;
See public Pow'r chaſtis'd beneath her ſtands,
With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands!
See private life by wiſeſt arts reclaim'd!
See ardent youth to nobleſt manners fram'd!
See us acquire whate'er was ſought by you,
If Curio, only Curio, will be true.
'Twas then—O ſhame! O truſt how ill repaid!
O Latium! oft' by faithleſs ſons betray'd!—
'Twas then—What frenzy on thy reaſon ſtole?
What ſpells unſinew'd thy determin'd ſoul?
Is this the man in Freedom's cauſe approv'd,
The man ſo great, ſo honour'd, ſo belov'd,
This patient ſlave, by tinſel chains allur'd,
This wretched ſuitor for a boon abjur'd,
This Curio, hated and deſpis'd by all,
Who fell himſelf to work his country's fall?
O loſt alike to action and repoſe!
Unknown, unpity'd, in the worſt of woes!
With all that conſcious, undiſſembled pride
Sold to the inſults of a foe defy'd!
With all that habit of familiar fame
Doom'd to exhauſt the dregs of life in ſhame!
The ſole ſad refuge of thy baffled art,
To act a ſtateſman's dull exploded part,
Renounce the praiſe no longer in thy pow'r,
Diſplay thy virtue, tho' without a dow'r,
Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
And ſhut thy eyes that others may be blind.
Forgive me, Romans! that I bear to ſmile
When ſhameleſs mouths your majeſty defile,
Paint you a thoughtleſs, frantic, headlong crew,
And caſt their own impieties on you:
For witneſs, Freedom! to whoſe ſacred pow'r,
My ſoul was vow'd from Reaſon's earlieſt hour,
How have I ſtood exulting to ſurvey
My country's virtues op'ning in thy ray!

How with the ſons of ev'ry foreign ſhore
The more I match'd them honour'd her's the more!
O Race erect! whoſe native ſtrength of ſoul,
Which kings, nor prieſts, nor ſordid laws controul,
Burſts the tame round of animal affairs,
And ſeeks a nobler centre for its cares,
Intent the laws of life to comprehend,
And fix dominion's limits by its end,
Who, bold and equal in their love or hate,
By conſcious reaſon judging ev'ry ſtate,
The man forget not tho' in rags he lies,
And know the mortal thro' a crown's diſguiſe,
Thence prompt alike with witty ſcorn to view
Faſtidious Grandeur lift his ſolemn brow,
Or all awake at Pity's ſoft command,
Bend the mild ear, and ſtretch the gracious hand;
Thence large of heart, from Envy far remov'd,
When public toils to virtue ſtand approv'd,
Not the young lover fonder to admire,
Nor more indulgent the delighted ſire,
Yet high and jealous of their freeborn name,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's deſtroying flame,
Where'er Oppreſſion works her wanton ſway,
Proud to confront, and dreadful to repay;
But if to purchaſe Curio's ſage applauſe,
My country muſt with him renounce her cauſe;
Quit with a ſlave the path a patriot trod,
Bow the meek knee, and kiſs the regal rod;
Then ſtill, ye Pow'r's! inſtruct his tongue to rail,
Nor let his zeal nor let his ſubject fail,
Elſe, ere he change the ſtyle, bear me away
To where the Gracchi where the Broti* ſtay!
O long rever'd, and late reſign'd to ſhame!
If this uncourtly page thy notice claim,
When the loud cares of bus'neſs are withdrawn,
Nor well-dreſt beggars round thy footſteps fawn,

* The two brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, loſt their lives in attempting to introduce the only regulation that could give ſtability and good order to the Roman republic. L. Junius Brutus founded the commonwealth, and died in its defence.

In that ſtill thoughtful ſolitary hour,
When Truth exerts her unreſiſted pow'r,
Breaks the falſe optics ting'd with Fortune's glare,
Unlocks the breaſt, and lays the paſſions bare,
Then turn thy eyes on that important ſcene,
And aſk thyſelf—if all be well within?
Where is the heartfelt worth, and weight of ſoul,
Which labour could not ſtop, nor fear controul?
Where the known dignity, the ſtamp of awe,
Which half-abaſh'd the proud and venal ſaw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honeſt cauſe?
Where the delightful taſte of juſt applauſe?
Where the ſtrong reaſon, the commanding tongue,
On which the Senate fir'd, or trembling hung?
All vaniſh'd, all are ſold!—and in their room,
Couch'd in thy boſom's deep diſtracted gloom,
See the pale form of barb'rous Grandeur dwell,
Like ſome grim idol in a ſorc'rer's cell.
To her in chains thy dignity was led,
At her polluted ſhrine thy honour bled;
With blaſted weeds thy awful brow ſhe crown'd,
Thy pow'rful tongue with poiſon'd philters bound,
That baffled Reaſon ſtraight indignant flew,
And fair Perſuaſion from her ſeat withdrew:
For now no longer Truth ſupports thy cauſe,
No longer Glory prompts thee to applauſe;
No longer Virtue, breathing in thy breaſt,
With all her conſcious majeſty confeſt,
Still bright and brighter wakes th' Almighty flame,
To rouſe the feeble, and the wilful tame,
And where ſhe ſees the catching glimpſes roll,
Spreads the ſtrong blaze, and all involves the ſoul;
But cold reſtraints thy conſcious fancy chill,
And formal paſſions mock thy ſtruggling will;
Or if thy Genius e'er forget his chain,
And reach impatient at a nobler ſtrain,
Soon the ſad bodings of contemptuous mirth
Shoot thro' thy breaſt, and ſtab the gen'rous birth,
Till, blind with ſmart, from truth to frenzy toſt,
And all the tenour of thy reaſon loſt,

Perhaps thy anguiſh drains a real tear,
While ſome with pity ſome with laughter hear.
Can art, alas! or genius, guide the head
Where truth and freedom from the heart are fled?
Can leſſer wheels repeat their native ſtroke
When the prime function of the ſoul is broke?
But come, unhappy Man! thy fates impend;
Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou haſt a friend;
Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine;
Renounce thy titles, and thy robes reſign;
For ſee the hand of Deſtiny diſplay'd
To ſhut thee from the joys thou haſt betray'd!
See the dire fane of Infamy ariſe
Dark as the grave, and ſpacious as the ſkies,
Where from the firſt of time thy kindred train,
The chiefs and princes of th' unjuſt, remain!
Eternal barriers guard the pathleſs road,
To warn the wand'rer of the curs'd abode,
But, prone as whirlwinds ſcour the paſſive ſky,
The height ſurmounted, down the ſteep they fly.
There black with frowns relentleſs Time awaits,
And goads their footſteps to the guilty gates,
And ſtill he aſks them of their unknown aims,
Evolves their ſecrets, and their guilt proclaims;
And ſtill his hands deſpoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath by lying bards beſtow'd,
Break their proud marbles, cruſh their feſtal cars,
And rend the lawleſs trophies of their wars.
At laſt the gates his potent voice obey;
Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey,
Where, ever arm'd with adamantine chains,
The watchful demon o'er her vaſſals reigns,
O'er mighty names and giant pow'rs of luſt,
The Great, the Sage, the happy, and Auguſt;*
No gleam of hope their baleful manſion cheers,
No ſound of honour hails their unbleſs'd ears,
But dire reproaches from the friend betray'd,
The childleſs ſire and violated maid,

* Titles which have been generally aſcribed to the moſt pernicious of men.

But vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From towns enſlav'd and continents laid waſte,
But long Poſterity's united groan,
And the ſad charge of horrors not their own,
For ever thro' the trembling ſpace reſound,
And ſink each impious forehead to the ground.
Ye mighty foes of Liberty and Reſt
Give way; do homage to a mightier gueſt!
Ye daring Spirits of the Roman race,
See Curio's toil your proudeſt claims efface;
Aw'd at the name fierce Appius † riſing bends,
And hardy Cinna from his throne attends:
" He comes," they cry, " to whom the Fates aſſign'd
" With ſurer arts to work what we deſign'd,
" From year to year the ſtubborn herd to ſway,
" Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey,
" Till own'd their guide, and truſted with their pow'r,
" He mock'd their hopes in one deciſive hour,
" Then tir'd and yielding led them to the chain,
" And quench'd the ſpirit we provok'd in vain."
But thou, Supreme! by whoſe eternal hands
Fair Liberty's heroic empire ſtands,
Whoſe thunders the rebellious deep controul,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's ſoul,
O turn this dreadful omen far away!
On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay;
Relume her ſacred fire, ſo near ſuppreſt,
And fix her ſhrine in ev'ry Roman breaſt.
Tho' bold Corruption boaſt around the land,
" Let Virtue if ſhe can my baits withſtand!"
Tho' bolder now ſhe urge th' accurſed claim,
Gay with her trophies rais'd on Curio's ſhame,
Yet ſome there are who ſcorn her impious mirth,
Who know what conſcience and a heart are worth.
O Friend and Father of the human mind,
Whoſe art for nobleſt ends our frame deſign'd!

† Appius Claudius the Decemvir, and L. Cornelius Cinna, both attempted to eſtabliſh a tyrannical dominion in Rome, and both periſhed by the treaſon.

If I, tho' fated to the ſtudious ſhade,
Which party-ſtrife nor anxious pow'r invade,
If I aſpire in public virtue's cauſe,
To guide the Muſes by ſublimer laws,
Do thou her own authority impart,
And give my numbers entrance to the heart:
Perhaps the verſe might rouſe her ſmother'd flame,
And ſnatch the fainting Patriot back to fame;
Perhaps by worthy thoughts of humankind
To worthy deeds exalt the conſcious mind,
Or daſh Corruption in her proud career,
And teach her ſlaves that Vice was born to fear.

LOVE. AN ELEGY.

TOO much my heart of Beauty's pow'r hath known,
Too long to Love hath Reaſon left her throne,
Too long my Genius mourn'd his myrtle chain,
And three rich years of youth conſum'd in vain.
My wiſhes, lull'd with ſoft inglorious dreams,
Forgot the patriot's and the ſage's themes;
Thro' each Elyſian vale and Fairy grove,
Thro' all th' enchanted paradiſe of Love,
Miſled by fickly Hope's deceitful flame,
Averſe to action, and renouncing fame.
At laſt the viſionary ſcenes decay,
My eyes exulting bleſs the newborn day,
Whoſe faithful beams detect the dang'rous road
In which my heedleſs feet ſecurely trod,
And ſtrip the phantoms of their lying charms,
That lur'd my ſoul from Wiſdom's peaceful arms.
For ſilver ſtreams and banks beſpread with flow'rs,
For moſſy couches and harmonious bow'rs,
Lo! barren heaths appear and pathleſs woods,
And rocks hung dreadful o'er unfathom'd floods:
For openneſs of heart, for tender ſmiles,
Looks fraught with love, and wrath-diſarming wiles,
Lo! ſullen Spite, and perjur'd Luſt of Gain,
And cruel Pride, and crueller Diſdain;

Lo! cordial Faith, to idiot airs refin'd,
Now coolly civil, now tranſporting kind;
For graceful Eaſe, lo! Affectation walks,
And dull Half-ſenſe for Wit and Wiſdom talks:
New to each hour, what low delight ſucceeds,
What precious furniture of hearts and heads!
By nought their prudence but by getting known,
And all their courage in deceiving ſhown.

See next what plagues attend the lover's ſtate,
What frightful forms of Terror, Scorn, and Hate!
See burning Fury heav'n and earth defy!
See dumb Deſpair in icy fetters lie!
See black Suſpicion bend his gloomy brow,
The hideous image of himſelf to view!
And fond Belief, with all a lover's flame,
Sink in thoſe arms that points his head with ſhame!
There wan Dejection, falt'ring as he goes,
In ſhades and ſilence vainly ſeeks repoſe,
Muſing thro' pathleſs wilds conſumes the day,
Then loſt in darkneſs weeps the hours away.
Here the gay croud of Luxury advance;
Some touch the lyre, and others urge the dance;
On ev'ry head the roſy garland glows,
In ev'ry hand the golden goblet flows;
The Siren views them with exulting eyes,
And laughs at baſhful Virtue as ſhe flies.
But ſee behind where Scorn and Want appear,
The grave remonſtrance and the witty ſneer;
See fell Remorſe, in action prompt to dart
Her ſnaky poiſon thro' the conſcious heart!
And Sloth to cancel, with oblivious ſhame,
The fair memorial of recording Fame!

Are theſe delights that one would wiſh to gain?
Is this th' Elyſium of a ſober brain?
To wait for happineſs in female ſmiles,
Bear all her ſcorn, be caught with all her wiles;
With pray'rs, with bribes, with lies, her pity crave;
Bleſs her hard bonds, and boaſt to be her ſlave;
To feel for trifles a diſtracting train
Of hopes and terrors equally in vain;

This hour to tremble, and the next to glow;
Can Pride, can Senſe, can Reaſon, ſtoop ſo low,
When Virtue at an eaſier price diſplays
The ſacred wreaths of honourable praiſe,
When Wiſdom utters her divine decree,
To laugh at pompous Folly and be free?

I bid adieu then to theſe woeful ſcenes,
I bid adieu to all the ſex of queens;
Adieu to ev'ry ſuff'ring ſimple ſoul
That lets a woman's will his eaſe controul.
There laugh, ye Witty! and rebuke, ye Grave!
For me, I ſcorn to boaſt that I'm a ſlave;
I bid the whining brotherhood be gone:
Joy to my heart! my wiſhes are my own.
Farewell the female heav'n, the female hell,
To the great god of Love a glad farewell.
Is this the triumph of thy awful name?
Are theſe the ſplendid hopes that urg'd thy aim
When firſt my boſom own'd thy haughty ſway,
When thus Minerva heard thee boaſting ſay:
" Go, martial Maid! elſewhere thy arts employ,
" Nor hope to ſhelter that devoted boy;
" Go teach the ſolemn ſons of Care and Age,
" The penſive ſtateſmen and the midnight ſage;
" The young with me muſt other leſſons prove;
" Youth calls for Pleaſure, Pleaſure calls for Love;
" Behold his heart thy grave advice diſdains,
" Behold I bind him in eternal chains?"

Alas! great Love, how idle was the boaſt!
Thy chains are broken, and thy leſſons loſt;
Thy wilful rage has tir'd my ſuff'ring heart,
And paſſion, reaſon, forc'd thee to depart.

But wherefore doſt thou linger on thy way,
Why vainly ſearch for ſome pretence to ſtay,
When crowds of vaſſals court thy pleaſing yoke,
And countleſs victims bow them to the ſtroke?
Lo! round thy ſhrine a thouſand youths advance,
Warm with the gentle ardours of romance;
Each longs t' aſſert thy cauſe with feats of arms,
And make the world confeſs Dulcinea's charms.

Ten thouſand girls, with flow'ry chaplets crown'd,
To groves and ſtreams thy tender triumphs ſound;
Each bids the ſtream in murmurs ſpeak her flame,
Each calls the grove to ſigh her ſhepherd's name:
But if thy pride ſuch eaſy honours ſcorn,
If nobler trophies muſt thy toil adorn,
Behold yon' flow'ry antiquated maid
Bright in the bloom of threeſcore years diſplay'd,
Her ſhalt thou bind in thy delightful chains,
And thrill with gentle pangs her wither'd veins,
Her froſty cheek with crimſon bluſhes dye,
With dreams of rapture melt her maudlin eye.
Turn then thy labours to the ſervile crowd,
Entice the wary and controul the proud,
Make the ſad miſer his beſt gains forego,
The ſolemn ſtateſman ſigh to be a beau,
The bold coquette with fondeſt paſſion burn,
The Bacchanalian o'er his bottle mourn,
And that chief glory of thy pow'r maintain,
"To poiſe ambition in a female brain."
Be theſe thy triumphs, but no more preſume
That my rebellious heart will yield thee room:
I know thy puny force, thy ſimple wiles,
I break triumphant thro' thy flimſy toils:
I ſee thy dying lamp's laſt languid glow,
Thy arrows blunted, and unbrac'd thy bow;
I feel diviner fires my breaſt inflame
To active ſcience and ingenuous fame,
Reſume the paths my earlieſt choice began,
And loſe with pride the lover in the man.

A BRITISH PHILIPPIC,

OCCASIONED BY THE INSULTS OF THE SPANIARDS, AND THE PRESENT PREPARATIONS FOR WAR, 1738.

WHENCE this unwonted tranſport in my breaſt?
Why glow my thoughts? and whither would the Muſe
Aſpire with rapid wing? Her country's cauſe
Demands her efforts: at that ſacred call

She ſummons' all her ardour, throws aſide
The trembling lyre, and with the warrior's trump
She means to thunder in each Britiſh ear;
And if one ſpark of honour or of fame,
Diſdain of inſult, dread of infamy,
One thought of public virtue, yet ſurvive,
She means to wake it, rouſe the gen'rous flame,
With patriot zeal inſpirit ev'ry breaſt,
And fire each Britiſh heart with Britiſh wrongs.
Alas, the vain attempt! What influence now
Can the Muſe boaſt? or what attention now
Is paid to fame or virtue! Where is now
The Britiſh ſpirit, gen'rous, warm, and brave,
So frequent wont from tyranny and woe
To free the ſuppliant nations? Where indeed,
If that protection once to ſtrangers giv'n
Be now withheld from ſons! Each nobler thought,
That warm'd our ſires, is loſt and bury'd now
In luxury and avarice. Baneful vice!
How it unmans a nation! Yet I'll try;
I'll aim to ſhake this vile degen'rate ſloth;
I'll dare to rouſe Britannia's dreaming ſons
To fame, to virtue, and impart around
A gen'rous feeling of compatriot woes.
Come then the various pow'rs of forceful Speech,
All that can move, awaken, fire, tranſport!
Come the bold ardour of the Theban bard,
Th' arouſing thunder of the patriot Greek,
The ſoft perſuaſion of the Roman ſage!
Come all! and raiſe me to an equal height,
A rapture worthy of my glorious cauſe,
Leſt my beſt efforts failing ſhould debaſe
The ſacred theme; for with no common wing
The Muſe attempts to ſoar. Yet what need theſe?
My country's fame, my freeborn Britiſh heart,
Shall be my beſt inſpirers, raiſe my flight
High as the Theban's pinion, and with more
Than Greek or Roman flame exalt my ſoul.
Oh! could I give the vaſt ideas birth
Expreſſive of the thoughts that flame within,

No more ſhould lazy Luxury detain
Our ardent youth, no more ſhould Britain's ſons
Sit tamely paſſive by, and careleſs hear
The pray'rs, ſighs, groans, (immortal infamy!)
Of fellow Britons, with oppreſſion ſunk,
In bitterneſs of ſoul demanding aid,
Calling on Britain, their dear native land,
The land of Liberty, ſo greatly fam'd
For juſt redreſs, the land ſo often dy'd
With her beſt blood, for that arouſing cauſe
The freedom of her ſons; thoſe ſons that now,
Far from the manly bleſſings of her ſway,
Drag the vile fetters of a Spaniſh lord.
And dare they, dare the vanquiſh'd ſons of Spain,
Enſlave a Briton? Have they then forgot,
So ſoon forgot, the great, th' immortal day,
When reſcu'd Sicily with joy beheld
The ſwift-wing'd thunder of the Britiſh arm
Diſperſe their navies, when their coward bands
Fled like the raven from the bird of Jove,
From ſwift impending vengeance fled in vain?
Are theſe our lords? and can Britannia ſee
Her foes oft' vanquiſh'd thus defy her pow'r,
Inſult her ſtandard, and enſlave her ſons,
And not ariſe to juſtice? Did our ſires,
Unaw'd by chains, by exile, or by death,
Preſerve inviolate her guardian rights,
To Britons ever ſacred, that their ſons
Might give them up to Spaniards?—Turn your eyes,
Turn ye degen'rate! who with haughty boaſt
Call yourſelves Britons, to that diſmal gloom,
That dungeon dark and deep, where never thought
Of joy and peace can enter; ſee the gates
Harſh-creaking open; what an hideous void,
Dark as the yawning grave! while ſtill as death
A frightful ſilence reigns; there on the ground
Behold your brethren chain'd like beaſts of prey,
There mark your num'rous glories, there behold
The look that ſpeaks unutterable woe,
The mangled limb, the faint, the deathful eye,

With famine sunk, the deep heart-bursting groan
Suppress'd in silence; view the loathsome food
Refus'd by dogs; and, oh! the stinging thought!
View the dark Spaniard glorying in their wrongs,
The deadly priest triumphant in their woes,
And thund'ring worse damnation on their souls,
While that pale form in all the pangs of death,
Too faint to speak, yet eloquent of all,
His native British spirit yet untam'd,
Raises his head, and with indignant frowns,
Of great defiance and superior scorn,
Looks up and dies.—Oh! I'm all on fire!
But let me spare the theme, lest future times
Should blush to hear that either conquer'd Spain
Durst offer Britain such outrageous wrong,
Or Britain tamely bore it.
Descend, ye guardian Heroes of the land!
Scourges of Spain descend! behold your sons,
See how they run the same heroic race,
How prompt, how ardent in their country's cause,
How greatly proud t' assert their British blood,
And in their deeds reflect their fathers' fame!
Ah! would to Heav'n ye did not rather see
How dead to virtue in the public cause,
How cold, how careless, how to glory deaf,
They shame your laurels, and belie their birth!
Come ye great spirits, Cav'ndish, Rawleigh, Blake!
And ye of later name, your country's pride,
Oh come! disperse these lazy fumes of sloth,
Teach British hearts with British fires to glow;
In wak'ning whispers rouse our ardent youth,
Blazon the triumphs of your better days,
Paint all the glorious scenes of rightful war
In all its splendours; to their swelling souls
Say how ye bow'd th' insulting Spaniard's pride,
Say how ye thunder'd o'er their prostrate heads,
Say how ye broke their lines and fir'd their ports;
Say how not death, in all its frightful shapes,
Could damp your souls, or shake the great resolve
For right and Britain; then display the joys

The patriot ſoul exalting while he views
Tranſported millions hail with loud acclaim
The guardian of their civil ſacred rights;
(How greatly welcome to the virtuous man
Is death for others' good!) the radiant thoughts
That beam celeſtial on his paſſing ſoul,
Th' unfading crowns awaiting him above,
The exalting plaudit of the Great Supreme,
Who in his actions with complacence views
His own reflected ſplendour; then deſcend
Tho' to a lower yet a nobler ſcene;
Paint the juſt honours to his relics paid,
Shew grateful millions weeping o'er his grave,
While his fair fame in each progreſſive age
For ever brightens, and the wiſe and good
Of ev'ry land in univerſal choir
With richeſt incenſe of undying praiſe
His urn encircle; to the wond'ring world
His num'rous triumphs blazon, while with awe,
With filial rev'rence, in his ſteps they tread,
And copying ev'ry virtue, ev'ry fame,
Tranſplant his glories into ſecond life,
And with unſparing hand make nations bleſt
By his example. Vaſt immenſe rewards
For all the turmoils which the virtuous mind
Encounters here! Yet, Britons! are ye cold?
Yet deaf to glory, virtue, and the call
Of your poor injur'd countrymen? Ah! no:
I ſee ye are not; ev'ry boſom glows
With native greatneſs, and in all its ſtate
The Britiſh ſpirit riſes. Glorious change!
Fame, Virtue, Freedom, welcome! Oh! forgive
The Muſe, that, ardent in her ſacred cauſe,
Your glory queſtion'd; ſhe beholds with joy,
She owns, ſhe triumphs, in her wiſh'd miſtake.
See from her ſeabeat throne in awful march
Britannia tow'rs! upon her laurel creſt
The plumes majeſtic nod! behold ſhe heaves
Her guardian ſhields, and, terrible in arms,
For battle ſhakes her adamantine ſpear;

Loud at her foot the British lion roars,
Frighting the nations: haughty Spain full soon
Shall hear and tremble. Go then, Britons! forth
Your country's daring champions; tell your foes,
Tell them in thunders o'er their prostrate land,
You were not born for slaves: let all your deeds
Shew that the sons of those immortal men,
The stars of shining story, are not slow
In virtue's path to emulate their sires,
T' assert their country's rights, avenge her sons,
And hurl the bolts of Justice on her foes.

HYMNS.

HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

MDCCXLVI.

The Argument.

THE Nymphs who preſide over ſprings and rivulets are addreſſed at day-break in honour of their ſeveral functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the firſt allegorical deities or powers of Nature, according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets concerning the generation of the gods and the riſe of things. They are then ſucceſſively conſidered as giving motion to the air, and exciting ſummer breezes; as nouriſhing and beautifying the vegetable creation; as contributing to the fulneſs of navigable rivers, and conſequently to the maintenance of commerce, and by that means to the maritime part of military power. Next is repreſented their favourable influence upon health when aſſiſted by rural exerciſe, which introduces their connection with the art of phyſic, and the happy effects of mineral medicinal ſprings. Laſtly, they are celebrated for the friendſhip which the Muſes bear them, and for the true inſpiration which temperance only can receive, in oppoſition to the enthuſiaſm of the more licentious poets.

O'ER yonder eaſtern hill the Twilight pale
Walks forth from darkneſs, and the god of Day,
With bright Aſtræa ſeated by his ſide,
Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, Nymphs!
Ye Nymphs! ye blue-ey'd progeny of Thames!
Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
Trace with your fleeting ſteps, who all night long
Repeat amid the cool and tranquil air
Your lonely murmurs, tarry, and receive
My offer'd lay. To pay you homage due
I leave the gates of Sleep; nor ſhall my lyre
Too far into the ſplendid hours of Morn
Engage your audience; my obſervant hand
Shall cloſe the ſtrain ere any ſultry beam
Approach you: to your ſubterranean haunts
Ye then may timely ſteal, to pace with care
The humid ſands, to looſen from the ſoil
The bubbling ſources, to direct the rills
To meet in wider channels, or beneath
Some grotto's dripping arch at height of noon
To ſlumber, ſhelter'd from the burning heav'n.

Where ſhall my ſong begin, ye Nymphs! or end?
Wide is your praiſe and copious-—Firſt of things,
Firſt of the lonely pow'rs, ere Time aroſe,
Were Love and Chaos; Love, the ſire of Fate, 25

℣. 25.-----*Love*----*Elder than Chaos.*] Heſiod, in his Theogony, gives a different account, and makes Chaos the eldeſt of beings, though he aſſigns to Love neither father nor ſuperior, which circumſtance is particularly mentioned by Phædrus in Plato's Banquet, as being obſervable not only in Heſiod, but in all other writers both of verſe and proſe; and on the ſame occaſion he cites a line from Parmenides, in which Love is expreſsly ſtyled the eldeſt of all the gods. Yet Ariſtophanes, in The Birds, affirms, that "Chaos and Night, and Erebus and Tartarus, were "firſt, and that Love was produced from an egg which the ſable-winged "Night depoſited in the immenſe boſom of Erebus." But it muſt be obſerved, that the Love deſigned by this comic poet was always diſtinguiſhed from the other, from that original and ſelf-exiſtent being the ΤΟ ΟΝ or ΑΓΑΘΟΝ of Plato, and meant only the ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ or ſecond perſon of the old Grecian trinity, to whom is inſcribed an hymn among thoſe which paſs under the name of Orpheus, where he is called Protogonos, or the Firſt-begotten, is ſaid to have been born of an egg, and is repreſented as the principal or origin of all theſe external appearances of Nature. In the Fragments of Orpheus, collected by Henry Stephens, he is named Phanes, the Diſcoverer or Diſcloſer, who unfolded the ideas of the Supreme Intelligence, and expoſed them to the perception of inferior beings in this viſible frame of the world, as Macrobius, and Proclus, and Athenagoras, all agree to interpret the ſeveral paſſages of Orpheus which they have preſerved.

But the Love deſigned in our text is the one ſelf-exiſtent and Infinite Mind, whom, if the generality of ancient mythologiſts have not introduced or truly deſcribed in accounting for the production of the world and its appearances, yet to a modern poet it can be no objection, that he hath ventured to differ from them in this particular, though in other reſpects he profeſſeth to imitate their manner, and conform to their opinions; for in theſe great points of natural theology they differ no leſs remarkably among themſelves, and are perpetually confounding the philoſophical relations of things with the traditionary circumſtances of mythic hiſtory; upon which very account Callimachus, in his Hymn to Jupiter, declareth his diſſent from them concerning even an article of the national creed, adding, that the ancient bards were by no means to be depended on. And yet, in the exordium of the old Argonautic poem aſcribed to Orpheus, it is ſaid, that "Love, whom mortals in later times "called Phanes, was the father of the eternally begotten Night," who is generally repreſented by theſe mythological poets as being herſelf the parent of all things, and who, in The Indigitamenta, or Orphic Hymns, is ſaid to be the ſame with Cypris, or Love itſelf. Moreover, in the body of this Argonautic poem, where the perſonated Orpheus introduceth himſelf ſinging to his lyre in reply to Chiron, he celebrateth "the ob-"ſcure memory of Chaos, and the natures which it contained within "itſelf in a ſtate of perpetual viciſſitude; how the heaven had its "boundary determined; the generation of the earth, the depth of the "ocean, and alſo the ſapient Love, the moſt ancient, the ſelf-ſufficient, "with all the beings which he produced when he ſeparated one thing "from another:" which noble paſſage is more directly to Ariſtotle's purpoſe, in the firſt book of his Metaphyſics, than any of thoſe which he has there quoted, to ſhew that the ancient poets and mythologiſts agreed with

Elder than Chaos. Born of Fate was Time,
Who many sons and many comely births

with Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and the other more sober philosophers, in that natural anticipation and common notion of mankind concerning the necessity of mind and reason, to account for the connection, motion, and good order of the world. For though neither this poem, nor the hymns which pass under the same name, are, it should seem, the work of the real Orpheus, yet, beyond all question, they are very ancient. The hymns more particularly are allowed to be older than the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, and were probably a set of public and solemn forms of devotion, as appears by a passage in one of them, which Demosthenes hath almost literally cited in his first oration against Aristogiton, as the saying of Orpheus, the founder of their most holy mysteries. On this account they are of higher authority than any other mythological work now extant, the Theogony of Hesiod himself not excepted. The poetry of them is often extremely noble; and the mysterious air which prevails in them, together with its delightful impression upon the mind, cannot be better expressed, than in that remarkable description with which they inspired the German editor Eichenbach, when he accidentally met with them at Leipsick: "Thesaurum me reperisse credidi," says he, "et profecto thesaurum reperi. Incredibile dictu quo me sacro horrore "affaverint indigitamenta ista deorum: nam et tempus ad illorum "lectionem eligere cogebat, quod vel solum horrorem incutere animo "potest nocturnum; cum enim totam diem consumserim in contem- "plando urbis splendore, et in adeundis, quibus scatet urbs illa, viris "doctis; sola nox restabat, quam Orpheo consecrare potui. In abyssum "quendam mysteriorum venerandæ antiquitatis descendere videbat, "quotiescunque silente mundo, solis vigilantibus astris et luna, μελανη- "φάτης istos hymnos ad manus sumsi."

Ver. 25. *Chaos.*] The unformed undigested mass of Moses and Plato, which Milton calls

"The womb of Nature."

Ibid. Love, the fire of Fate.] Fate is the universal system of natural causes, the work of the Omnipotent Mind or of Love; so Minucius Felix: "Quid enim aliud est fatum, quam quod de unoquoque nostrum "deus fatus est." So also Cicero, in the first Book on Divination; "Fatum autem id appello, quod Græci ΕΙΡΜΑΡΜΕΝΗΝ; id est, ordinem "seriemque causarum, cum causa causæ nexa rem ex se gignat---ex quo "intelligitur, ut fatum sit non id quod supernitiose, sed id quod physice "dicitur causa æterna rerum." To the same purpose is the doctrine of Hierocles in that excellent fragment concerning Providence and Destiny. As to the three Fates or Destinies of the poets, they represented that part of the general system of natural causes which relates to man and to other mortal beings, for so we are told in the hymn addressed to them among the Orphic Indigitamenta, where they are called the daughters of Night (or Love,) and, contrary to the vulgar notion, are distinguished by the epithets of Gentle and Tender-hearted. According to Hesiod, *Theog.* ver. 904. they were the daughters of Jupiter and Themis; but in the Orphic Hymn to Venus or Love, that goddess is directly styled the mother of Necessity, and is represented immediately after as governing the three Destinies, and conducting the whole system of natural causes.

Ver. 26. *Born of Fate was Time.*] Cronos, Saturn, or Time, was, according to Apollodorus, the son of Cœlum and Tellus; but the author of the Hymns gives it quite undisguised by mythological language, and calls him plainly the offspring of the Earth and the starry Heaven, that is of Fate, as explained in the preceding note.

Devour'd, relentleſs Father! till the child
Of Rhea drove him from the upper ſky,
And quell'd his deadly might. Then ſocial reign'd
The kindred pow'rs Tethys and rev'rend Ops,
And ſpotleſs Veſta, while Supreme of ſway
Remain'd the Cloudcompeller. From the couch
Of Tethys ſprang the ſedgy-crowned race,
Who from a thouſand urns o'er ev'ry clime
Send tribute to their parent; and from them
Are ye, O Naiads! Arethuſa fair,
And tuneful Aganippe, that ſweet name
Banduſia, that ſoft family which dwelt
With Syrian Daphne, and the honour'd tribes

ỳ. 27. *Who many ſons devour'd.*] The known fable of Saturn devouring his children, was certainly meant to imply the diſſolution of natural bodies, which are produced and deſtroyed by Time.

ỳ. 28. *The child---Of Rhea.*] Jupiter ſo called by Pindar.

ỳ. 29. *Drove him from the upper ſky.*] That Jupiter dethroned his father Saturn is recorded by all the mythologiſts. Phurnutus, or Cornutus, the author of the little Greek treatiſe on the nature of the gods, informs us, that by Jupiter was meant the vegetable ſoul of the world, which reſtrained and prevented thoſe uncertain alterations which Saturn or Time uſed formerly to cauſe in the mundane ſyſtem.

ỳ. 30. *Then ſocial reign'd*, &c.] Our mythology here ſuppoſeth that before the eſtabliſhment of the vital, vegetative, plaſtic nature, (repreſented by Jupiter,) the four elements were in a variable and unſettled condition, but afterwards well diſpoſed, and at peace among themſelves. Tethys was the wife of the Ocean; Ops, or Rhea, the Earth; Veſta, the eldeſt daughter of Saturn, fire; and the Cloudcompeller, or Ζεὺς νεφεληγερέτης, the air; though he alſo repreſented the plaſtic principle or nature, as may be ſeen in the Orphic hymn inſcribed to him.

ỳ. 34. *The ſedgy crowned race.*] The river-gods, who, according to Heſiod's Theogony, were the ſons of Oceanus and Tethys.

ỳ. 36. *From them---Are ye, O Naiads!*] The deſcent of the Naiads is leſs certain than moſt points of the Greek mythology. Homer, *Odyſſ.* xiii. κοῦραι Διός. Virgil, in the eighth book of the Æneid, ſpeaks as if the Nymphs or Naiads were the parents of the rivers, but in this he contradicts the teſtimony of Heſiod, and evidently departs from the orthodox ſyſtem, which repreſenteth ſeveral nymphs as retaining to every ſingle river. On the other hand, Callimachus, who was very learned in all the ſchool-divinity of thoſe times, in his Hymn to Delos, maketh Peneus, the great Theſſalian river-god, the father of his Nymphs; and Ovid, in the fourteenth book of his Metamorphoſes, mentions the Naiads of Latium as the immediate daughters of the neighbouring river-gods. Accordingly, the Naiads of particular rivers are occaſionally, both by Ovid and Statius, called by a patronymic, from the name of the river to which they belong.

ỳ. 40. *Syrian Daphne.*] The grove of Daphne in Syria, near Antioch, was famous for its delightful fountains.

Ibid. The tribes---Belov'd of Pæon.] Mineral and medicinal ſprings. Pæon was the Phyſician of the gods.

Belov'd of Pæon. Liſten to my ſtrain,
Daughters of Tethys! liſten to your praiſe.
You, Nymphs! the winged offspring which of old
Aurora to divine Aſtræus bore
Owns, and your aid beſeecheth. When the might
Of Hyperion from his noontide throne
Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you
They aſk; Favonius and the mild Southweſt
From you relief implore: your ſallying ſtreams
Freſh vigour to their weary wings impart;
Again they fly diſporting from the mead
Half ripen'd, and the tender blades of corn,
To ſweep the noxious mildew, or diſpel
Contagious ſteams, which oft' the parched earth
Breathes on her fainting ſons. From noon to eve,
Along the river and the paved brook,
Aſcend the cheerful breezes, hail'd of bards
Who faſt by learned Cam th' Æolian lyre
Solicit, nor unwelcome to the youth
Who on the heights of Tibur all inclin'd
Or ruſhing Anio, with a pious hand
The rev'rend ſcene delineates, broken fanes
Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
Of ancient Time, and haply, while he ſcans
The ruins with a ſilent tear, revolves
The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.
You too, O Nymphs! and your unenvious aid,
The rural pow'rs confeſs, and ſtill prepare
For you their choiceſt treaſures. Pan commands

℣ 43. *The winged offspring.*] The Winds, who, according to Heſiod and Apollodorus, were the ſons of Aſtræus and Aurora.

℣ 46. *Hyperion.*] A ſon of Cœlum and Tellus, and father of the Sun, who is thence called by Pindar Hyperionides. But Hyperion is put by Homer in the ſame manner as here, for the Sun himſelf.

℣ 49. *Your ſallying ſtreams.*] The ſtate of the atmoſphere, with reſpect to reſt and motion, is in ſeveral ways affected by rivers and running ſtreams, and that more eſpecially in hot ſeaſons: firſt, they deſtroy its equilibrium, by cooling thoſe parts of it with which they are in contact; and, ſecondly, they communicate their own motion; and the air which is thus moved by them being left heated, is of conſequence more elaſtic than other parts of the atmoſphere, and therefore fitter to preſerve and to propagate that motion.

Oft' as the Delian king with Sirius holds
The central heav'ns, the Father of the Grove
Commands his Dryads over your abodes
To ſpread their deepeſt umbrage. Well the god
Rememb'reſt how indulgent ye ſupply'd
Your genial dews to nurſe them in their prime.
Pales, the Paſture's queen, where'er ye ſtray,
Purſues your ſteps delighted, and the path
With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
The laughing Chloris with profuſeth hand
Throws wide her blooms, her odours. Still with you
Pomona ſeeks to dwell; and o'er the lawns,
And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames
Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours
Well pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,
Her dow'r, unmindful of the fragrant iſles
Nyſæan or Atlantic. Nor canſt thou,
(Albeit oft' ungrateful thou doſt mock
The bev'rage of the ſober Naiad's urn,
O Bromius! O Lenæan!) nor canſt thou

ℋ 70. *Delian king.*] One of the epithets of Apollo, or the Sun, in the Orphic hymn inſcribed to him.

ℋ 79. *Chloris.*] The ancient Greek name of Flora.

ℋ 83. *Amalthea.*] The mother of the firſt Bacchus, whoſe birth and education was written, as Diodorus Siculus informs us, in the old Pelaſgic character by Thymœtes, grandſon to Laomedon, and contemporary with Orpheus. Thymœtes had travelled over Lybia to the country which borders on the weſtern ocean, there he ſaw the iſland of Nyſa, and learned from the inhabitants, that "Ammon, king of Lybia, was married in former ages to Rhea, ſiſter of Saturn and the Titans; that he afterwards fell in love with a beautiful virgin whoſe name was Amalthea, had by her a ſon, and gave her poſſeſſion of a neighbouring track of land wonderfully fertile, which in ſhape nearly reſembling the horn of an ox, was thence called the Heſperian horn, and afterwards the horn of Amalthea; that fearing the jealouſy of Rhea, he concealed the young Bacchus with his mother in the iſland of Nyſa;" the beauty of which Diodorus deſcribes with great dignity and pomp of ſtyle. This fable is one of the nobleſt in all the ancient mythology, and ſeems to have made a particular impreſſion on the imagination of Milton, the only modern poet (unleſs perhaps it be neceſſary to except Spenſer) who, in theſe myſterious traditions of the poetic ſtory, had a heart to feel and words to expreſs the ſimple and ſolitary genius of Antiquity. To raiſe the idea of his Paradiſe he prefers it even to

——"that Nyſean iſle
"Girt by the river Triton, where old Cham
"(Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove)
"Hid Amalthea, and her florid ſon,
"Young Bacchus, from his step-dame Rhea's eye."

Diſown the pow'rs whoſe bounty, ill repaid,
With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,
Yet, blameleſs Nymphs! from my delighted lyre,
Accept the rites your bounty well may claim,
Nor heed the ſcoffings of th' Edonian band.
For better praiſe awaits you. Thames, your ſire,
As down the verdant ſlope your duteous rills
Deſcend, the tribute ſtately Thames receives
Delighted, and your piety applauds,
And bids his copious tide roll on ſecure;
For faithful are his daughters, and with words
Auſpicious gratulates the bark which, now
His banks forſaking, her advent'rous wings
Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts
Extremeſt iſles to bleſs. And oft' at morn,
When Hermes from Olympus, bent o'er earth
To hear the words of Jove, on yonder hill
Stoops lightly ſailing, oft' intent your ſprings
He views, and waving o'er ſome newborn ſtream
His bleſt pacific wand, " And yet," he cries,
" Yet," cries the ſon of Maia, " tho' recluſe
" And ſilent be your ſtores, from you, fair Nymphs!
" Flows wealth and kind ſociety to men;
" By you my function and my honour'd name
" Do I poſſeſs, while o'er the Bœtic vale,
" Or thro' the tow'rs of Memphis, or the palms
" By ſacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
" The Engliſh merchant, with the buxom fleece
" Of fertile Ariconium, while I clothe
" Sarmatian kings, or to the houſehold Gods
" Of Syria from the bleak Cornubian ſhore
" Diſpenſe the min'ral treaſure which of old

ỳ. 94. *Edonian band.*] The prieſteſſes and other miniſt rs of Bacchus, ſo called from Edonus, a mountain of Thrace, where his rites were celebrated.

ỳ. 105. *When Hermes.*] Hermes, or Mercury, was the patron of commerce, in which benevolent character he is addreſſed by the author of The Indigimenta in theſe beautiful lines;

Ἑρμηνεῦ πάντων, κερδέμπορε, λυσιμέριμνε,
Ὅς χειρέστθιν ἔχεις εἰρήνης ὅπλον ἀμείμφες.

ỳ. 121. *Diſpenſe the min'ral treaſure.*] The merchants of Sidon and Tyre made frequent voyages to the coaſt of Cornwall, from whence they carried home great quantities of tin.

" Sidonian pilots fought, when this fair land
" Was yet unconſcious of thoſe gen'rous arts
" Which wiſe Phœnicia from their native clime
" Tranſplanted to a more indulgent heav'n.'
Such are the words of Hermes, ſuch the praiſe,
O Naiads! which from tongues celeſtial waits
Your bounteous deeds. From bounty iſſueth pow'r;
And thoſe who, ſedulous in prudent works,
Relieve the wants of Nature, Jove repays
With noble wealth, and his own ſeat on earth,
Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might
Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns
Not vainly to the hoſpitable arts
Of Hermes yield their ſtore; for O, ye Nymphs!
Hath he not won th' unconquerable Queen
Of Arms to court your friendſhip? You ſhe owns
The fair aſſociates who extend her ſway
Wide o'er the mighty deep, and grateful things
Of you ſhe uttereth oft, as from the ſhore
Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks
Of Vecta, ſhe her thundering navy leads
To Calpe's foaming channel or the rough
Cantabrian ſurge, her auſpices divine
Imparting to the ſenate and the prince
Of Albion to diſmay barbaric kings,
Th' Iberian or the Celt. The pride of kings
Was ever ſcorn'd by Pallas; and of old
Rejoic'd the virgin from the brazen prow
Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy ſurge
To drive her clouds and ſtorms, o'erwhelming all
The Perſian's promis'd glory, when the realms
Of Indus and the ſoft Ionian clime,
When Lybia's torrid champain, and the rocks

℣. 136. *Hath he not won.*] Mercury, the patron of commerce, being ſo greatly dependent on the good offices of the Naiads, in return obtains for them the friendſhip of Minerva, the goddeſs of War; for military powe , at leaſt the naval part of it, hath conſtantly followed the eſtabliſhment of trade; which exemplifies the preceding obſervation, that " from bounty iſſueth power."

℣. 143. *Calpe- -Cantabrian ſurge.*] Gibraltar and the Bay of Biſcay.

℣. 150. *Ægina's gloomy ſurge.*] Near this iſland the Athenians obtained the victory of Salamis over the Perſian navy.

Of cold Imaus, join'd their ſervile bands
To ſweep the ſons of Liberty from earth.
In vain! Minerva on the bounding prow
Of Athens ſtood, and with the thunder's voice
Denounc'd her terrors on their impious heads,
And ſhook her burning egis. Xerxes ſaw;
From Heracleum on the mountain's height
Thron'd in his golden car he knew the ſign
Celeſtial, felt unrighteous hope forſake
His falt'ring heart, and turn'd his face with ſhame.
Hail! ye who ſhare the ſtern Minerva's pow'r,
Who arm the hand of Liberty for war,
And give to the renown'd Britannic name
To awe contending monarchs, yet benign,
Yet mild of nature, to the works of peace
More prone, and lenient of the many ills
Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
Hygeia well can witneſs, ſhe who ſaves
From pois'nous cates, and cups of pleaſing bane,
The wretch devoted to th' entangling ſnares
Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him ſhe leads
To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To ſpread the toils,
To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
At dawn of day to ſummon the loud hounds,
She calls the ling'ring ſluggard from his dreams,
And where his breaſt may drink the mountain breeze,
And where the fervour of the ſunny vale
May beat upon his brow, thro' devious paths
Beckons his rapid courſer. Nor when eaſe,
Cool eaſe and welcome ſlumbers, have becalm'd
His eager boſom, does the queen of Health
Her pleaſing care withhold. His decent board
She guards preſiding, and the frugal pow'rs
With joy ſedate leads in; and while the brown
Ennæan dame with Pan preſents her ſtores,
While changing ſtill, and comely in the change,
Vertumnus and the Hours before him ſpread

ỳ. 160. *Xerxes ſaw.*] This circumſtance is recorded in that paſſage, perhaps the moſt ſplendid among all the remains of ancient hiſtory, where Plutarch, in his Life of Themiſtocles, deſcribes the ſea-fights of Artemiſium and Salamis.

The garden's banquet, you to crown his feaſt,
To crown his feaſt, O Naiads! you the fair
Hygeia calls; and from your ſhelving ſeats
And groves of poplar plenteous cups ye bring
To ſlake his veins, till ſoon a purer tide
Flows down thoſe loaded channels, waſheth off
The dregs of luxury, the lurking ſeeds
Of crude diſeaſe, and thro' th' abodes of life
Sends vigour, ſends repoſe. Hail, Naiads! hail,
Who give to Labour health, to ſtooping Age
The joys which Youth had ſquander'd: oft' your urns
Will I invoke, and frequent in your praiſe
Abaſh the frantic thyrſus with my ſong.
For not eſtrang'd from your benignant arts
Is he, the god to whoſe myſterious ſhrine
My youth was ſacred, and my votive cares
Belong, the learned Pæon. Oft' when all
His cordial treaſures he hath ſearch'd in vain,
When herbs and potent trees, and drops of balm
Rich with the genial influence of the ſun,
(To rouſe dark fancy from her plaintive dreams,
To brace the nerveleſs arm, with food to win
Sick appetite, or huſh the unquiet breaſt
Which pines with ſilent paſſion,) he in vain
Hath prov'd, to your deep manſions he deſcends;
Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
He ent'reth, where impurpled veins of ore
Gleam on the roof, where thro' the rigid mine
Your trickling rills inſinuate: there the god
From your indulgent hands the ſtreaming bowl
Wafts to his pale-ey'd ſuppliants, wafts the ſeeds
Metallic, and the elemental ſalts
Waſh from the pregnant glebe. They drink, and ſoon
Flies pain, flies inauſpicious care, and ſoon
The ſocial haunt or unfrequented ſhade
Hears Io, Io Pæan! as of old

℣. 204. *Thyrſus.*] A ſtaff or ſpear wreathed round with ivy, of conſtant uſe in the Bacchanalian myſteries.

℣. 227. *Io Pæan.*] An exclamation of victory and triumph derievd from Apollo's encounter with Python.

When Python fell. And O, propitious Nymphs!
Oft' as for hapleſs mortals I implore
Your ſalutary ſprings, thro' ev'ry urn
O ſhed your healing treaſures! with the firſt
And fineſt breath which from the genial ſtrife
Of min'ral fermentation ſprings, like light
O'er the freſh morning's vapours, luſtrate then
The fountain, and inform the riſing wave!
My lyre ſhall pay your bounty: ſcorn not ye
That humble tribute. Tho' a mortal hand
Excite the ſtrings to utt'rance, yet for themes
Not unregarded of celeſtial pow'rs
I frame their language, and the Muſes deign
To guide the pious tenour of my lay.
The Muſes (ſacred by their gifts divine)
In early days did to my wond'ring ſenſe
Their ſecrets oft' reveal; oft' my rais'd ear
In ſlumber felt their muſic; oft' at noon,
Or hour of ſunſet, by ſome lonely ſtream,
In field or ſhady grove, they taught me words
Of pow'r from death and envy to preſerve
The good man's name: whence yet with grateful mind,
And off'rings unprofan'd by ruder eye,
My vows I ſend, my homage, to the ſeats
Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell,
Where you their chaſte companions they admit
Thro' all the hallow'd ſcene, where oft' intent,
And leaning o'er Caſtalia's moſſy verge,
They mark the cadence of your confluent urns
How tuneful, yielding gratefuleſt repoſe
To their conſorted meaſure, till again
With emulation all the ſounding choir,
And bright Apollo, leader of the ſong,
Their voices thro' the liquid air exalt,
And ſweep their lofty ſtrings; thoſe powerful ſtrings

ỳ. 252. *Cirrha.*] One of the ſummits of Parnaſſus, and ſacred to Apollo. Near it were ſeveral fountains, ſaid to be frequented by the Muſes. Nyſa, the eminence of the ſame mountain, was dedicated to Bacchus.

That charm the mind of gods, that fill the courts
Of wide Olympus with oblivion ſweet
Of evils, with immortal reſt from cares,
Aſſuage the terrors of the throne of Jove,
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of unrelenting fire. With ſlacken'd wings,
While now the ſolemn concert breaths around
Incumbent o'er the ſceptre of his lord,
Sleeps the ſtern eagle, by the number'd notes
Poſſeſs'd, and ſatiate with the melting tone,
Sov'reign of birds! The furious god of War,
His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er th' embattled plain,
Relents, and ſooths his own fierce heart to eaſe,
Moſt welcome eaſe. The ſire of gods and men,
In that great moment of divine delight,
Looks down on all that live; and whatſoe'er
He loves not o'er the peopled earth, and o'er
Th' interminated ocean, he beholds
Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom ſevere,
And troubled at the ſound. Ye Naiads! ye
With raviſh'd ears the melody attend
Worthy of ſacred ſilence; but the ſlaves
Of Bacchus with tempeſt'ous clamours ſtrive
To drown the heav'nly ſtrains of higheſt Jove
Irrev'rent, and, by mad preſumption fir'd,
Their own diſcordant raptures to advance
With hoſtile emulation. Down they ruſh
From Nyſa's vine impurpled cliff, the dames
Of Thrace, the Satyrs, and th' unruly Fauns,
With old Silenus reeling thro' the crowd,
Which gambols round him, in convulſions wild
Toſſing their limbs, and brandiſhing in air
The ivy-mantled thyrſus, or the torch
Thro' black ſmoke flaming, to the Phrygian pipe's
Shrill voice, and to the claſhing cymbals, mix'd

℣. 263.-- *-charm the mind of gods.*] This whole paſſage concerning the effects of ſacred muſic among the gods, is taken from Pindar's firſt Pythian ode.

℣. 297. *Phrygian pipe's.*] The Phrygian muſic was fantaſtic and turbulent, and fit to excite diſorderly paſſions.

With ſhrieks and frantick uproar. May the gods
From ev'ry unpolluted ear avert
Their orgies! If within the ſeats of men,
Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
The guardian key, if haply there be found
Who loves to mingle with the revel band,
And hearken to their accents, who aſpires
From ſuch inſtructors to inform his breaſt
With verſe, let him, fit votariſt! implore
Their inſpiration. He perchance the gifts
Of young Lyæus and the dread exploits
May ſing in apteſt numbers; he the fate
Of ſober Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,
And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
And ſtrong Alcides in the ſpinſter's robes,
May celebrate applauded; but with you,
O Naiads! far from that unhallow'd rout
Muſt dwell the man whoe'er to praiſed themes
Invokes th' immortal Muſe. Th' immortal Muſe
To your calm habitations, to the cave
Corycian, or the Delphic mount, will guide
His footſteps, and with your unſully'd ſtreams
His lips will bathe, whether th' eternal lore
Of Themis or the majeſty of Jove
To mortals he reveal, or teach his lyre
The unenvy'd guerdon of the patriot's toils,
In thoſe unfading iſlands of the bleſt

℣. 302. *The gates, where Pallas holds---The guardian key.*] It was the office of Minerva to be the guardian of walled cities, whence ſhe was named ΠΟΛΙΑΣ and ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΣ, and had her ſtatues placed in their gates, being ſuppoſed to keep the keys, and on that account ſtyled ΚΛΗΔΟΥΧΟΣ.

℣. 310. *Fate---Of ſober Pentheus.*] Pentheus was torn in pieces by the Bacchanalian prieſts and women for deſpiſing their myſteries.

℣. 318. *The cave---Corycian.*] Of this cave Pauſanias in his tenth book gives the following deſcription: "Between Delphi and the eminences of "Parnaſſus is a road to the grotto of Corycium, which has its name "from the nymph Corycia, and is by far the moſt remarkable which I "have ſeen. One may walk a great way into it without a torch. It is "of a conſiderable height, and hath ſeveral ſprings within it; and yet "a much greater quantity of water diſtils from the ſhell and roof, ſo as "to be continually dropping on the ground. The people round Parnaſ-"ſus hold it ſacred to the Corycian nymphs and to Pan."

℣. 319. *Delphic mount.*] Delphi, the ſeat and oracle of Apollo, had a mountainous and rocky ſituation on the ſkirts of Parnaſſus.

Where ſacred bards abide. Hail! honour'd Nymphs!
Thrice hail! for you the Cyrenaic ſhell
Behold I touch revering: to my ſongs
Be preſent ye with favourable feet,
And all profaner audience far remove.

HYMN TO SCIENCE.

" O vitæ philoſophia dux! O virtutis indagatrix, expultrixque vitiorum.
" ----Tu urbes peperiſti; tu inventrix legum, tu magiſtra morum et
" diſciplinæ fuiſti: ad te confugimus, a te opem petimus."
CIC. Tuſc. Quæſt.

I.

SCIENCE! thou fair effuſive ray,
From the great ſource of mental day,
Free, gen'rous, and refin'd,
Deſcend with all thy treaſures fraught,
Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
And bleſs my lab'ring mind.

II.

But firſt with thy reſiſtleſs light
Diſperſe thoſe phantoms from my ſight,
Thoſe mimic ſhades of thee,
The ſcholiaſt's learning, ſophiſt's cant,
The viſionary bigot's rant,
The monk's philoſophy.

III.

O let thy pow'rful charms impart
The patient head, the candid heart,

ỳ. 327. *Cyrenaic.*] Cyrene was the native country of Callimachus, whoſe Hymns are the moſt remarkable example of that mythological paſſion which is aſſumed in the preceding Poem, and have always afforded particular pleaſure to the author of it, by reaſon of the myſterious ſolemnity with which they affect the mind. On this account he was induced to attempt ſomewhat in the ſame manner, ſolely by way of exerciſe, the manner itſelf being now almoſt entirely abandoned in poetry: and as the mere genealogy or the perſonal adventures of Heathen gods could have been but little intereſting to a modern reader, it was therefore thought proper to ſelect ſome convenient part of the hiſtory of Nature, and to employ theſe ancient divinities as it is probable they were firſt employed, to wit, in perſonifying natural cauſes, and in repreſenting the mutual agreement or oppoſition of the corporeal and moral powers of the world, which hath been accounted the very higheſt office of poetry.

Devoted to thy ſway,
Which no weak paſſions e'er miſlead,
Which ſtill with dauntleſs ſteps proceed
Where Reaſon points the way!

IV.

Give me to learn each ſecret cauſe;
Let Number's, Figure's, Motion's laws
Reveal'd before me ſtand;
Theſe to great Nature's ſcenes apply,
And round the globe and thro' the ſky
Diſcloſe her working hand.

V.

Next to thy nobler ſearch reſign'd,
The buſy, reſtleſs, human mind
Thro' ev'ry maze purſue;
Detect perception where it lies,
Catch the ideas as they riſe,
And all their changes view.

VI.

Say from what ſimple ſprings began
The vaſt ambitious thoughts of man,
Which range beyond controul,
Which ſeek eternity to trace,
Dive thro' th' infinity of ſpace,
And ſtrain to graſp the whole?

VII.

Her ſecret ſtores let Mem'ry tell;
Bid Fancy quit her fairy cell
In all her colours dreſt,
While, prompt her ſallies to controul,
Reaſon, the judge, recalls the ſoul
To Truth's ſevereſt teſt.

VIII.

Then launch thro' Being's wide extent;
Let the fair ſcale with juſt aſcent
And cautious ſteps be trod,
And from the dead corporeal maſs
Thro' each progreſſive order paſs
To Inſtinct, Reaſon, God.

IX.

There, Science! veil thy daring eye,
Nor drive too deep, nor ſoar too high,
In that divine abyſs,
To Faith content thy beams to lend,
Her hopes t' aſſure, her ſteps befriend,
And light her way to bliſs.

X.

Then downwards take thy flight again,
Mix with the policies of men,
And ſocial Nature's ties;
The plan, the genius of each ſtate,
Its int'reſt, and its pow'rs, relate,
Its fortunes, and its riſe.

XI.

Thro' private life purſue thy courſe,
Trace ev'ry action to its ſource,
And means and motives weigh;
Put tempers, paſſions, in the ſcale,
Mark what degrees in each prevail,
And fix the doubtful ſway.

XII.

That laſt beſt effort of thy ſkill,
To form the life, and rule the will,
Propitious Pow'r! impart;
Teach me to cool my paſſion's fires,
Make me the judge of my deſires,
The maſter of my heart.

XIII.

Raiſe me above the vulgar's breath,
Purſuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that's mean:
Still true to Reaſon be my plan,
Still let my actions ſpeak the man
Thro' ev'ry various ſcene.

XIV.

Hail! queen of Manners, light of Truth;
Hail! charm of age, and guide of youth,
Sweet refuge of diſtreſs;
In bus'neſs thou exact, polite;
Thou giv'ſt retirement its delight,
Proſperity its grace. 84

XV.

Of wealth, pow'r, freedom, thou the cauſe;
Foundreſs of order, cities, laws;
Of arts inventreſs, thou!
Without thee what were humankind?
How vaſt their wants, their thoughts how blind,
Their joys how mean, how few! 90

XVI.

Sun of the ſoul! thy beams unveil;
Let others ſpread the daring ſail
On Fortune's faithleſs ſea,
While undeluded, happier I
From the vain tumult timely fly,
And ſit in peace with thee. 96

INSCRIPTIONS.

I.

FOR A GROTTO.

TO me, whom in their lays the ſhepherds call
Actæa, daughter of the neighb'ring ſtream,
This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward ſhoot,
Were plac'd by Glycon: he with cowſlips pale,
Primroſe and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
Before my threſhold, and my ſhelving walls
With honeyſuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
Lull'd by the murmur of my riſing fount,
I ſlumber: here my cluſt'ring fruits I tend,
Or from the humid flow'rs at break of day
Freſh garlands weave, and chaſe from all my bounds
Each thing impure or noxious. Enter in,
O Stranger! undiſmay'd; nor bat nor toad
Here lurks; and if thy breaſt of blameleſs thoughts
Approve thee, not unwelcome ſhalt thou tread
My quiet manſion, chiefly if thy name
Wiſe Pallas and th' immortal Muſes own.

II.

FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER,

AT WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer, ſuch the placid mien
Of him who firſt with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. Theſe ancient walls
Have often heard him while his legends blithe
He ſang of love or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life, thro' each eſtate and age
The faſhions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand pourtraying. Tho' perchance

From Blenheim's tow'rs, O Stranger! thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies, yet in vain
Doſt thou applaud them, if thy breaſt be cold
To him this other hero, who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verſe
To tame the rudeneſs of his native land.

III.

WHOE'ER thou art whoſe path in ſummer lies
Thro' yonder village, turn thee where the grove
Of branching oaks a rural palace old
Imboſoms; there dwells Albert, gen'rous lord
Of all the harveſt round! and onward thence
A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
Faſt by a ſilent rivulet. Humbly walk,
O Stranger! o'er the conſecrated ground;
And on that verdant hillock, which thou ſeeſt
Beſet with oſiers, let thy pious hand
Sprinkle freſh water from the brook, and ſtrew
Sweet ſmelling flow'rs, for there doth Edmund reſt,
The learned ſhepherd, for each rural art
Fam'd, and for ſongs harmonious, and the woes
Of ill-requited love. The faithleſs pride
Of fair Matilda ſank him to the grave
In manhood's prime; but ſoon did righteous Heav'n
With tears, with ſharp remorſe and pining care,
Avenge her falſehood; nor could all the gold
And nuptial pomp which lur'd her plighted faith
From Edmund to a loftier huſband's home
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aſide
The ſtrokes of Death. Go, Traveller! relate
The mournful ſtory; haply ſome fair maid
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

IV.

O YOUTHS and Virgins! O declining Eld!
O pale Misfortune's ſlaves! O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble Quiet! ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden ſeat of kings,
O ſons of Sport and Pleaſure! O thou Wretch
That weepſt for jealous love, or the ſore wounds
Of conſcious guilt, or Death's rapacious hand,
Which left thee void of hope! O ye who roam
In exile! ye who thro' th' embattled field
Seek bright renown, or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cauſe!
Approach; behold this Marble! know ye not
The features? hath not oft' his faithful tongue
Told you the faſhion of your own eſtate,
The ſecrets of your boſom? Here then round
His monument with rev'rence, while ye ſtand,
Say to each other, "This was Shakeſpeare's form,
"Who walk'd in ev'ry path of human life,
"Felt ev'ry paſſion, and to all mankind
"Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
"Which his own genius only could acquire."

V.

GVLIELMVS III. FORTIS, PIVS, LIBERATOR, CVM INEVNTE AETATE PATRIAE LABENTI ADFVISSET SALVS IPSE VNICA; CVM MOX ITIDEM REIPVBLICAE BRITANNICAE VINDEX RENVNCIATVS ESSET ATQVE SIATOR; TVM DENIQVE AD ID SE NATVM RECOGNOVIT ET REGEM FACTVM, VT CVRARET NE DOMINO IMPOTENTI CEDERENT PAX, FIDES, FORTVNA, GENERIS HVMANI. AVCTORI FVBLICAE FELICITATIS P. G. A. M. A.

VI.

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

THOU who the verdant plain doſt traverſe here
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires, O Stranger! ſtay thee, and the ſcene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient Barons, clad in arms,
And ſtern with conqueſt, from their tyrant king
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and ſecure
The charter of thy freedom. Paſs not on
Till thou haſt bleſs'd their memory, and paid
Thoſe thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
Go call thy ſons, inſtruct them what a debt
They owe their anceſtors, and make them ſwear
To pay it, by tranſmitting down entire
Thoſe ſacred rights to which themſelves were born.

VII.

THE WOODNYMPH.

APPROACH in ſilence; it is no vulgar tale
Which I, the Dryad of this hoary oak,
Pronounce to mortal ears. The ſecond age
Now haſteneth to its period ſince I roſe
On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder vale
Are all my offſpring; and each Nymph who guards
The copſes and the furrow'd fields beyond
Obeys me. Many changes have I ſeen
In human things, and many awful deeds
Of juſtice, when the ruling hand of Jove
Againſt the tyrants of the land, againſt
Th' unhallow'd ſons of Luxury and Guile,
Was arm'd for retribution. Thus at length
Expert in laws divine I know the paths
Of Wiſdom, and erroneous Folly's end
Have oft' preſag'd; and now well pleas'd I wait

Each ev'ning till a noble youth, who loves
My ſhade, a while releas'd from public cares,
Yon' peaceful gate ſhall enter, and ſit down
Beneath my branches: then his muſing mind
I prompt unſeen, and place before his view
Sincereſt forms of good, and move his heart
With the dread bounties of the Sire Supreme
Of gods and men, with Freedom's gen'rous deeds,
The lofty voice of Glory, and the faith
Of ſacred Friendſhip. Stranger! I have told
My function: if within thy boſom dwell
Aught which may challenge praiſe, thou wilt not leave
Unhonour'd my abode, nor ſhall I hear
A ſparing benediction from thy tongue.

VIII.

YE Pow'rs unſeen! to whom the bards of Greece
Erected altars, ye who to the mind
More lofty views unfold, and prompt the heart
With more divine emotions, if erewhile
Not quite unpleaſing have my votive rites
Of you been deem'd when oft' this lonely ſeat
To you I conſecrated, then vouchſafe
Here with your inſtant energy to crown
My happy ſolitude. It is the hour
When moſt I love t' invoke you, and have felt
Moſt frequent your glad miniſtry divine.
The air is calm, the ſun's unveiled orb
Shines in the middle heav'n; the harveſt round
Stands quiet, and among the golden ſheaves
The reapers lie reclin'd; the neighb'ring groves
Are mute, nor e'en a linnet's random ſtrain
Echoeth amid the ſilence. Let me feel
Your influence, ye kind Pow'rs! Aloft in heav'n
Abide ye? or on thoſe tranſparent clouds
Paſs ye from hill to hill? or on the ſhades
Which yonder elms caſt o'er the lake below
Do you converſe retir'd? From what lov'd haunt
Shall I expect you? Let me once more feel

Your influence, O ye kind inſpiring Pow'rs!
And I will guard it well; nor ſhall a thought
Riſe in my mind, nor ſhall a paſſion move
Acroſs my boſom, unobſerv'd, unſtor'd,
By faithful Memory: and then at ſome
More active moment will I call them forth
Anew, and join them in majeſtic forms,
And give them utt'rance in harmonious ſtrains,
That all mankind ſhall wonder at your ſway.

IX.

ME tho' in life's ſequeſter'd vale
Th' Almighty Sire ordain'd to dwell,
Remote from Glory's toilſome ways
And the great ſcenes of public praiſe,
Yet let me ſtill with grateful pride
Remember how my infant frame
He temper'd with prophetic flame,
And early muſic to my tongue ſupply'd.

'Twas then my future fate he weigh'd,
And this be thy concern he ſaid,
At once with Paſſion's keen alarms,
And beauty's pleaſurable charms,
And ſacred Truth's eternal light,
To move the various mind of man,
Till under one unblemiſh'd plan
His reaſon, fancy, and his heart, unite.

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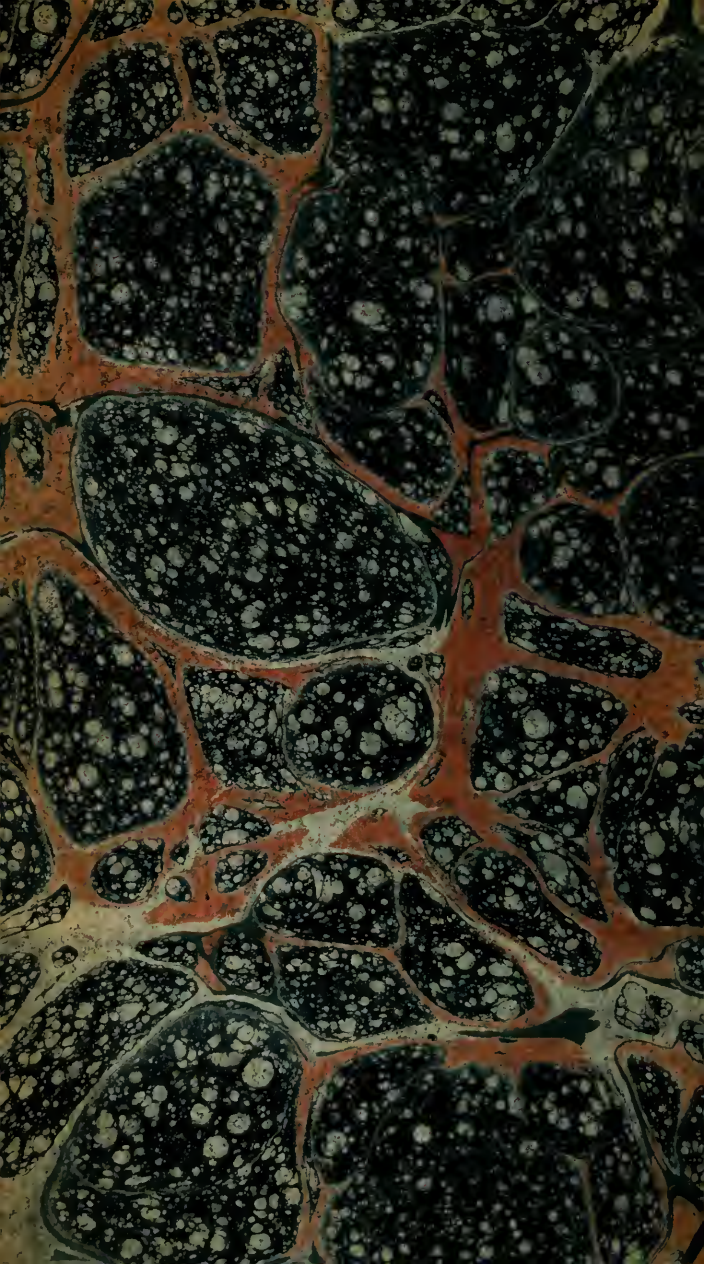
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